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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXVII SEPTEMBER, 1907 NO. 1

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BAPTIST CO-OPERATION IN NORTH CAROLINA

BY THOMAS M. PITTMAN.

The peculiar individualism of Baptists stood in the way of denominational unity, and made them an obscure people during the earlier Colonial period in North Carolina.

There were Baptists among the early English settlers of the State, but under the repressive laws against dissenters or non-conformists in England they were unused to the meeting-house and the public service. In their new home the habits of former days were retained and we hear nothing of Baptist churches, meetings or preachers within the colony, until the accession of Queen Anne, the devoted church woman, caused the politicians of that day to "get religion" according to the forms of the Church of England. Until then the people had been content to worship under their own vine and fig tree or meet a few neighbors in social service where the Word was read, and singing and prayer, with sometimes the reading of a sermon, constituted their devotions. No law limited the freedom of their worship and no tax collector levied upon their meagre stores for the support of church forms and teachings that violated their most sacred ideals of religious truth.

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The effort to establish a State church, beginning about 1701, seemed altogether evil, but under the Providence of God it served to awaken the people and teach the necessity and power of co-operation. It inaugurated a conflict which broadened into a struggle for both civil and religious liberty, marked at times by the wager of battle, and nearly all the time by political artifice and cunning. Through it all the different schools of religious and political thought became more and more unified and compact in co-operation and organization, and drew together as units of the great body that contended for these mighty principles which could find no abiding place under the rule of king or bigot, and finally asserted themselves in "our glorious Revolution."

During this eighty years war the Baptists grew into the largest and most widely planted denomination of Christians, and the most virile spiritual force within the State. Asplund's Register, by no means complete, shows that in North Carolina, including the deceded territory (now Tennessee) up to November 1, 1790, there were one hundred and twelve churches, ninety-two ordained and eighty-three licensed ministers, and eight thousand, three hundred and ninety-two members. At its beginning, 1701, they had neither church or preacher in the colony so far as can be learned from any known record.

The first North Carolina Baptist document of which we have any knowledge was discovered among the old papers of Pasquotank County a few years ago by Mr. J. R. B. Hathaway, of Edenton. It was printed in the North Carolina Baptist Historical Papers at that time, but its interest and historical value warrant its re-appearance in these pages, as follows:

"To the Worshipful Court of Paseatank Precinct, now sitting:

The honorable Petition of us, the subscribers, hereby sheweth: That, whereas, there is a congergation of the people calld. Baptis gather'd in Religious worship in ye Dwelling House of William Burges, on the north side of Pascatane, on the head of Raymond's Creek, he, ye said Burges, having granted same for use of ye said meeting, we pray ye same may be recorded, and we, ye humble Petitioners, in duty bound shall pray.

W. BURGES. WILLIAM JONES.
PAUL PALMER. PHILLIP TORKSEY.
FRANCIS BROCKETT. ROBERT WASSON.
THOMAS HERENTON. CHARLES LUTROUGH."

How long this church had been in existence is not known, but they had become sufficiently numerous to attract attention, and the object of this document was to obtain the privileges of the English Toleration Act. In a little while from being an insignificant and contemptible group of sectaries they were grown into such importance and aggressiveness that we find Governor Everard writing to the Bishop of London "by the means of one Paul Palmers, the Baptist teacher, he has gained hundreds, and to prevent it 'tis impossible." The Baptists having occupied Albemarle thenceforth entered into every tide of immigration. Joseph Parker at Meherrin, Wm. Sojourner at Kehukee, Wingfield at Bath, and Shubaal Stearnes Sandy Creek, led the forces which come over our northern and southern borders from Virginia and South Carolina and spread westward into what is now Tennessee.

During this period of expansion, however, the organization was purely local and there was great divergence of doctrine and policy. Their various designations of General, Regular, Particular and Separate are confusing at this day, but in the time of which we are writing they stood for well known differences in the Baptist ranks. Organization was only local. Beginning with the or-

ganization of the Sandy Creek Association about 1756—the fourth in America—the spirit of organization grew and other associations followed in quick order, the Kehukee about 1769, the Yadkin 1786, Flat River and Neuse 1794. These greatly facilitated the denominational unity, but there was no movement looking to larger and general co-operation until Martin Ross' famous query in the Kehukee Association (1803): "Is not the Kehukee Association, with all her numerous and respectable friends, called on by Providence in some way to step forward in support of that missionary spirit which the great God is so wonderfully reviving amongst the different denominations of good men in various parts of the world."

The Association answered this query in 1804 by appointing Elders Samuel Burkitt, Martin Ross, Aaron Spivey, Jesse Read and John McCabe "delegates to meet such as might be appointed by the Virginia, Portsmouth and Neuse Associations at Cashie meeting-house (Windsor), Bertie County, on Friday before the third Sunday in June, 1805, to devise ways and means to support the Missionary Cause."

This resulted in the organization of the Philanthropic Baptist Missionary Society at the time appointed for the meeting as an inter-associational body, and not at all general.

In 1809 Martin Ross again led a forward movement; this time in the lately organized (1806) Chowan Association, by a motion for a committee to arrange for a General Meeting of Correspondence to be composed of delegates appointed by the Kehukee Association and other bodies which had sprung from her. This was afterwards enlarged to include all the Associations in the State. The

organization was effected at Falls of Tar River on Friday before the second Sunday in June, 1811, and its object was to "acquire and disseminate information upon religious topics, to promote the cause of God and to increase brotherly love."

About 1814 the N. C. Baptist Society for Foreign Missions, afterwards in 1817 "Foreign and Domestic Missions," was formed, probably at Cross-Roads Meeting-house in Wake County. The minutes of this body, now before the writer, contain many names yet held in loving remembrance by the denomination. Jesse Read, President; John Purify, William P. Biddle, Elisha Battle, Barzillar Graves, Robert T. Daniel, Josiah Crudup and others. A contribution of ten dollars is noted in the minutes of 1817 from "The American George Lodge of Free Masons in Murfreesborough." From memoranda given Dr. C. Durham by Dr. A. L. Vail, of the American Baptist Historical Society, it appears that Abner W. Clopton, Cor. Sec., on February 14, 1814, made the first annual subscription to this body. The amount was $5. Its annual contribution to Foreign Missions was from $300 to $500.

The multiplication of societies and the incautious, and, in some instances, improvident, or at least imprudent methods prevented that cordial and general co-operation essential to the full development of denominational interests. Again the Chowan Association took the initiative, and in 1826 appointed a committee to make arrangements for a State Convention. The death of Martin Ross' wife and son, soon followed by his own, defeated this action.

On February 10, 1829, a number of brethren met at Greenville and constituted the North Carolina Baptist

Benevolent Society, with the "exclusive object * * * to raise funds and appropriate them to the support of traveling ministers, for preaching the gospel and administering its ordinances within the bounds of North Carolina." Elder P. W. Dowd was President, Elders W. P. Biddle, Thos. Meredith and Wm. Hill Jordan, Vice-Presidents, P. P. Lawrence, Cor. Sec., R. Blount, Rec. Sec., and H. Austin, Treasurer. The directorate included a number of the most prominent men in the denomination, as Elders L. Ross, S. Wait, J. Armstrong, Philemon Bennett, J. Purify, J. Crudup, T. Crocker, and such laymen as Gen. S. Simpson, Col. Dunn, Jr., Dr. J. B. Outlaw, J. Rountree, J. Battle and others.

This society also set for itself limitations which fell short of the requirements. A year later the efforts of twenty-seven years to organize a body which should adequately represent the denomination culminated in the formation of the Baptist State Convention at Greenville. Its plan was so comprehensive as to embrace every interest and enterprise of the denomination, and the passing years bear tribute to the wisdom of the men who so happily devised a system of effective co-operation without invading the freedom and independence so jealously guarded by the churches.

It would be unjust to the women of those early days if these notes should fail to recognize their part in securing such admirable results. Coincident with the organizations already named there were Women's Missionary Societies heartily supporting the same enterprises. Printed minutes are yet preserved of several annual meetings of the Hyco Female Cent Society, which appears to have been organized about 1816. The records show contributions from a similar society near Fayette-

ville in 1817. In 1818 there were two contributions of $25 each from the Baptist Female Missionary Society of Edenton, and a like amount in 1819. There was a like society near Pittsborough in 1818, and one at Eaton's church at an early date. We have no means of ascertaining the number of such societies, but the locations of those named are so far apart as to indicate that they represented no mere local sentiment, but were part of the great unifying and uplifting movements of the denomination, which have borne so rich a fruitage in these later days.

Henderson, N. C.

MINUTES OF NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST GENERAL MEETING OF CORRESPONDENCE.

MINUTES OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST GENERAL MEETING OF CORRESPONDENCE, HELD IN RALEIGH THE 24TH, 25TH AND 26TH OF JULY, 1812.

Raleigh:
Printed by Thomas Henderson, Jun., Printer to the State.
1812.

The Introductory Discourse was delivered according to appointment by Brother George Roberts, from 2 Timothy 1:15.

2. The brethren from different Associations convened in the Meeting-house, while preaching was continued to a numerous audience in the State House.

3. Brother George Outlaw was chosen Moderator and Brother Wm. Dossey Clerk.

Associations. *Messengers.*

(1) *Chowan.*—MARTIN ROSS, AARON SPIVY, WILLIAM DOSSEY, *George Outlaw.*

(2 *Country Line.*—GEORGE ROBERTS, JOHN LANDERS, WILLIAM BROWN.*

(3) *Flat River.*—WILLIAM W. FARTHING, *James Ferrell.*

(4) *Kehukee.*—WILLIAM LANCASTER, MOSES BENNETT, PHILEMON BENNETT, JOSHUA LAWRENCE.*

(5) *Raleigh.*—ROBERT T. DANIEL, JOHN GULLEY, JOHN PUREFOY, BARTHOLOMEW FULLER.

(6) *Sandy Creek.*—JOHN CULPEPPER, WM. BRANTLEY, GEORGE POPE,* JAMES BOSTWICK.*

EXPLANATION.—Ordained Ministers have their names in small capitals; licentiates in italics; and * denotes absence.

4. A corresponding letter from the Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence in Virginia was received by Brother William Creach, one of her messengers.

5. Baptist ministers present who were not delegated by their respective Associations were invited to sit with us; whereupon, Brethren Jesse Read, Richard Poindexter, Zadok Bell, James Robertson, Benjamin Davis, William Brame, Josiah Crudup, James Randalson, Bennett Barrow, William Belfour and Daniel Robins cordially united with us, seeking to promote Zion's good.

6. *Resolved,* That Wm. Lancaster, Martin Ross, Bennett, and the Clerk, be a committee to arrange the business of the General Meeting; that Brother Spivey receive the contributions; that Randalson and Crudup write to the Virginia Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence and report to-morrow.

7. Brethren A. Spivey and Wm. Lancaster, P. Bennett and James Randalson are appointed to preach on Saturday; Wm. Creach, M. Ross and Wm. Dossey on the Lord's Day.

8. Adjourned by prayer until to-morrow at half-past eight o'clock.

SATURDAY MORNING.

Met according to adjournment, and united in a solemn prayer to the Lord for his blessing and direction.

1. The business of this meeting having been arranged by the committee appointed for that purpose, was received and agreed to be acted upon in the order recommended.

2. The committee appointed to write to the General Meeting of Virginia reported a satisfactory letter, and Brethren Wm. Dossey, James Randalson, Josiah Crudup and George Outlaw were appointed messengers to that meeting.

3. The committee appointed to receive the contributions made the following report:

	£.	s.
Received of the Chowan Association	2	10
Sandy Creek Association	2	10
Cape Fear Association	1	10
Country Line Association	0	10
Raleigh Association	1	00
Kehukee Association	1	10
Brother William Belfour	1	00
Brother William W. Farthing	1	00
Total	11	10

The report satisfactory, and the money deposited with the Clerk.

4. *Resolved,* That this meeting sanction the proclamation of the President of the United States in appointing the third Thursday in August, next, to be observed as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer, for purposes therein named; and do, therefore, respectfully recommend it to all the Baptist Associations and churches in this State, to observe it accordingly.

5. Received of Brother Read six copies of the Baptist General Meeting of Virginia, and Brother . . . eight copies of the Dover Association minutes, for both which we record our thanks.

6. Agreed that since it is the request of the church at the Falls of the Tar River our next General Meeting to be held there, to begin on Saturday before the fourth Lord's Day, July, next; that Brother Aaron Spivy, at eleven o'clock, deliver an introductory sermon, and, in case of failure, Brother Richard Poindexter.

7. Ordered that an address to the different Associations of this State be written by the Clerk, subject to the inspection of Brethren A. Spivy, R. Poindexter and the Moderator; to appear in these minutes.

8. The Clerk is instructed to have 310 copies of these minutes printed and distributed among the Associations in North Carolina, at discretion.

9. Brother Wm. Lancaster, who was among those appointed to preach on Sunday, being much indisposed, his appointment was filled up by Brother Moses Bennett, the next choice.

Having looked up to the God of our mercies for his blessing to attend our weak exertions, the General Meeting adjourned to the time and place before recorded.

ADDRESS.

The North Carolina Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence, to all the Baptist Associations and Churches in this State—Greeting:

BELOVED BRETHREN:—The conversion of sinners to God is a matter of universal interest to all the friends of Immanuel; because, in proportion as the object is effected, is the extension of Christ's kingdom; the glory of God and the happiness of mankind is promoted. God has appointed the preaching of the gospel to accomplish this design: For, how shall we believe on him of whom we have not heard? And how shall we hear without a preacher? It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. Therefore, the preaching of the gospel is a business which we should all ardently seek to promote.

Ministers of the gospel are men of like passions with others, and, therefore, need something to awaken their zeal, animate their souls and encourage to the performance of their pleasing, painful labors. We have but few faithful men in the performance of this office in this State, and should consequently seek to render them as

active and useful as possible. Many of them have formed ties of the most endearing nature; ties which render it necessary for them to provide for their own household, or else deny the faith, and be worse than an infidel; ties, too, of a religious kind in their own vicinity from which they can not be easily unfettered; all of which must make it frequently difficult for them to travel abroad without some inducements. And what motives are more likely to avail than the request of an Association, the desire of meeting with many whom they tenderly love, of extending thus religious acquaintance, of receiving instruction and consolation from the lips of strange brethren, with the prospect of being rendered abundantly useful in proclaiming as they go The kingdom of heaven is at hand; repent and believe the gospel. The request of a church induces a minister to attend an Association, and doubtless the request of many churches, united in association, will induce them to attend the General Meeting of Correspondence. As such a meeting is designed to concentrate all the Associations into one general body, it would, at least once in twelve months, call ministers from all parts of the State into one place, and as they go and return they would lift up their voices and proclaim salvation to God and the Lamb; his love is extended to poor, wretched, miserable sinners. Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money come ye, buy wine and milk, without money and without price.

By this means perhaps hundreds of sermons would be preached to thousands of persons who would never have heard that particular preacher but for this journey to the General Meeting of Correspondence. And we are not strangers to the happy consequences generally attendant upon the gospel, delivered with affectionate

warmth from the lips of a stranger. It seldom happens that an interchange of pulpits is not profitable to the people. The meeting, moreover, concentrate talents qualified for general usefulness, calls together the whole neighborhood to hear, and frequently the shafts of truth, winged by an omnipotent arm and directed by an unerring eye, find access to the heart; cause some to abandon their former errors, and many others, in the bitterness of remorse for crimes committed, to exclaim: What must we do to be saved!

We speak this with that kind of confidence which is the result of certainty: For the Great Head of the Church was pleased to commence a work at the General Convention which it is believed has embraced hundreds, and drawn them from wickedness to the pleasing service of Him whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light. The prospects at the late General Meeting were equally flattering; and we have the pleasure to hope that the handful of corn cast upon the mountain will presently wave in a plentiful harvest of precious souls bound in a bundle of love and preserved for the kingdom of the Redeemer. While we mention this pleasing subject we do it with gratitude to God, whose gracious work it is to renew souls. But as it pleased him to commence this gracious work at the formation of the meeting, unto which we now invite you, we esteem it a convincing evidence of divine approbation to the establishment.

Order and uniformity are objects worthy to be sought by the friends of Zion's King. And what method, permit us to ask, is so likely to secure these ends as a central point to which all the children of the same great family—all the subjects of the same spiritual kingdom—may continually converge? It is true that the Baptists in every part of the world are the same people whether in India,

in the valleys of Piedmount, in Europe or America. But it is also true that some minor differences exist among this people which their interest, happiness and the honor of God require should be removed. We have not yet attained such a state of perfection as admits of no improvement. Let us, therefore, use the most probable means to promote harmony and union, that brotherly love may continue and abound among us. Can you conceive of a man more probable to insure our wishes in the promotion of the noble ends than such a one as the General Meeting of Correspondence? You have seen the necessity of corresponding with other neighboring Associations, then why not extend further? Let not your correspondence be confined to one or two sister Associations, but let it embrace the State, the United States, and if possible the universe. Let all the brethren of the same common parent meet as often as possible and combine their wisdom, their energy and zeal in opposing the common enemy and promoting the common good of Zion.

In bonds of Christian love, and with the hope of meeting you at the time and place appointed, we subscribe

Your brethren in Christ,

GEO. OUTLAW, *Moderator.*
WM. DOSSEY, *Clerk.*

MINUTES OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST GENERAL MEETING OF CORRESPONDENCE, HELD AT THE BAPTIST MEETING-HOUSE, NEAR THE FALLS OF TAR RIVER, ON THE 24TH, 25TH AND 26TH OF JULY, 1813.

At 11 o'clock on Saturday the introductory sermon was preached according to appointment by Brother Aaron Spivy from Psalms 87:3.

2. Having looked up to our Heavenly Father by

prayer, and called in the certificates, we found the General meeting composed of representatives from the following Associations, viz:

(1) *Chowan.*—MARTIN ROSS, AARON SPIVY, WILLIAM DOSSEY and GEORGE OUTLAW.

(2) *Flat River.*—THOMAS GARDNER, BALAAM EZZELL,* THOMAS VASS* and BENJAMIN HESTER.*

(3) *Kehukee.*—WILLIAM LANCASTER, JESSE READ, PHILEMON BENNETT and JOSHUA LAWRENCE.

(4) *Neuse.*—WILLIAM P. BIDDLE, JOHN M'CABE,* .... COLEMAN,* .... WHITE.*

(5) *Raleigh.*—ROBERT T. DANIEL, B. FULLER, NATHAN GULLY* and JOSIAH CRUDUP.

(6) *Sandy Creek.*—JOHN GILBERT and ARCH'D M'NEIL.*

EXPLANATION.—Names of Elders are in small capitals; licentiates in italics, and an is a mark of absence.

3. Brother Outlaw was chosen Moderator.

4. A letter of correspondence was received from the Virginia Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence, and the messengers, William Creeth, Smith Sherwood and Joseph Saunders, invited to sit with us.

5. Brethren James Ranaldson and Benjamin Davis, being visitors, were invited to sit with us and all other brethren of the ministry of our order.

6. The delegates from the different Associations are of the opinion that the amendments of the constitution of this meeting have been sanctioned by a sufficient number of the Associations for them to be considered a part of the constitution; therefore, *Resolved,* That these amendments meet our hearty approbation, and that the North Carolina Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence is established upon constitutional grounds.

7. Three copies of minutes, viz: One from Philadel-

phia, one from the Boston, and one from the Delaware Baptist Associations were produced by Brother M. Ross as a present from Brother James Woodbury; also six copies of the Virginia Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence, and nine of the Dover Association, were presented by Brother Brame, for all of which we record our thanks.

8. A special committee, consisting of Brethren Aaron Spivy, William P. Biddle and Josiah Crudup, were appointed to select from the documents on the table such things as to them may seem worthy the attention of the General Meeting, and report on Monday next.

9. *Resolved*, That Brethren Crudup and Ranaldson be requested to write the Virginia Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence; that Brethren Lancaster, Read, Ross and Dossey, and in case of failure, Spivy, be our messengers to the meeting; that Brother Biddle be requested to receive the contributions to this meeting and report on Monday.

10. On casting up the votes it is found that Brethren Creath, Ross and Daniel are appointed to preach tomorrow; services to commence at 10 o'clock.

11. By prayer the meeting adjourned until Monday morning, 10 o'clock. The Lord's Day was spent in the exercises of devotion. Much attention was afforded by a numerous audience, while the brethren appointed to the stage proclaimed the truths of the gospel. Brother Martin Ross introduced the exercise with a discourse founded on Matthew, 18th c. 15th and 16th v.; Brother Daniel followed on Eccle., 2d c., first clause of the 14th v., and Brother Creath concluded the preaching from James, 2d c., 5th v. With praise and prayer the congregation was dismissed.

MONDAY, July 26.

12. Met pursuant to adjournment. The business of the day was introduced by divine worship.

13. The committee appointed to write the corresponding letter to Virginia General Meeting made a satisfactory report.

14. *Resolved,* That our next General Meeting commence the Friday before the 4th Lord's Day in July, next, at Union Meeting-House in Wake County, Col. Sutherland's. Brother Joshua Lawrence is appointed to preach the introductory sermon; and Brother Martin Ross in case of failure.

15. The committee appointed to receive contributions made the following report:

Received from the Sandy Creek Association	$3.00
Raleigh	4.00
Kehukee	3.00
Chowan	5.00
Church at Cedar Creek	2.00
	$17.00

16. The above sum was deposited in the hands of Brother Josiah Crudup to defray the necessary expense of this meeting.

17. The committee appointed to examine the documents put into their hands made the following satisfactory report: That whereas, the Delaware and the Philadelphia Associations had warned their churches against William Thomas, John Williams and John W. Carey; and also that the Ketokton and the Baltimore Associations had warned their churches against Elijah Shay, all of whom profess to be preachers of our faith and order,

we do recommend to our General Meeting to warn its respective Associations against the above imposters. We also recommend to this meeting to take some respectful notice of the death of our worthy and much esteemed Elder Thames, of the Cape Fear Association, and also our worthy and much esteemed Wm. Brantley, of the Sandy Creek Association.

18. *Resolved,* That Brethren Wm. Lancaster, Robert T. Daniel and Josiah Crudup be appointed to annex to these minutes an address to the Associations and churches in this State, with the view of conciliating the minds of those who oppose this meeting.

19. The Clerk was directed to have 350 copies of these minutes printed and distributed.

20. *Resolved,* That this meeting recommend to its respective Associations and churches to set apart the first Thursday in November, next, for public fasting and prayer to Almighty God, to avert the calamities of war and to revive religion in our country.

21. We respectfully solicit our brethren who may represent their Associations to continue during the session of the meeting.

22. Adjourned by divine worship until the time appointed.

GEORGE OUTLAW, *Moderator.*
WILLIAM DOSSEY, *Clerk.*

CIRCULAR LETTER.

The North Carolina Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence, to all the Baptist Associations and Churches in the State—Greeting:

BELOVED BRETHREN:—As it has again become our duty, so we would make it a pleasure to address you as the proper source from which we have derived our existence as a General Meeting of Correspondence. We

have heretofore laid before you the designs, usefulness and beneficial consequences of such a meeting, and are therefore sorry to hear that there are objections to its continuance still cherished by those whom we tenderly love. As, however, this gives occasion for Christian forbearance, and allows us the further privilege of evincing our love, we joyfully embrace the present opportunity of removing them.

1. It has been objected "the friends of this meeting assumed in their minutes a title, unto which they had not a constitutional claim." That our minutes had been issued under the title of "The North Carolina Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence," and to establish such a meeting required the concurrence of a majority of the associations in the State. Truths known to all who have seen our minutes, and read our constitution. But how do these facts establish the charge? By recourse to the minutes of the North Carolina General Meeting, held at the Falls of the Tar River in June, 1811, it will be seen that seven associations, by their delegates, did actually form a constitution for organizing a general meeting among the Baptists of North Carolina and proceeded to appoint a general meeting in the city of Raleigh. On the convention of that meeting, it was clearly ascertained that out of the ten associations in North Carolina, six were duly represented, as the minutes of that meeting will testify. What title page must the minutes of that body have had, if that of the North Carolina Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence was improper? It is true, one or two of the above associations expressed some dislike to certain articles of the constitution, but as was then confidently believed by the friends of the General Meeting, those articles have been since altered, as the minutes testify, exactly in the words proposed by one of

the objecting associations. Then what could excite our astonishment more, that this identical association, after having been granted her full request, has withdrawn from the meeting? O, brethren, what will the enemies of the Baptists say of such inconsistencies? We mention it not to wound the feelings of any, but to encourage the precious sons of Zion to maintain such an uniformity of conduct as shall stop the mouths of gainsayers. But even supposing the meeting at Raleigh to have assumed an improper title, this can no longer be an objection, because it has been decided by the brethren present that the North Carolina Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence has been constitutionally organized.

2. It has been further objected "that the General Meeting, by making an effort to promote uniformity in the ordination of ministers and constitution of churches, will be the cause of much distress to the different Associations in the State, amongst which some smaller differences exist on these points." We readily acknowledge that uniformity in these important particulars was among the leading objects of the General Meeting; but on discovering that our brethren had misunderstood us as to the degree of authority assumed by this meeting, and that they were at variance with us in sentiment in consequence of it, we have yielded to their superior judgment, being willing, instead of dictating to them, to sit at their feet and receive instruction. This will clearly appear by the alteration of the 9th article of the constitution.

3. To this meeting it is also objected, "that the design is to raise a fund for the education of young ministers of the gospel." Permit us, brethren, in all the plain simplicity of Christians, to ask whence this objection? It is not found among the proposed objects of this meeting.

Shall we be told that the Baptist General Meeting of Virginia has such object in prospect? Suppose she has; and suppose, further, that she had actually brought such a thing into existence, would that prove that the General Meeting of North Carolina would pursue the same course? Is it not known that the Charleston Baptist Association has such a fund? And are there not many other Baptists who have it not? If, then, other associations can exist without such a fund, the laudable establishment of Charleston notwithstanding, doubtless other General Meetings may exist without following in all respects the examples of that in Virginia. But suppose some future General Meeting should conceive such a design, and being patronized by the associations and churches, should create such a fund, where would be the harm? What evils would arise from such a decision? Shall we be told that the present aged servants of the Lord will be outshone by these brilliant stars? Does this objection proceed from the spirit that actuated Moses when he said, "Would to God all the Lord's peoples were prophets," or from the declaration of an apostle, who says, "The spirit within us lusteth to envy?" If from the former, how does it appear? But if from the latter, how inconsistent with the declaration and desire of the first Baptist! "He must increase, but I must decrease." Would it not be much more honorable for those objectors, could they possess the happy temper of mind of an aged minister in Virginia, who has frequently been heard to say, "Would to God every Baptist preacher in the world had more grace, better talents, and was more useful than myself." But, alas, this degree of humility is not the portion of all while in this imperfect state; but it is the duty of all to seek after it. However, for the consolation of such as have the above objection, we

have the satisfaction to say such an establishment will never injure them; for should such a thing ever be brought into existence, ere it should produce the consequence which they at present dread, they will be delivered from their present imperfections, and if they are permitted to revisit the abode of mortals, will, with holy rapture, behold the flourishing state of Zion, rejoicing that the Lord promotes his cause by abler instruments than they were while engaged in it here below.

4. It has been further said, "That such a meeting would be an additional expense to the churches, and therefore ought not to be encouraged." We are extremely sorry that in duty we are obliged to say anything upon this very unpleasant subject, because all that is said upon it must necessarily expose those whom we tenderly love. But it is among the objections, and we are required to remove it. This is our apology. It is acknowledged that every deliberative body, whether civil or religious, must necessarily incur some expense. But what is this ponderous sum required to support the North Carolina Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence? At the last meeting was collected twenty-three dollars, which is found to be amply sufficient for all necessary purposes; nay, more, for of this sum a considerable portion still remains in hand. In this State are ten associations; at a very moderate calculation on these will average 23 churches each, which is equal to 230 churches. Supposing that each church contained only ten persons able to contribute to the general fund, which must be acknowledged to be very moderate—this makes the number of individuals 2,300. Now, the above twenty-three dollars, being divided equally among these, makes the astonishing sum of ten cents each church or one cent to each individual, to be contributed to the support of the General Meeting of Correspondence. Is not this a wom-

derful sum about which to object to an institution calculated for general usefulness? O! tell it not in Gath! Would to God you had not compelled us to publish it to the world! Like the decent sons of an aged patriarch, we would fain have concealed this nakedness of our brethren under the mantle of charity. But, alas, this objection must be removed—we have put our hand to the plow and must not look back. We ask the world to let imperious necessity plead our excuse; and we ask our brethren never again to mention it, even in the closet, lest the whispering breeze of detection should waft it across the State, and the thundering voice of justice require it to be proclaimed on the housetops.

5. It is further said "that such a meeting will eventually lead to lording over the God's heritage, which of all things is to be most dreaded. "But suffer us to ask not merely how this is likely, but how it is possible? It is vain to bring into view the Roman councils, which led to the coronation of Popes. These councils assumed the prerogative of legislation, an authority never pretended by any assembly of Baptists. We again ask, how is it possible? This meeting owes its existence to the churches and Associations, and they, in turn, to the churches. Should anything of this kind be attempted, would it not be crushed in its birth? Four delegates from an association is not generally more than one-sixth of that body, and in many cases not more than one-tenth. Then should this handful of delegates, by an abuse of their authority, form a design to lord it over the rest; doubtless the five-sixth or nine-tenths remaining of the associations, from whom they derive their existence, would prevent it. This would be just as easy as to refuse to send delegates; for if such a refusal at any time prevents the existence of such a meeting, then, doubtless, the withdrawal would abrogate it. But until such a

thing is attempted, to make the bare supposition an objection to the meeting is about as consistent as for a man to be frightened at his own shadow.

6. Finally, to the existence of such a meeting, it is objected, "That upon the same principle we might extend our correspondence to all Baptists, not only in America, but throughout the world." To us it appears inconceivably strange that this should ever be brought forward as an objection. The Baptists are known to receive into communion only such as give comfortable evidence of having been changed by grace and thereby prepared for glory. It is a matter of joyful anticipation that these with many others, who have never in a gospel manner professed the religion of Jesus upon earth, will meet together there. Then how a general acquaintance upon earth can be pernicious or otherwise than desirable, is to us perfectly unscrutable. Instead of this being an objection, we shall avail ourselves of its friendly aid to recommend our meetings, and tender you our thanks brethren, for so valuable an argument. Were it as easy to meet our brethren from the different quarters of the earth as it is those in North Carolina who is there, even among the opposers of the meeting in question, that would not make one of such a combination of churches—of such an Association—of such a general meeting of Baptists! The writer of this feels that he would joyfully embrace such an opportunity to commence upon earth an acquaintance on earth which it is hoped will be perfected in heaven! He feels that all would anxiously mingle in the general concourse. For this, brethren of the General Meeting, he feels no hesitation to answer. And when the union of the Christians in glory is a subject so frequently disclosed by ministers, to excite joyful sensations in their pious audiences, he must believe that all would rush to such a general assembly, that they

might swell the praises of Jesus. Then, since this is denied us, why not approach such enjoyment as nearly as we can? Why not extend our correspondence throughout the narrow limits of North Carolina, when it can so easily be done? Have you not sometimes told delinquent Christians that there is enjoyment in the holy ordinance of baptism, which they could never possess but by yielding to this command of Jesus? Then, suffer us to say, there is instruction, pleasure and joy derived from these General Meetings which can never be possessed by such as refuse to attend them.

Beloved brethren, we have examined all the objections to the General Meeting of Correspondence which have come to our knowledge, and it now remains for you to say how far we have been enabled through grace to remove them. On a fair review of them we can confidently say that the North Carolina Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence appears for us to have for its support, Scripture, reason, and piety; that it is qualified for much usefulness to the churches, and may under God be of inexpressible advantage to thousands of sinners. We invite you to meet with us, not to put the (out) into operation—this we conceive is already done—but to aid us in doing good, and to partake of our enjoyments. We are encouraged to believe that what has been said will approve itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God, as having issued from the bosom of love, and will not fail of ensuring your esteem, even should you fail to unite with us in the General Meeting.

Wishing you grace to understand and do the will of your Heavenly Father, we subscribe, Christian brethren, your servants in the gospel.

GEO. OUTLAW, *Moderator.*
WM. DOSSEY, *Clerk.*

MINUTES OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST GENERAL MEETING OF CORRESPONDENCE, HELD AT UNION MEETING-HOUSE, WAKE COUNTY, THE 21ST, 22D AND 23D DAYS OF JULY, 1814.

Newbern:
Printed by Salmon Hall.

FRIDAY, July 21st, 1814.

1. The Elder (Lawrence or Dossey), appointed to preach the introductory sermon, being absent, a discourse was delivered by Brother Biddle, from Acts, vii chap. 37th verse.

2. The associations represented themselves by their delegates as follows, viz:

(1) *Chowan:* Aaron Spivy, Richard Poindexter, Geo Outlaw, Miles Rayner.

(2) *Kehukee:* Philemon Bennett, Joshua Lawrence,* Jesse Read, Amariah Biggs.*

(3) *Raleigh:* R. T. Daniel, John Purefoy, Bart. Fuller, Josiah Crudup.

(4) *Broad River:* Ambrose Carlton, Drewry Dobbins

NOTE.—Those to whose names are * is affixed were not present.

3. Brother Outlaw was chosen Moderator.

4. Brethren in the ministry were invited to sit with us, whereupon Brethren Lancaster, Roberts, Davis Woodberry, Joyner, Biddle, Cook, Battle and Weathers came forward and seated themselves.

5. The standing clerk being absent, Brother Biddle was chosen to supply his place for the present.

6. Brethren Carlton, Spiva, Read, Fuller, and the Moderator were made a committee to arrange the business for the present meeting and report to-morrow.

7. Brethren Rayner and Bennett were appointed to receive the contributions and report to-morrow.

8. The proceedings of the Baptist Convention for mis-

sionary purposes, held in Philadelphia in May, 1814, were handed in by Brother Woodberry; to whom we tender our thanks.

9. Two hundred copies of our last year's minutes were handed us by Brethren Lancaster and Crudup, which were distributed among the Associations of the State.

Adjourned to 10 o'clock to-morrow. Prayer by Brother Roberts.

SATURDAY, July 22nd.

After convening, prayer was made by Brother Cook.

10. The committee of arrangements reported several things thought necessary to be attended to, and which were duly considered and that discharged.

11. A letter of correspondence from the Virginia Baptist General Meeting of Correspondence was presented by their messenger, Elder Dabbs, which was received and read with pleasure, and he invited to sit with us. A reciprocal letter was directed to be written by Brother Woodberry, and Brethren Read, Bennett, Daniel and Spiva chosen as our messengers to be the bearers thereof to the Virginia Meeting of Correspondence.

12. Elder Dossey, having removed to another State, now appeared and offered his resignation of the clerkship to this meeting, which was accepted, and he discharged from further duties with the thanks of the meeting for his past services.

13. On it being resolved to choose another clerk Brother Biddle was selected to fill the office.

14. From the church at Cape Fear a Letter was presented by Brother McAllister, the messenger, with a contribution, which were gratefully accepted and he requested to sit with us.

15. The Flat River sent Elder Weathers to this meeting as a visitant (and a letter was prepared but did not

come to hand to show their friendship to it, altho' th could not see eye to eye with us so as to become a me ber of this meeting at present.

16. The committee to receive contributions reported follows, viz:

Received of Brother Crudup, balance of the last year's contribution	$5.(
Amount of contributions this year	19.(
Amount this day in the fund	
	$24.(

The clerk was directed to treasure the fund. It worthy of remark that a brother present wished to co tribute to defray the expenses of the meeting, but it w found unnecessary, as the fund was amply sufficient.

17. Resolved, That the Clerk have published as impo tors, both in these minutes and several papers in t State, Andrew Harpening, Samuel T. Counsel an Laughlin W. W. Love, who have passed for Bapti Preachers. We hereby caution all of the Society an also the Public against the above named persons, fo they appear to be (whatever be their professions) bu wolves in sheep's clothing; therefore neither bid the God speed nor give them the least countenance, bu point at them as objects of contempt and reject them a heretics.

18. The Virginia Meeting of Correspondence, havin made a request of this meeting to obtain all the circula letters of all our past associations to assist in the comp sition of a history; we desire that the associations of th State should forward to Brother Woodberry in Raleig (by private conveyance) a file of their minutes ever sinc their constitution to the present, which are to be con

veyed by our messengers to the next Virginia Meeting of Correspondence.

19. It is ordered that the constitution of this meeting as amended be printed with these minutes.

20. The Elders chosen to preach on to-morrow were Brethren Dossey, Dabbs and Roberts.

21. The clerk is requested to prepare these minutes for the press and have 350 copies printed and distributed among the associations of the State.

22. Our next meeting is to commence on the Saturday preceding the 4th Lord's Day in July, 1815, at Campbell's Meeting-house in Orange County (ten miles above Hillsborough). Brother P. Bennett is appointed to preach the introductory sermon, and in case he should fail, Brother Spiva is nominated.

Adjourned to meet at time and place appointed.

The Ministers appointed to fill the Stage met a large and attentive congregation and proceeded in the following order: Brother Dossey opened worship and preached from Mark, X chap. and 49th and 50th verses. Brother Roberts followed him from Matthew II chap. and 9th and 10th verses. Brother Dabbs closed the preaching of the day from Isaiah, XLV chap. and 13th verse. It seemed the Lord was with His servants this day, for they were unto the congregation Sons of Thunder and of Consolation. The Word preached like the cloud of the wilderness presented a terrible aspect to the wicked, but light and animation to the righteous. We fondly hope these effects will be great and lasting, and that the fruit will be unto holiness and the end everlasting life, Amen.

MINUTES OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST GENE
MEETING OF CORRESPONDENCE, HELD AT TANN
MEETING HOUSE, WARREN COUNTY, THE 3RD, 4TH, A
5TH DAYS OF AUGUST, 1816.

Raleigh:
Printed at the Star office, by T Henderson, Jun.
1816.

SATURDAY, August 3rd, 1816

1. The Elders appointed to preach the introduct sermon being absent, a discourse was delivered by El John Culpepper, from Heb. iv. 16, "Let us, theref come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obt mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

2. The Associations represented themselves by the lowing delegates, viz:

Chowan Association.—Martin Ross,* Aaron Spiv George Outlaw, Thomas Brownrigg.

Kehukee Association.—William Lancaster, Philem Bennett, Jesse Read, Moses Bennett.

Broad River Association.—.....

Sandy Creek Association.—Robert T. Daniel,* Rob Ward.*

Peedee Association.—John Culpepper, Bennett Sol mon.

Country Line Association.—George Roberts, Dav Lawson, John Landers,* John Cambell.

3. After prayer Elder George Roberts was chos Moderator; Moses Bennett, clerk, and John Culpepp assistant.

4. The Peedee Association petitioned by letter a delegates for admission into this meeting and were r ceived.

5. The Country Line Association in like manner r quested admission into this body, and was received.

6. A letter was handed in by Elder Thomas Vass, from the Flat River Association, informing us that she had requested the Churches composing that association to signify in their letters to the next, whether or not they would agree to adopt the Constitution of this Meeting, and unite with the same; recommending Elders Vass, Gardner and Battle as helps to sit with us; the elders were cordially invited to seats with us. We hope the difficulties, which have existed as a hindrance to this Association joining with us, will be removed, and she become a member of this meeting.

7. Elders Creath, Dabbs, Courtney, and Johns, Messengers from the Virginia General Meeting of Correspondence, presented this meeting with copies of their Minutes, which were thankfully received, and the messengers invited to take seats with us.

8. A letter addressed to the moderator of this meeting, accompanied with 12 copies of the reports of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, were handed in by Elder Rice, which were thankfully received, and the Elder invited to a seat.

9. On motion, the ministering brethren present were invited to seats with us, whereupon Elders Chambles, Pickett, Weathers and Crocker seated themselves accordingly.

10. On motion, the following committees were appointed, viz: Elders Rice, Read and Brother Brownrigg, together with the moderator and clerk, to arrange the business for Monday; also to examine and revise the circular letter (if need be) and report on Monday morning. Elders P. Bennett and E. Battle a committee on Finance.

11. Elders Rice, Creach and Dabbs appointed to preach on the morrow, and that divine worship begin at 10 o'clock a. m. Elder Rice requested to deliver an ad-

dress appropriate to Foreign Missions; and Elder Ga ner requested to select proper persons to collect the v untary charity of the assembly, to encourage the spre of the Gospel among the Heathen.

12. Adjourned to Monday morning 9 o'clock a. m prayer by Elder Creath.

SUNDAY, August 4th.

The Elders appointed to the stage met a crowded au tory. Elder Creath introduced public worship, a preached from Rev. xxii, 17, "And the spirit and the bri say come. And let him that heareth say come. A whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freel Elder Rice followed from Luke ii, 14, "Glory to God the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward me Elder Dabbs closed from Heb. ii, 3, "How shall we esca if we neglect so great a salvation?" From the earnestn of the Preachers, and attention of the people, we hop divine blessing will follow.

MONDAY MORNING, Aug. 5th.

Met from adjonrnment; prayer by Elder Creath.

13. The committee of arrangements reported; the r port received and the committee discharged.

The meeting took up said report and acted on each a ticle in order.

1. The amendments proposed to the Constitution this meeting to be considered—Finding that a major of the Associations concur—It is agreed that the seco article read "letter or minutes." And that the 11th a ticle be expunged from the Constitution.

2. Letters and other communications to this meeti to be attended to.

A friendly letter from the church at Tabb's Cree Granville County, was handed in by brother Hester wi

$0.60 cts, as a bounty to the fund of this meeting, which was thankfully received, and the brother invited to a seat.

A letter handed in by brother Gardner, from Elder Biddle, our clerk, stating his reason for not attending this meeting; and informing us the price of printing the minutes of the last General meeting, which was $15. The meeting satisfied with the reasons and the report.

Elder Gardner handed in 13 copies of the minutes of the Flat River Association; Elder Roberts 4 from the Country Line; and brother Brownrigg 10 from the Chowan Association, which were all thankfully received.

Elder Rice stated that extensive and very ..... revivals of religion had been lately realized in Wilmington, Delaware—in several of the churches in Philadelphia—in Providence and Pawtucket, R. I.—in Boston and other places in Massachusetts—a number of churches in Maine, New-Hampshire and Vermont—in Troy and other places in New York—and in some parts of Kentucky; also in several counties of Virginia.

Elder Gardner reported that he has received in contributions at this Meeting, for Missionary purposes, $126.56—12 cts., and that $5 of the same were contributed by the Black People.

Elder Gardner is requested to deposit the above sum in the hands of Elder Luther Rice.

3. Appoint messengers to attend the next General Meeting of Correspondence in Virginia. Elders Roberts, Ross, Spivey, Read, Lancaster and brother Brownrigg appointed to attend said Meeting, to be held in the city of Richmond the 1st Saturday in June next, and that they bear 5 copies of our minutes to that meeting; and Elder Read is appointed to write a Letter of Correspond-

ence to said Meeting and affix the signatures of Moderator and Clerk thereto.

4. The Circular Letter to be called for and read. T was done and the Letter received.

5. A person to be appointed to prepare a Circular L ter for our next General Meeting. Elder Aaron Spi is requested to do this; and he is at liberty to write any religious subject he may choose.

6. The Committee on Finance to report. They ported that they have received in contributions to fund of this Meeting $23.85 cts.

7. Appoint a corresponding secretary to this Meeti Unanimously agreed that brother Thos. Brownrigg our standing Corresponding Secretary.

8. Appoint some person to superintend the printing these minutes. Elder Read is requested to transcri these Minutes, prepare them for the press, superinte the printing, and have 500 copies printed; with consti tion as amended printed, and distribute them as usu and it is ordered that the contributions to the fund this Meeting be deposited in the hands of said El Read.

9. The place to be appointed for our next Gene Meeting.

Agreed that our next General Meeting of Correspo ence be held at Grassy Creek Meeting House, Granvi County, on Saturday before the 1st Sunday in Augu 1817. Elder Creath is requested to preah the introd tory Sermon, and in case of failure, Elder Philemon B nett is requested. Divine worship to begin at 11 o'clo a. m.

Adjourned to time and place appointed. Prayer Elder Johns.

GEORGE ROBERTS, *Moderator.*
MOSES BENNETT, *Clerk.*

MINUTES OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST SOCIETY FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

[The minutes of this Society represent considerable activity in the State. Unlike the General Meeting of Correspondence which was in existence at the same time, it was not composed of delegates representing associations and churches. This body was simply a missionary society composed of Baptists. Contributions were received from any one interested. The minutes of 1818 show contributions from a large number of young men attending the University of North Carolina, who were not Baptists. Among these was a future President of the United States, James K. Polk, who contributed $5.00; and William Hooper, not yet a Baptist. This large collection from University students was due to the enthusiasm and popularity of Abner W. Clapton, who was an officer in this body, a graduate of the University and a tutor, and Benjamin Fiveash, a student who was also an officer.

This Society seems to have been more influential and popular in the Piedmont section of the State. So far as it has been possible to obtain information, only one session was ever held in the East. The body met at Tabb's Creek Meeting-House, Granville County, in 1816; Campbell's Orange County, 1817; Cross Roads, Wake County, 1818; Shell Banks, Edgecombe County, 1819; Patterson's, Orange County, 1820; Cross Roads, Wake County, 1821.

Many of the leaders in the General Meeting were not members of this Society. Martin Ross' name is absent; Luther Rice, the missionary agent, used both bodies.

The minutes reprinted here were found among the diaries of Elias Dodson.

E. W. S.]

PART OF THE MINUTES OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPT
SOCIETY FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS, 1817, AT CAMPBEL
MEETING HOUSE, ORANGE COUNTY.

7. The following report, being made by Elder Pur
in behalf of the Treasurer, was received:

*North Carolina Baptist Mission Society for Foreign M
sions, in account with Davis Battle, Treasurer.*

By cash received from the Executor of former Treasurer	$224.
By cash received at Tabb's M. House	400.
By cash returned from J. A. Renaldson	4.
	$629.
To cash paid James A. Renaldson, per order	$15.
To cash sent to the General Convention at Philadelphia, per order	500.
Balance on hand	114.
	$629.

DAVIS BATTLE, *Treas.*

The above account has been examined and approv
by JOHN PUREFY, *Auditor.*

8. Elder Luther Rice, Agent for Baptist Board of F
eign Missions in the United States, being present, la
before the Society intelligence of a most pleasing a
intelligent nature in regard to the arrangements a
progress of Missionary Institutions.

9. *Resolved,* That Brethren Read, Brooks, M'Alist
Purefoy and Battle be appointed a committee to exami
the records and make arrangements for Monday next.

10. *Resolved,* That Elders Rice, Daniel and Bro
preach to-morrow, it being the Lord's Day; and that

collection be made immediately after Elder Rice's Sermon.

After Prayer by Elder Rice, the Society adjourned till Monday morning 9 o'clock.

MONDAY, 17th.

The Board convened according to appointment; and, prayer having been made by Elder Daniel, proceeded to business.

1st. The committee appointed to examine the records made Report thereon, which was received.

2. *Resolved,* That the proposed alteration in the third article of the Constitution, and the amendments to the Tenth Article, be and they are hereby adopted.

3. *Resolved,* That it be proposed for the consideration of the Society that the first article of the Constitution instead of "Foreign read Foreign and Domestic Missions"; and that there be added to the second Article the clause, "and in destitute neighborhoods and frontier settlements in our country."

4. Ordered, that the amount of collections be ascertained, and that each collector make his return, on a scrip containing the names of the members and donors, and their several sums annexed, and that the letter s be inserted after the name of each member, for the sake of distinction.

1. C. M'Allister the following collections were made:

Col. Joseph Thomas, s.....	$5.00	
William Moody, s.....	2.00	
Elder David Thomas, s.....	1.00	
The Female Baptist Missionary Society, near Fayetteville, s.....	47.60	
The Cape Fear Baptist Association....	60.70	
Ch. M'Allister, s.....	5.00	
		$121.30

2. Elder Read's Collection:

William P. Biddle (for 1815-16), s....	$4.00
The American George Lodge of Free Masons, in Murfreesborough	10.00
The church at Rocky Swamp, s.....	2.00
Robert Jelks (for 1816-17), s.....	4.00
Capt. R. Bailey, d.....	1.00
Jesse Read, s.....	2.00
	$23

3. By Elder Purefy:

Moses Neal, s.....	$2.00
At Abernathy	1.00
James Bagby	.65
Bolling Dunn	1.00
John Fort	1.00
Jane Batt	.10
Edward Dor, c.....	.25
At Woodbury's	2.05
John Purefy, s.....	2.00
	$1

4. By Elder Landers:

Reddick Deshongh, s.....	$2.00
David Patterson, s.....	2.00
John Landers, s.....	2.00
John Creswell, s	2.00
James Ward	1.00
	$

5. By Elder E. Battle:

At the Falls of the Tar River.....	$4.10
Flat River Association	16.05
Will. Jones	1.30
Maj. T. Taylor	2.00
William Royster	2.00
B. Hester, s.....	2.00

J. Philpott	$1.00	
Elder T. Vass, s	2.00	
B. Howard, s	2.00	
William J. Martin	2.00	
Guilford Tally	2.00	
Elisha Battle	3.09	
		$59.54

6. By Elder George Roberts:

David Lawson, s	$2.00	
Young Lovelace, s	2.00	
Rhodan Lovelace, s	1.00	
Matthew Daniel, s	2.00	
Carter Stubblefield, s	1.00	
Richard Going, s	1.00	
Rachel Christie	.75	
William Atkinson	.50	
From brethren of color	.50	
From other individuals	3.90	
George Roberts	2.00	
		$16.65

7. By John Campbell:

Nathan Williams, s	$2.00	
John Campbell, s	2.00	
Thomas Turner, s	2.00	
William Brown, s	2.00	
James Jay, s	2.00	
John Russell, s	2.00	
George Huston, s	2.00	
John M'Neil, s	2.00	
William G. Long, s	2.00	
Thomas Phelps, s	2.00	
William Yarborough, s	2.00	
William Miller, s	2.00	
Lewis Tapp, s	2.00	

William Hagewood, s.....	$2.00
William Campbell, s.....	2.00
Alfred Compton, s.....	2.00
John Roberts, s	2.00
Joseph Bird, s.....	2.00
Elder Barzllai Graves, s.....	2.00
From individuals at Graves' M. H.....	1.60
Hyco Female Society at Arbour M. H..	32.67½
From other individuals	5.00
Collection at County Line.....	6.00
James Ward	1.00
Collection on the Sabbath.....	16.07½
Elder Robert T. Daniel, s.....	2.00
Davis Battle, s.....	2.00
Iveson L. Brooks, s.....	2.00
	$63
Total.....	$34

5. The letters directed to be prepared for the Fem Societies having been read and approved, it was ord that Brother M'Alister be the bearer of the one to Missionary Society near Fayetteville, and that Broth Campbell convey the other to the Hyco Female C Society.

6. *Resolved*, That Elder George Roberts and A W. Clopton be and are hereby delegates to the Ge Convention to be held in Philadelphia on the first W nesday in May next.

7. *Resolved*, That in case the delegates fail to Elder Luther Rice be appointed proxy to act for Society; and that the sum of three hundred dollars put into his hands to be by him deposited in the Ge Missionary Fund.

8. *Resolved,* That the sum of one hundred dollars be appropriated to defray the expenses of the delegates.

9. Ordered, That the delegates prepare a letter for the General Convention; and they sign the name of the President and the Recording Secretary to the same.

10. *Resolved,* That Elder Daniel prepare a circular for the next annual meeting of this Society.

11. *Resolved,* That the Corresponding and the Recording Secretaries be appointed to superintend the printing and distribution of 500 copies of the Minutes of this meeting; and that an abridgement of Buchanan's Visit to Juggernaut be annexed to the Minutes as a circular.

12. Ordered, That the sum of twenty dollars be put into the hand of the secretaries to defray the expenses of printing the minutes.

13. Ordered, That Elder Jesse Read be and he is hereby appointed and directed to inquire into the cause why the money was not forwarded to the General Fund, according to the order of the Board in 1815; and that he use his best efforts to have the order executed, and report thereon to our next meeting.

14. Ordered, That Elder E. Battle obtain, if practicable, the books presented to this Society by Dr. Battle, and dispose of them to best advantage, and make a report thereon at our next meeting.

15. Ordered, That delegates of this Society make communication to the General Convention in regard to propriety of sending missionaries to the savage tribes of our own country.

16. Ordered, That Elders Daniel, Roberts, Purefoy and Battle be appointed to give Elder Rice instructions, in case he should have to act as proxy for the Society, in the General Convention.

17. *Resolved,* That the thanks of this Society be t dered to the people of this community for their hos tality; and to the congregation for their voluntary c tribution on the Sabbath.

18. *Resolved,* That the next annual meeting of th Board be held at the Cross Roads Meeting House in W County, on Saturday before the third Lord's Day March next.

19. Ordered, That Elder William Brown, and in c of his failure, Elder George Roberts, preach the Int ductory Sermon at 11 o'clock on the above named.

20. *Resolved,* That it is the opinion of this Soci that it would be well for all the churches of the Bap Denomination to set apart the first Monday evening every month for uniting in prayer with other Christi of other denominations, for the propagation of Gos light to the "uttermost parts of the earth."

After prayer by Elder Purefoy, the Society adjour till meeting in course.

JESSE READ, *President.*
IVESON L. BROOKS, *Rec. S*

CIRCULAR LETTER, 1817.

BELOVED BRETHREN:—Permit us again, at the clos our annual meeting to renew our Communications the important subject for which our society was o nally instituted. It will be seen by the minutes ceding this address that, in the course of the last y we have collected upwards of Three Hundred Forty Dollars for Missionary objects. In regard to amount of collections our anticipations have not realized. This failure, however, is, perhaps, due more a spirit of opposition in enemies, than a want of exertion in those who wish well to the Missionary ca

The decided hostility of some of our beloved brethren to the use of proper means for the propagation of the Gospel among the dark and benighted nations of the earth, begins, as we hope and believe, to that love of God and man, without which none can claim the liberty of being the real disciples of Jesus. This love, Brethren, in the exertion of its influence, is not circumscribed by the narrow limits which the circumstances of the individuals, societies, sects or nations may have imposed; but rising superior to these barriers, it embraces as object of compassion, Man, wherever Man exists. The real Christian knows and, that He, who said, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind," said also, "And thy neighbor as thyself." And while a priest on one side and Levite on the other, pass by the hungry, the thirsty, the sick and the imprisoned, without feeling the obligations or exercising the duties of a neighbor, acknowledging man as his brother and neighbor wherever he be, extends to him the hand of relief, and pours into his soul the soothing balm of consolation. Under the sacred, the operative influence of this love, who can look with cold indifference, a lifeless insensibility, on the present Idolatrous Nations of the Eastern world? Who can read of their Gods of wood and stone —their altars stained with the blood of human victims? their savage sacrifices and brutal manners, without horhor, mingled with sighs and prayers for their deliverance? Since these are the miserable sons of Adam, for whose benefit our efforts are now making, and since we wish, cordially wish, all who read may understand, we insert a passage from the researches of the pious and learned Dr. Buchanan, whose eyes beheld and whose ears heard what he relates. Of his visit to the Temple of Juggernaut, the chief idol of the Hindoos, he thus writes:

"I have just returned from witnessing a scene I sh never forget. At twelve o'clock of this day, being great day of the Feast, the Moloch of Hindoostan, (me ing Juggernaut) was brought out of his Temple, ami the acclamation of hundreds of his worshippers. Wh the idol was placed on his throne, a shout was raised the multitude such as I had never heard before. It c tinued aquable for a few moments, then gradually di away.

After a short interval of silence, a murmur was hea at a distance. All eyes were turned towards the pla and behold a Grove advancing. A body of men, havi green branches or palms in their hands, approaches wi great celerity. The people opened a way for them; a when they had come up to the throne, they fell down b fore him that sat thereon and worshipped.

The throne of the idol was placed on a stupendous c or tower about sixty feet in height, resting on whe which indented the ground as they moved slowly und the ponderous machine. Attached to it were six cabl of the size and length of a ship's cable, by which th people drew it along. Upon the tower were the pri and sattellites of idols surrounding his throne. The id is a block of wood having a frightful visage, paint black, with a distended mouth, a bloody colour. Hi arms are of gold, and he is dressed in the most gorgeo apparel."

It would occupy too large a space for a letter to tra scribe what our author has said in relation to the worsh of this horrid monster of iniquity. His worshippers ar hundreds of thousands. Of these, many not being c tent with paying him divine homage, offer up their live as a voluntary victim of a sanguinary rapacity. Her human depravity seems to have reached its utmost pit

Here no species of misery is absent—and sin, wretchedness and superstition seem to triumph completely over fallen man. Brethren, is there no possible remedy for these worst of evils? Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? We humbly hope there is a time, and that not far distant, when these slaves of ignorance, superstition and misery will be delivered from their thralldom. The Everlasting Father hath promised to His Son the Heathen for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possessions.

Let the standard of the Cross be erected on the plains of Hindoostan and the Temple of Juggernaut will sink before it like Dagon before the Ark. Brethren, the signs of the times invite to vigorous action. The soldiers of the Cross should not sleep, when their Captain seems ready to lead them forth to victory and to conquest.

When our Saviour came upon earth, while a babe in the manger, his life was sought by the seed of the serpent. He met every species of opposition—He sustained the rage of wicked men and devils—He drank the bitter cup of His Father's wrath—He bled—He died. His immediate followers shared a fate not much less cruel. Their prowess, in their God-like labours, was marked by an opposition not less vigorous—not less obstinate. The Heathen raged and the people imagined vain things. But how changed is the scene at present. The rage of opposition has fallen before the sword of the Spirit; the darkness of Error, Prejudice and Superstition is made to flee speedily before the irradiating beams of the Son of Righteousness. Kings are now become the nursing fathers and Queens the nursing mothers of the Church. A high road is now opened for the herolds of the Cross to proclaim to all nations, kindreds and tongues the unsearchable riches of Christ.

We therefore invite and entreat all who love the L in sincerity and truth; all who believe that He has g His Son the heathen for an inheritance and the u most parts of the earth for a possession; all who bel that His people shall be a willing people in the da His power; all who hail these signs of the times as dawn of Millenial Glory; all the friends of peace, order, of good government, to a cordial participatio our efforts for the extension and establishment of Redeemer's Kingdom.

IVESON L. BROOKS, *R. Se*
ABNER W. CLOPTON, *C. Se*

MINUTES OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST SOCIETY FOREIGN MISSIONS, CONVENED AT THE CROSS RO MEETING HOUSE, WAKE COUNTY, MARCH 14, 181

Raleigh:
Printed by J. Gales, 1818.

SATURDAY, March 14

The introductory sermon was delivered by E George Roberts, from Luke ix. 11, "And the people, w they knew it, followed him."

2. Visiting brethren in the ministry were invited take a seat.

3. Brother Benjamin Fiveash was requested to g the stage, to which he assented.

4. Elder Jesse Read declined being any longer con ered a member of the Board, on account of old age, continues his name as a member of the Society.

5. On the motion of the President the Board p ceeded to elect a President and Vice-President, whereup Elder George Roberts was chosen President and E Robert T. Daniel Vice-President.

6. Appointed the following brethren as officers of the Board: D. Battle, Treasurer; J. Purefy and A. W. Clopton, Corresponding Secretaries; B. Fiveash, Recording Secretary.

7. The following brethren were appointed Trustees: J. Crudup, E. Battle, J. Landers, Wm. Brown, Charles McAllister, E. Battle, and J. Campbell.

8. Brother McAllister presented a letter from the Female Baptist Society near Fayetteville, covering the sum of $38.38, accompanied with a number of their first annual report, which were thankfully received. A letter was also presented by Bro. Campbell from the Hyco Baptist Female Society, enclosing the sum of $27.50, to be deposited in the General Fund. Also was handed by Brother Daniel a letter from the Female Society for Foreign Missions near Pittsborough, covering the sum of $37.35, to be applied as above. These letters having been read, it was ordered that Brethren R. T. Daniel, J. Crudup and J. Fiveash prepare answers to them against Monday.

9. Vote was taken where our next annual meeting should be held. Mount Carmel and Shell Banks in nomination, Shell Banks was chosen. Meeting to commence on the Saturday before the third Lord's Day in March next.

10. Ordered, that Brother A. W. Clopton, and in case of failure, Brother R. T. Daniel preach the introductory sermon at eleven o'clock on the day above named.

11. *Resolved,* That Elders Crudup and Daniel and Roberts preach to-morrow; and that a collection be made immediately after Elder Daniel's sermon. Preaching to commence at ten o'clock.

12. *Resolved,* That Brethren Read, Roberts, Battle, Clopton and Daniel constitute a committee to arrange

the business for Monday, and to examine the circ letter.

After prayer by Elder Roberts, the Society adjou till Monday, 9 o'clock.

LORD'S DAY, March 15th

Public worship was introduced as usual, after w Elder Crudup preached from Psalms cx. 3, "Thy p shall be willing in the day of thy power." Elder Da followed from Isaiah liv. 13, "And all thy children s be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of children." Elder Robert concluded from Matthew 15, "But they made light of it."

Owing to the inclemency of the weather many prevented from attending who otherwise would have at the meeting. We hope a blessing attended what spoken.

MONDAY, March 1

The Board convened according to appointment proceeded to business.

1. The committee on arrangements made their re which was received.

2. Elder Jesse Read, who was appointed to mak quiry if the money in the hands of the former Treas had been forwarded to the General Fund in Philadelp reported that it could not be ascertained.

Resolved, therefore, That the following committe Jeremiah Battle, Jesse Battle and Joel Battle be they are hereby appointed to examine into the bus and make report to our next annual meeting.

3. Ordered, that the account of J. Crudup, former cording secretary, be published with these minutes

4. Ordered, that Brother Purefy be and he is he authorized to make sale on the best terms he can

book in his possession, the donation of Elder Woodberry to this Society.

5. Dr. Jeremiah Battle obtained leave and handed in $20, being the two years subscription of Col. Joel Battle.

6. *Resolved*, That the first article of our constitution be so amended as to read, "Foreign and Domestic Missions."

7. The Circular letter was called for, read, and ordered to be printed with these minutes.

8. *Resolved*, That the Recording Secretary be and he is hereby authorized to prepare for the Press the Minutes of this year's meeting, and have 500 copies printed and distributed; and that the sum of $20 be put into his hands to defray the expenses of the same.

9. *Resolved*, That the sum of $25 be annually given to the Recording Secretary for his services.

10. *Resolved*, That the sum of $100 be forwarded to the Baptist Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions in Philadelphia.

11. *Resolved*, That a committee of five be appointed, and they are hereby appointed, to convene at the General Meeting of Correspondence, in August next, to employ, if possible, one or more missionaries to labor in the destitute places in North Carolina; and that this committee consist of Elders Jesse Read, Geo. Roberts, R. T. Daniel, A. W. Clopton, and J. Crudup.

12. Ordered, that the money now in the hands of the Treasurer be put out to interest by him to such person or persons as he may think proper; but that he shall remain responsible to this Society for the money thus loaned out by him.

13. *Resolved*, That Bro. Benjamin Fiveash prepare a circular letter for the next annual meeting of this Society.

14. *Resolved,* That the thanks of this Society be an they hereby are tendered to the inhabitants of this plac and vicinity for their kindness and hospitality.

After prayer by Elder Daniel, Society adjourned til meeting in course.

GEORGE ROBERTS, *President.*
BENJAMIN FIVEASH, *Rec. Sec.*

OFFICERS OF THE BOARD.

Rev. George Roberts, President.
Robt. T. Daniel, Vice-President.
A. W. Clopton, John Purefy, Cor. Secretaries.
Benjamin Fiveash, Rec. Secretary.
Davis Battle, Treasurer.

Trustees.—Rev. William Brown, Rev. Josiah Crudup Rev. John Landers, Elisha Battle, Charles McAllister John Campbell, Joel Battle.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

The North Carolina Baptist Society for Foreign Mis sions, in account with Davis Battle, Treasurer.

1816.		Dr.	Cr.
March 18th.	By cash in hand.....		$114.21
1817.			
March.	Cash received at Campbell's M. H., Orange County...		346.11
	To cash sent to Philadelphia by Luther Rice, per order	$300.00	
Do.	paid Elder George Roberts, do.	100.00	
Do.	paid Iveson L. Brooks to pay for having the minutes printed	20.00	

1817.		
Do. E. Battle, being the amount paid over his subscription for 1816	$3.00	
1818.		
March 16. By cash received at Cross Roads M. H. this meeting		575.22
To do. to balance.....	612.54	
	$1,035.54	$1,035.54
By balance brought down.....		$612.54

The North Carolina Baptist Mission Society, in account with J. Crudup.

	Dr.	Cr.
To cash paid for printing the Constitution and Circular	$15.00	
Do. a blank book.....	3.00	
Do. publishing an address to the Baptists	7.00	
Do. advertising meeting as Manager	1.00	
By Abner Clopton's annual subscription.		$5.00
Josiah Crudup's—(4 years).....		8.00
Donation from Jeremiah Perry, Esq.		5.00
" " Major Thomas Dunn.		4.00
" " Mr. James Baker....		1.00
Cash from the Treasurer, per order.....		25.00
To cash paid the Treasurer.....	22.00	
	$48.00	$48.00

The following list of subscribers and donors to the Missionary Society was handed in by the members of the Board who held subscription papers:

1. By Charles McAllister:

From the Female Baptist Missionary Society near Fayetteville	$38.38½
Cape Fear Baptist Association	77.00
Col. Joseph Thames	5.00
William Moody	2.00
A friend to missions	3.00
Charles McAllister	5.00

2. John Campbell:

From the Hyco Female Cent Society for Foreign Missions	$27.50
Nathan Williams, s	2.00
Thomas Turner, s	1.00
Elder B. Graves, s	2.00
Hosea McNeil, s	2.00
William K. Campbell, s	1.00
Alfred Compton, s	2.00
John Roberts, s	1.00
John Campbell, s	2.00
Henry Williams	1.00
Elder Richard Martin	1.00
Thomas Smith	.50
John Williams	2.00
Thomas Foster	1.00
John Boswell	1.00
Samuel Fielder	1.00
John Stadler	1.00
Richard Henslee	.50
James Hayden	.50
William Smith	1.00
James Sheppard	1.00
William Hagewood, s	
	$53.00

3. Abner W. Clopton:

John C. Washington	$2.00
Robert A. Clopton	2.00
William Hooper	5.00
Robert Mason	1.00½
John B. Mitchell	1.00
Thomas Hill	2.00
Thomas Davis	1.00
Oliver Spencer	2.00
Abram Wimbish	2.00
James A. Washington	1.00
Marion Sanders	1.00
Fabius Haywood	1.00
William F. Spencer	1.00
George Trice	.12½
Mrs. Thompson	10.00
William H. Merritt	2.00
Thomas H. Speller	5.00
James K. Polk	5.00
Hugh D. Waddell	5.00
William Green	10.00
William G. Hunter	5.00
Calvin I. Hatch	5.00
Will. Royall	5.00
Elam I. Morrison	3.00
Charles D. Donoho	2.00
Mann Patterson	10.00
Thomas Wright	5.00
William Harden	1.00
James H. Otey	1.00
Jane Puckett	5.00
William Barbee	5.00
Milley (a servant)	.50
Collected for preaching	5.25

A. W. Clopton (two years subscription), s....	$10.00
Iveson L. Brooks, s.....	2.00
Benjamin Fiveash, s.....	2.00
	$81.75

4. Robert T. Daniel:

From the Female Cent Society near Pittsborough	$37.35
Sandy Creek Association	10.50
Several ladies	1.75
David Patterson, s.....	2.00
Robert T. Daniel, s.....	1.00

5. George Roberts:

Colonel George Hairston.....	$2.00
Mrs. R. S. Hairston.....	5.00
James Watkins	4.00
Mrs. B. Watkins	1.00
John Caffee	1.00
Martin Wright	1.00
Blake Brassell	1.00
John Wilson	1.00
Benjamin Dilworth	1.00
Thomas Stokes	1.00
David Harrell	1.00
Nathaniel Scales	2.00
Zachariah Neal	1.00
Philemon Neal	1.00
William Atkinson	.50
John Everett	.25
A stranger	.50
George Everett	.50
John Read	.25
Josiah Womack	.50
Rhoda Mullins	.50

Colored brethren	$0.50
Rodham Lovelace	.50
Edward Jones	1.00
Rachel Christie	1.00
Willoughby Mustan	.55
Thomas Scales	1.00
Thomas Lowe	1.00
Daniel Matthews	1.00
Henry Tatem	1.00
Abraham Peoples	1.00
Charles Bruse	1.00
Blake Braswell	3.00
Levi Ross	1.00
Thomas Carr	1.00
Joel Fagg	.50
James Back	2.00
Sarah Scales	1.00
William Kelly	1.00
Peter (a servant)	.25
	$48.90

6. Jesse Read:

From the Grand Lodge of Free Masons in Raleigh	$27.00
Several ladies in the town and county of Halifax	10.50
Elizabeth Long	2.00
Joseph Lane, s.	6.00

MINUTES OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST SOCIETY FOR FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MISSIONS, CONVENED AT THE SHELL BANKS MEETING-HOUSE, EDGECOMBE COUNTY, N. C.

RALEIGH:
Printed by T. Henderson, Jr.
1819.

SATURDAY, March 20th.

The introductory sermon was delivered by Elder John Landers, after which the members of the Society convened and appointed brother Landers President *pro tem.* They then proceeded to elect officers, the result of which was as follows: George Roberts, President; Charles McAllister, Vice-President; John Campbell, Treasurer; James S. Battle, Recording Secretary; A. W. Clopton, Corresponding Secretary; John Purefy, Auditor.

Trustees.—Joel Battle, John Landers, Jesse Battle, John Roberts, Peter P. Lawrence, William Brown, and Elisha Battle.

Two letters were handed in by Bro. Campbell, viz: One from Hogan's Creek Female Society, covering $18.37½; the other from the Hyco Female Cent Society, with $35.90; also a letter by the hand of Bro. McAllister, from the Female Baptist Auxiliary Society for Evangelical Missions, in the vicinity of Fayetteville, with $17.30.

Elder Read, that a letter written by Gen. Calvin Jones, giving an account of the Cherokee Indians, be read, which was done accordingly.

Bros. Joel Battle and James S. Battle were appointed to answer the above Female letters.

A committee of arrangements was appointed, consisting of Bros. Landers, Campbell and Joel Battle, to arrange the business of Monday.

After prayer by Elder Read, Society adjourned till Monday, 10 o'clock.

LORD'S DAY, March 21st.

Public worship was performed by Elder Landers, from Acts 24 and 34, "And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, Felix trembled." And a collection was made.

MONDAY, March 22d.

The board convened pursuant to appointment, and proceeded to business.

The committee of arrangements made their report, which was received.

It being announced that the people had convened at the meeting-house, Elder Landers was requested to go to the pulpit, and he preached from John 10th and 9th, "I am the door; by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture."

Bro. McAllister reported, and handed in money from several sources to the amount of $116.18.

Bro. Campbell, for President Roberts, handed in $34.37½. Ditto for self for sale of books, collections, etc., $98.67½ ($125 being for sale of books already accounted for).

Elder Landers reported and handed in $8.00.

Jas. Battle and others handed in yesterday a collection, viz., $21.53¾. James S. Battle paid in his annual subscription, with arrearages, $8.00.

The committee appointed to inquire if the $200 ordered to be sent to the general fund by a former treasurer had been sent, reported in the affirmative, there being satisfactory evidence of its having been so sent agreeable to the order of 1815.

Resolved, and it is hereby ordered, that the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars ($250) be forwarded on to the Baptist Board for Foreign and Domestic Missions in Phiadelphia.

Resolved, That Bro. McAllister forward circular for publication with these minutes.

Resolved, That Bro. A. W. Clopton prepare a circular for the next annual meeting of this Society.

Bro. J. Campbell petitioned by request that our next annual meeting be held at Patterson's Meeting-House, ten miles south of Hillsborough, which is to commence on Saturday before the third Lord's day in March, 1820, which is unanimously agreed to.

The Rev. Wm. Brown is appointed to preach the introductory sermon in case of failure of Elder J. Purefoy.

Bro. McAllister is requested to write the female society near Fayetteville.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be tendered to the inhabitants of this vicinity for their hospitality and patronage.

Resolved, That Elder J. Purefoy receive the money belonging to this Society which is in the hands of Bro. Davis Battle, the former treasurer, and to pay over same to Bro. John Campbell, treasurer elect.

After prayer by Bro. Campbell, Society adjourned till meeting in course. CHAS. MCALLISTER, *Pres. P. T.*
JAS. S. BATTLE, *Sec.*

STATE OF THE TREASURY—AUDITOR'S REPORT.

VERY DEAR BRETHREN:—I take this method of informing you that I have examined the Treasurer's account, and find remaining in his hands at this time five hundred and thirty-seven dollars sixty-eight and a half cents ($587.68½), exclusive of the interest, which is not yet known to me, but will be when Dr. Battle returns home, which account I believe to be correct.

J. PUREFOY, *Auditor.*

Resolved, That the Corresponding Secretary be and he is hereby instructed to prepare for the press the minutes

of this meeting; have five hundred copies printed and distributed; that the sum of $20 be put into his hands to defray the expenses of the same.

The following are a list of the subscriptions and donations handed in by members appointed for this purpose, viz.:

1. By John Landers:

Wm. Brown, s	$2.00
John Russell, s	2.00
Jas. Ray, s	2.00
John Landers, s	1.00
John Creswell, s	1.00
	8.00

2. By John Purefoy:

John Fort, s	1.00
John Purefoy, s	2.00
1 book sold	5.00
	8.00

3. By John Campbell:

Account of books sold, 30 catechisms of health	12.50
Hosea McNeill, s	1.00
Nathaniel Williams, s	2.00
Wm. Haguewood, s	1.00
Alfred Compton, s	1.00
John Roberts, s	1.00
Wm. K. Campbell, s	1.00
John Campbell, s	2.00
Hyco Female Society	35.90
	57.40

Collection at County Line Association, August, 1818	$32.45
Jas. Nelson	.40
Bartlett Estrees	.50
Lemuel Feldon	1.00
Jas. Haden	.50
Miles Wells	1.00
Jas. Murphey	.75
Beufort Pleasant	1.00
John Hulet	.22½
Nathaniel Jones	1.00
	5.37½

From Black's:

Sam. McAuley's	$0.25
Harry McAuley	.25
Nathan McAuley	.06¼
Mark McAuley	.05
Patience McAuley	.20
Frank Crisps	.25
Moses Wells	.06¼
Joe. Comptons	.06¼
Squire Nelsons	.06¼
Jenny Bird	.25
Sam. Armstrong	.12½
Jenny Armstrong	.12½
Ester Leas	.12½
Matthew Campbell	.25
York Campbell	.12½
Ester Campbell	.20½
	2.45

4.

Money for the use of the mission from a newly instituted Female Society in Rockingham County	$18.37½	
Collection from the Lick Fork, males including my own quota	16.00	
		$24.37½

5. By Chas. McAllister:

From the Cape Fear Association	$47.63	
From a friend to missions, by Brother Morris	.55	
John Oliver, s.	6.00	
Washington, by the hands of J. Oliver	4.00	
Joseph Thames, s.	5.00	
Rev. David Thomas, s.	1.00	
Chas. McAllister, s.	5.00	
From the Female B. Auxiliary Society for Evangelical missions in the vicinity of Fayetteville	47.30	
		$116.43

6. Collection at Shell Banks:

On Sabbath, from whites	$20.72½	
On Sabbath, from blacks	.81¼	
		$21.53¾
Jer. Battle	$1.00	
Jesse Reed	1.00	
Jos. Lane	1.00	
Redmun Bunn	1.00	
Elisha Battle	2.00	
Jesse Battle	1.00	

Joel Battle	$2.00	
Peter P. Lawrence.....	2.00	
J. S. Battle, with arrearages for three years	3.00	
Joseph Battle	1.00	
		$20.00
		$307.06¾

CIRCULAR LETTER.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN:—Among the many interesting subjects that invite the Christian's attention, none appears of more high and solemn importance than the subject of missions. By this we understand the exertions by which the glad tidings of Gospel grace are carried to the untaught nations of the earth—many of whom are living in the most destructive superstition. The just weight and importance of this subject can only be felt by Christians who have been taught by a happy experience that the Scriptures are the word of life, and that Jesus Christ is the only name by which men can be saved. Such only can form a just idea of the horrible darkness of that land and people, from whom the light of God's revealed truth has been hidden. As long as they remain in this mournful condition, they must and will stumble on the dark mountain of ignorance and error. In all Christians of every distinction the faithfulness of that Apostolic assertion has been verified; that without faith it is impossible to please God. Faith cometh by hearing, and how shall they hear without a preacher—and how shall they preach (to the heathen) except they be sent by Christians. You then who have been apprehended by Christ, and brought in some degree to know His love with exceeding riches of His grace—

we call on you to estimate by your own experience the importance of a subject that has for its end the salvation of millions, who are capable of as much glory or terror as yourselves. The language of prophecy leads us by a glorious description, and to a lively appreciation of that flourishing period when the wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad—when the desert shall put forth the beauty and bloom of the cultivated garden, and all flesh shall behold the salvation of God. But are we to expect these effects, of cultivating truth, without any concurring exertions on our part? Has not God established His house on the tops of the mountains, that the light thereof may go like a lamp that burneth; and circulate its enlightening rays thro' distant and benighted regions? Has He not sanctified the means to the end? That this is a fact, we are instructed to believe by the animated exertions of Zion's friends, wherever the theme of redemption has been sung. Party names and divided views on the subject of religion have sunk almost into oblivion, while the salvation of sinners, at home and abroad, receive the Amen of the most spirited exertions. Many among all denominations of Christians have been inspired with love and evangelical zeal to take their lives into their hands, have gone forth to the glorious work, committed themselves to the violence of troubled oceans to reach the gloomy regions of savage rudeness, there to witness the most alarming scenes of human wretchedness, disclosing themselves in the black depravity and superstitious ignorance of human nature. They have gone to spend their lives in crying 'behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." You who profess to love your neighbor as yourselves, behold (not your neighbor), but your brother in those unfriendly regions, deprived of the pleasures of religious and civil life. See

them standing alone in the midst of surrounding enemies, looking back to you for assistance. Without your assistance, they can not subsist in a region so unfriendly to the object of their great endeavors. Can your tender feelings refuse to give a single dollar to promote a cause so noble and glorious, when others have given their friends, privileges, and even lives, for its advance?

That the spirit of sending missionaries to reform the heathen is of God appears undeniable from two considerations—the general interest that is excited among all Christians and the unexpected success with which missionary labors have been attended. The Moravians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Baptists all are engaged in this work. To suppose that it was not of God would be, in effect, to suppose there was no reality in religion; for we can not with propriety imagine that the Almighty would permit His favorite followers to be so greatly misled on the same subject and at the same time. But the strongest arguments that may be urged in favor of this spirit coming from above, is the rapidity with which the work has advanced. Through the influence of this spirit the Scriptures have been translated into the languages of many heathen nations, so that they as well as we may read and understand. We have authentic information that many individuals have embraced the truth in love of it—the reformation of their lives bearing testimony to the happy influence on their hearts. Then if the work be from heaven, no doubt can remain of our duty to aid in its promotion. Brethren, let us not play an ungrateful part toward our heavenly benefactor, who has so highly distinguished us by His favor in giving us the Gospel, and opening our hearts to receive it and to know its value. Let us engage in the work while we have opportunity, and

the means in our hands. Should we be so blind to our duty, and refuse aid to those employed in spreading the gospel, as the only successful means of salvation, and thereby render ourselves unworthy to be its advocates. By pursuing such an unchristian measure, may we not possibly incur the resentment of Heaven? May we not subject ourselves to the worst of all calamities—a privation of the Gospel? May not the Almighty, provoked by our remissness, send us a famine, not of bread nor water, but of hearing the word of God? O, how wretched and forlorn would be our condition! What desolate wastes would strike our astonished eyes, to behold our temples forsaken? But we hope for better things,—we hope to see Christians display the high value they set on the Gospel, by using every effort within possibility and reason to send the word of life to dying nations, and thus may we sincerely pray, "Thy kingdom come." Amen.

REV. EDMUND L. DAVIS.

(ABSTRACT OF A PAPER BY WILLIAM RAY GRIFFIN, OF UNION COUNTY.)

One of the strongest and most original of the pioneer preachers in the southern portion of North Carolina was Edmund L. Davis, who was born in Anson County, February 19, 1813. He was the son of Isham Davis, who came to North Carolina from Virginia, and was one of twelve children. His parents were not members of any church, consequently the children had little religious instruction in their youth. It is not probable that E. L. Davis heard a dozen sermons before his conversion, at the age of eighteen.

His conversion and call to preach are interesting and peculiar. As he told it to his son, it is as follows: In his seventeenth year a younger brother died, which death made a lasting impression on him. A short time afterwards he was working at some little handicraft that his brother had made, when the thought occurred to him that if he should die where would his soul go. In thinking over the matter he realized that he was a sinner, and was convinced that his soul was doomed to hell. The thought overpowered him. He said he never knew where he spent that night, that a blank came over his mind till the next morning, when he found himself at his brother's gate. He cut three notches on the gate, told his brother farewell, saying that he was going home to tell his mother "good-bye," then die and go down to hell. But on his way home through the woods, the Lord blessed him, and he entered his home praising the Lord and told his mother what had happened.

He joined the church at Lawyer's Springs, Anson

County, on the old stage road leading from Charlotte to Wadesboro. He was baptized by John Culpepper, statesman and preacher, September 17, 1830. Up to this time he had never seen any one baptized or join the church. Shortly after this he visited the spot where he said the "Lord had been gracious to him," and standing there an impression came over him to preach. He seemed to hear a voice say, "Behold my people as sheep without a shepherd." He did not know that the words were in the Bible; he had heard little preaching and could not read himself. So deep was this impression that he never doubted but that God spoke them directly to him. Never from that moment did he ever doubt that preaching the gospel was his life work. Consequently he was ordained at Lawyer's Springs December 16, 1837.

He had no preparation in a literary or theological way for preaching. He was unable to read, but he had a great thirst for knowledge. He began the study of the Bible; he went through the New Testament, spelling it out word for word. It is a fine picture—this strong young man—athletic in every movement—spelling his way through the Word of God, seeking to know his Master's orders. He read his orders clearly; no one who ever heard him preach ever doubted his mission, while never a doubt crossed his own mind. He was not trying to find an argument, or justify a creed; he was simply seeking to know the will of God and was willing to do if he could but learn; and from such God does not long conceal Himself.

It was at this time that the Baptists in North Carolina began to divide. For twenty-five years there had been two parties. One was impressed with great missionary spirit that was rising, the other was opposed to everything of the kind, especially to all organized effort

to further these causes. John Culpepper was the leader of the aggressives, but E. L. Davis did not follow him. He expressed himself in no uncertain terms, declaring that if hell were raked and scraped such a pack could not be found. But he was not destined to remain in that state of mind. In 1844 he was sick, misfortune befell him, death came to the household, and for weeks he lay prostrate on his bed. The missionaries whom he had condemned so severely were very good to him, better than his own brethren. He began to reconstruct his views and to ask what was religion. Soon after this he heard Solomon Snider, who had recently gone through the same religions experience, preach a sermon. At the close Davis said, "If that is missionary doctrine, then I am one of them." He soon after joined the Missionary Baptists.

He was evangelical in his preaching and founded churches in Union, Anson and Stanly counties. He preached in South Carolina, but the work of his life lay in Union and Anson. His preaching was at times harsh, he could say hard things and was not afraid to say them when he thought it necessary. Fear was probably a feeling that he could not appreciate. His voice was powerful and rugged; it had wonderful carrying power, and no hearer ever failed to hear him. His countenance was stern and rugged, the very picture of strength; his expression was often sour and crabbed. But not so with the man.

When he began to speak there was a mellowness in his voice that soon went to the heart of the hearer and riveted his attention. It was easy for an audience to weep under his talks. One of his great themes was "the fulness of the gospel of Christ." It was great to her him describe God's welcome to the repentant sinner. In 1871

he preached a sermon that caused one hundred and twenty persons to ask for prayer, sixty of whom afterwards joined the church. He rose to emergencies; difficulties gave him strength, fired his heart and soul. On one occasion a meeting had been going on for some days with no manifestation of interest. At the noon hour the deacons met and decided that they would bring the meeting to a close that afternoon, and that they would ask their pastor, Brother Davis, to preach the closing sermon, since he had done none of the preaching during the meeting. He was seen to walk off to the woods all alone and retnrned only when the congregation began to sing. He took his place in the pulpit and read the hymn; there was power in the very reading; the man's soul was on fire. A prayer followed and men wept under that prayer; then followed a sermon that stirred the congregation to its depths; men who had never been moved before cried for mercy and forgiveness; the meeting did not break up, but continued for a week. This is only one of many such meetings held at Meadow Branch church, where he was pastor for forty years.

He was not a great visitor; he generally had a few places where he liked to stop when he filled his regular appointments; he was a frequent visitor to the homes of the sick and afflicted; his personal friendships were strong and lasting; all his members felt that he was their friend. To the needy he would give all. On one occasion he met a widow going to the field to work on a cold morning with no shoes on the children's feet; upon learning of her poor condition, he drew from his pocket a ten dollar bill—all he had—and gave it to her. At the end of the Civil War he was asked to join the Union League, or Red Strings, in order to save his property. His reply was that he would join no order that would confiscate

his neighbor's property and leave his own; that if they took his neighbor's they might take his too.

Many traditions are still alive about his powerful sermons and striking remarks. In the Baptist State Convention, at Warrenton, he followed Dr. Broadus in one of the most masterly tributes to education ever heard. He never failed to enlist the attention by his quaint humor and deep feeling, for the man was an orator pure from the molds of nature. Several things went to make up this man's useful life; nature endowed him with a fine physique, good voice, imagination, strong native intellect, anxiety to know, and a real love for his fellowmen. To all these endowments were added a zeal and consecration that made him powerful for good. Take him for all and all, he was one of the State's most remarkable men.

On June 6, 1896, he died at the age of eighty-four, and was buried with his Bible on his breast—a very appropriate ceremony, for he had preached its truths for sixty-five years, and in its name had baptized between four and five thousand people.

OUR LICENSED LAWYERS.

(With Present Post-offices.)

COMPILED BY H. J. MASSEY.

Along with the ministers and teachers of any State stand the lawyers. They are a positive force in the prosperity and progress of the commonwealth. They stand as exponents of the law and, as such, they probably exert more influence in shaping the politics and history of the State than any other class of men. Wake Forest has ever stood for that which is noblest and best in mankind. Through all the years of its illustrious history it has sought to impart *unto* and instill *into* the lives of those who come within its precincts, proficiency and a high moral standard. The demand for Wake Forest men abundantly testifies as to the success of this aim. In almost every field of human endeavor Wake Forest has her representatives. Among this host her sons in the legal profession are eminently conspicuous. Therefore, thinking that it will be of interest to readers of THE STUDENT and, perhaps, that it may be of service to some one, we append a list of the licensed lawyers who have gone from Wake Forest. In presenting this list we wish to say that the greater number of names and addresses are taken from a copy of last year's Historical Number. The others were kindly furnished by Prof. Gulley. In some instances there may be errors in the name or address, but we have endeavored, as far as possible, to secure correct information.

†Aldernan, J. E., Greensboro.
Allen, R. C., Coweta, I. T.
Allen, T., Dillon, S. C.
Allred, L. H., Selma, N. C.
Allen, T. A., Albany, N. Y.
Anderson, J B., Asheville, N. C.
Anderson, J. G., Halifax, N. C.
†Ausley, P. A.
Averitt, H. S., Fayetteville, N. C.

Bagett, W. R., Mt. Airy, N. C.
Baley, L. J., Marshall, N. C.
Beasley, L. A., Kenansville, N. C.
Bell, W. C., Dunn, N. C.
Bellamy, W. M., Wilmington.
Beekerdite, H. L., Winston, N. C.
†Blue, F. L., Ashpole, N. C.
Bolton, J. W., Fayetteville, N. C.
Bower, J. C., Sparta, N. C.
Boyles, N. E., Pilot Mountain.
Britt, E. M., Lumberton, N. C.
Britt, E. J., Lumberton, N. C.
Brock., W. E., Wadesboro, N. C.
Braswell, W. R., Ashpole, N. C.
Brooks, J. C., Olive Branch, N. C.
Bridger, R. C., Winton, N. C.
Bullard, V. C., Fayetteville, N. C.
Bryan, R. K., Scott's Hill, N. C.
Bryan, A. B., Burnsville, N. C.
Brummitt, D. G., Oxford, N. C.
Bryan, S. C., Marshall, N. C.
Bunn, J. W. Raleigh, N. C.

Campbell, E. L., King's Mountain.
†Cannady, A. B., Louisville, Ky.
Cannon, L. S., Washington, D. C.
Carson, J. M., Rutherfordton, N. C.
Carter, J. G., Dobson, N. C.
Carlton, D. L., Kenansville. N. C
Carlton, P. S., Salisbury, N. C.
Cohoon, W. L., Elizabeth City.
Cashwell, D. J., Fayetteville, N. C.
Caudle, T. L., Wadesboro, N. C.
Cheek, Geo., Sparta, N. C.
Clayton, O. W., Wake Forest, N. C.
Chisholm, W. A., Biscoe, N. C.
Clifford, J. C., Dunn, N. C.
Cloud, E. B., Columbus, N. C.
Collier, J. L., Bradentown, Fla.
Cooke, A. W., Greensboro, N. C.
†Cooper, R. W., Autryville, N. C.
*Cox, E. V., Ayden, N. C.
†Craig, F.
Cranor, H. A., Wilkesboro, N. C.

† Not in practice. * Dead.

Critcher, B. A., Williamston, N. C.
Crumpler, B. H., Clinton, N. C.

Davis, M. L., Beaufort, N. C.
Dickinson, O. P., Wilson, N. C.
Dinglehoef, O. F., Macon, Ga.
Dixon, R. H., Pittsboro, N. C.
Dunn, R. C., Enfield, N. C.
Dunn, S. A., Scotland Neck, N. C.
Dunn, D. W., Spray, N. C.
Dunn, W. A., Scotland Neck, N. C.
Dunning, A. R., Robersonville.
Duncan, J. S., Beaufort, N. C.
Duncan, N. G., Clinton, N. C.
†Durham, Walters, Raleigh, N. C.
Dye, R. H., Fayetteville, N. C.

†Early, H. W., Aulander, N. C.
Edwards, C. J., Franklin, Va.
Etchinson, W. P., Branchville, S. C.

Ferree, T. S., Asheboro, N. C.
Fort, D. F., Raleigh, N. C.
*Farthing, A. C., Philippine Is.
Fortune, R. B., Elberton, Ga.
Fletcher, A L., Morganton, N. C.

Garland, G. W., Salisbury, N. C.
Gavin, J. A., Kenansville, N. C.
Giles, J. A., Durham, N. C.
Gilreath, C. G., Wilkesboro, N. C.
Glidewell, P. W, Reidsville, N. C
Godwin, A. P., Gatesville, N. C.
Goodwyn, G. T., Laurinburg, N. C.
*Gore, J. H., Wilmington, N. C.
Green, C. H. Bakersville, N. C.
Gulley, Donald, Clayton, N. C.
Gulledge, J. W., Wadesboro, N. C.
*Grandy, W H., Elizabeth City.

Hairfield, E. M., Axton, Va.
Hall, S. E., Winston, N. C.
Hall, C. A, Roxboro, N. C.
Hall, J. W., Winston, N. C.
Hendrix, T., Wake Forest, N. C.
†Harold, A. R., Dunn, N. C
Harris, C. U., Raleigh, N. C.
Hasten, G. H., Winston, N. C.
Hatcher, M. F., Salisbury, N. C.
Haynes, F. W., Hamptonville, N. C.
Henderson, J. R., Wilkesboro, N. C.
Hendrix, T., Wake Forest, N. C.
Hines, H., Lancaster, S. C.
Hobgood, F. P., Greensboro, N. C.

Holbrook, J. A., Wilkesboro, N. C.
Holding, B. T., Louisburg, N. C.
Holloway, A. C., Lillington, N. C.
Hobbs, E. C., Gatesville, N. C.
Hoyle, T. C., Greensboro, N. C.
Honeycutt, A. C., Albemarle, N. C.
Harwood, J. H., Robbinsville, N. C.
Hooks, W. J., Kenly, N. C.
Horner, G. T., Lynchburg, Va.

Jackson, W. M., Dobson, N. C.
Johnson, J. McN., Aberdeen, N. C.
Johnson, W. R., Windsor, N. C.
Johnson, Hugh, Scotland Neck.
Johnson, N. H., Raleigh, N. C.
Jones, W., Swan Quarter, N. C.
Jones, H. A., Wake Forest, N. C.
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Leigh, J. A., Columbia, S. C.
Lennon, W., Raleigh, N. C.
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Little, J. E., Charlotte, N. C.
Long, J. V., Gastonia, N. C.
Long, I. F., Monroe, N. C.
†Long, Hugh, Gastonia, N. C.
Lyon, W. H., Raleigh, N. C
Lyon, F. H., Wilkesboro, N. C.
Lyon, T. A., Elizabethtown, N. C.

McMillan, N. F., King's Mountain, N. C.
†Mangum, N. P., Wake Forest, N. C.
Maness, T. D., Concord, N. C.
Markham, T. J., Elizabeth City.
Martin, G. P., Knoxville, Tenn.
Martin, V. B., Elizabeth City, N. C.
Martin, C. H., Washington, D. C.
†Mathews, P. V., Enfield, N. C.
McCullen, C. E., Burgaw, N. C.
McDuffie, D. L., Fayetteville, N. C.

†Not in practice. *Dead.

McDuffie, P. C., New York, N. Y.
McGlamery, A. C., Mocksville, N. C.
McIntyre, S., Lumberton, N. C.
McLendon, H. H., Wadesboro, N. C.
McKinney, T. S., Spruce Pine, N. C.
†McNeill, J. C., Charlotte, N. C.
McNeill, G. W., Carthage, N. C.
McNeill, R. H., Washington, D. C.
†Medlin, A. J., Wake Forest, N. C.
Medlin, L. L., Monroe, N. C.
Meekins, I. M., Elizabeth City.
Midyette, G. E., Jackson, N. C.
Moore, L. J., New Bern, N. C.
†Moore, E. V., Liledoun, N. C.
Morris, R. E., Rutherfordton, N. C.
Morris, J. P., Rutherfordton, N. C.
Morgan, J. R., Waynesville, N. C.
Moss, C. R., Banguio, Banquest, P. I.
Mull, O. M., Shelby, N. C.
Murphy, T. J., Greensboro, N. C.
Muse, C. M., Lillington, N. C.

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Newell, S. A., Williamston, N. C.
†Newton, W. L., Arlington, N. J.
†Norfleet, P. J., Franklin, Va.

*Oates, D. T., Fayetteville, N. C.
Olive, P. J., Apex, N. C.
Outlaw, N. W., Goldsboro, N. C.

Pait, A. H., Wilmington, N. C.
Pace, W. H., Raleigh, N. C.
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Peterson, S. D., Oregon.
Peterson, J. M., Washington.
Peterson, W. M., Athena, Ore.
Petree, F. H., Dobson, N. C.
Picot, J. M., Littleton, N. C.
Pierce, C. C., Springhope, N. C.
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Privott, W. S., Edenton, N. C.
†Prichard, J. H., Windsor, N. C.

Quinn, J. H., Shelby, N. C.

Radford, S. W., Asheville, N. C.
Ramsey, J. C., Marshall, N. C.
Reavis, W., Pittsboro, N. C.
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Reynolds, H., Pilot Mountain, N. C.
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Roberts, E. G., Asheville, N. C.

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Rosser, C. K., Sanford, N. C.
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Ryals, N. T., Benson, N. C.

Saintsing, J. E., Wake Forest, N. C.
Smith, J. C., Robesonville, N. C.
Sams, A. F., Thomasville, N. C.
Sapp, H. O., Winston-Salem, N. C.
Scarlett, Chas., Edenton, N. C.
Scull, J. H., Wilmington, N. C.
Sigmon, R. L., Lincolnton, N. C.
Sikes, J. C., Monroe, N. C.
Simms, R. N., Raleigh, N. C.
Skipper, C. B., Lumberton, N. C.
†Smith, T. L., Walla Walla, Wash.
*Snider, E. H., South Carolina.
Snow, O. E., Pilot Mountain, N. C.
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Spence, J. W., Greenwood, S. C.
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Tilley, A. E., Jefferson, N. C.
Timberlake, E. W., Wake Forest.
Toon, E. M., Whiteville, N. C.
Turner, R. W., Elizabeth City.

† Not in practice. * Dead.

Upchurch, E. F., Cary, N. C.

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Vaughan, L. T., Nashville, N. C.
Vaughan, W. L.
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Wagoner, W. M., Sparta, N. C.
Ward, E. F., Lumberton, N. C.
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Wike, C. B., Webster, N. C.
Wilson, S. Fred, Athena, Ore.
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Williams, L. B., Rockingham, N. C.
†Winburne, Chas., Florida.
Wishart, W., Lumberton, N. C.
Wright, J. C., Albemarle, N. C.
Worrell, J. A., Jackson, N. C.
Woody, T. K., Wilmington, N. C.
Wooten, J. S., Kinston, N. C.

Zollicoffer, D. B., Weldon, N. C.

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The Baptist Historical Number—The Student and the Students.

The September issue of THE STUDENT is, as usual, devoted to the publication of the Baptist historical papers, being the third effort of a highly praiseworthy movement inaugurated by THE STUDENT through Dr. E. W. Sikes some years ago. Appreciating the inestimable value of the true history of the great Baptist denomination in North Carolina, and believing that, if some permanent record of it were not made, much of the glorious past of the largest and most influential denomination in the State would be forgotten, Dr. Sikes, in behalf of THE STUDENT, proposed to the Baptist State Convention during its session in Elizabeth City, to devote one issue of this magazine annually to the publication of Baptist historical papers. The offer was accepted, and these issues have been so successful as to justify the undertaking on the part of THE STUDENT and to encourage painstaking research on the part of those faithful men who revere the traditions of their faith and respect the memory of their fathers. These numbers containing contributions on the Baptist past in North Carolina will in years to come

be a golden treasury affording rich material to those who shall erect their edifices upon the honest toil, the trials and the triumphs of the Baptists. The preparation of these numbers is a pleasant task, bringing joy to every one who participates in it. But there is incurred in publishing these papers an expense that is a burden upon THE STUDENT. This magazine lacks the loyal and hearty support it should receive from the Baptist brethren, and although its pride and ardor are not lessened by the lack of paying interest and support, yet it has a claim, through these publications alone, upon the Baptists generally, and it is but fair to assume that THE STUDENT should receive and is entitled to the assistance of all whom it represents. It has a claim upon the Baptist State Convention by reason of the acceptance of THE STUDENT'S proposition at the session held in Elizabeth City.

The responsibility, however, for THE STUDENT, the duty to maintain it and keep high its standard, and to broaden the scope of its usefulness, rest upon the hearts and minds of the student body, and also, to no little degree upon the affection of the alumni. Last year the splendid work of Carey B. Taylor and Oscar R. Mangum gave THE STUDENT the pre-eminent place among Southern college magazines. They had a lofty ideal, and achieved the best in college journalism that was ever known at Wake Forest. There must be no retrogression. Even as the college opening this year was unprecedented, so the opportunities for accomplishment in every phase of college life, especially in the literary phase, with unexcelled Societies and equipment, are without parallel in the college's past, and if every man will put forth his best effort in advancing and uplifting

THE STUDENT, they will have a publication of which they need not be ashamed.

It shall be the effort of every department of THE STUDENT to present the purest expression of the God-favored Wake Forest spirit. It shall ever be ready to cultivate the same in college thought and activities, and with the considerate co-operation of the students the management will strive to transcend in achievements. In addition to its literary aspirations, THE STUDENT will chronicle the events and endeavors incident to college life, and will be the right hand of every good and beneficial undertaking. Its spirit will be catholic—as broad and liberal as the many minds that form the student body. But no impostures will be tolerated, nor are they likely to present themselves, for a parasite in college—a student who thrives and prospers upon the abilities of another—is becoming a myth. Students are seldom estimated in college above their real value, and a spurious coin among the gold is soon detected and retired from circulation.

THE STUDENT would recommend to every student a careful consideration of the following truth proclaimed by Emerson, a strong and noble utterance, which will benefit him in his college career, and may prompt him to keep alive his inventive spirit, and if there be evidence of this, THE STUDENT will be fulfilling its mission in giving utterance to the idea or the ideal:

"When you shall say, 'As others do, so will I: I renounce, I am sorry for it, my early visions; I must eat the good of the land and let learning and romantic expectations go, until a more convenient season';—then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art, and poetry, and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history, and see that you hold yourself fast by the intellect."

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

CHARLES S. BARNETTE, Editor.

This being the first issue of " The Student" for the session just beginning, we deem it appropriate to devote the Alumni Department of this issue to a review of the Class of '07. These men are just stepping out upon life's pathway. Some travel towards the same goal. Others go in different directions, and there may be some who will change their course before reaching the end of the journey. But, nevertheless, it is of interest to know in what direction each first starts out.

The following is a review of last year's graduating class:

—J. R. Green is teaching school.

—S. J. Husketh is teaching school.

—R. B. Pearson is engaged in teaching.

—O. J. Sykes is back in college, taking law.

—T. N. Hayes is back in college taking law.

—C. C. McSwain is teaching at Grover, N. C.

—Rufus Ford is at his home in Marion, S. C.

—E. W. Cook is at his home in Louisburg, N. C.

—A. H. Nanney is engaged in teaching school.

—J. B. Bridges is at his home in Ellenboro, N. C.

—J. W. Whitley is principal of Round Hill Academy.

—S. F. Wilson is practicing law in Athena, Oregon.

—D. G. Brummitt is teaching school at Hester's N. C.

—W. E. Speas is teaching school at East Bend, N. C.

—W. O. Johnson is teaching school at Castalia, N. C.

—T. B. Caldwell is engaged in business in Campbell, S. C.

—C. A. Leonard has accepted a pastorate at Statesville, N. C.

—J. R. McLendon is also following the teacher's profession.

—Woodbury Lennon is attending a business college in Raleigh.

—Valley Joyner will enter the Theological Seminary this fall.

—J. B. Hipps is principal of Lea Baptist Institute, Virginia.

—Jesse Gardner is instructor in Latin in Shorter College, Ga.

—O. R. Mangum is pastor of the Baptist Church at Selma, N. C.

—G. V. Brown is connected with a surveying corps in Virginia.

—J. C. Jones is assistant principal of Leaksville-Spray Institute.

—B. S. Bazemore has returned to college to take a medical course.

—Lewis M. Powell is taking graduate work at Columbia Nniversity.

—W. H. Vann is back in college, being assistant instructor in mathematics.

—G. J. Spence is succeeding well in his law practice at Elizabeth City, N. C.

—C. B. Taylor has accepted a position on the staff of the *North Carolina Baptist.*

—F. B. Hamrick is secretary and treasurer of the Shelby Roller Mills, Shelby, N. C.

—J. E. Allen has accepted a position as teacher in the Warrenton High School.

—R. H. Ferrell has entered upon his duties as principal of the Oxford Graded School.

—J. W. Bunn is engaged in the practice of law in Wakefield and Raleigh, N. C.

—H. L. Wiggs, or "Billy," as he was more familiarly known, is at his home in Atlanta, Ga.

—Thos. H. Beverly is the Y. M. C. A's. Traveling Secretary and Treasurer for Georgia.

—A. L. Fletcher is associated with Mr. T. H. Huffman in practicing law at Morganton, N. C.

—B. T. Holding is practicing law at Louisburg, N. C., being associated with Mr. F. H. Spruill.

—J. W. Vernon has entered Jefferson Medical College, where he will complete his medical course.

—J. B. Turner, who was one our best ball players while in college, is teaching school in Georgia.

—J. R. Morgan is associated with Congressman Crawford in the practice of law at Waynesville, N. C.

—G. R. Edwards will enter Harvard this fall, where he will take graduate work in modern languages.

—W. H. Weatherspoon is practicing law in Laurinburg, N. C., being in partnership with Mr. Geo. Goodwyn, '06.

—J. W. Nowell has returned to college and is assistant in chemistry, in which science he is also taking advanced work.

—E. L. Morgan is in business with his father at Clyde, N. C., but will return to college after Christmas to complete his medical course.

—J. B. Weatherspoon has entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, where he is taking advanced work. He is also assistant instructor in Greek.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

H. E. PEELE, Editor

—"Where are the dreams of yesterday?" To the alumnus who attends the Commencement exercises of Wake Forest College in the year 1908, it will doubtless seem that many of them have already crystallized into the realities of to-day; that more of them are about to be realized in the history of to-morrow. In our alumni building is a lecture room the plan of which lay in the desk of one of our professors for fifteen years, while the College Hospital, also, is the fulfillment of a dream born over twenty-five years ago in the mind of James S. Purefoy. Both these buildings were completed during the past year; both are thoroughly modern in every respect, and, as to equipment, will bear comparison with any in the State.

—So much for present attainment. It is toward the future, however, that the eye of the visiting alumnus will turn most eagerly in the spring of 1908. The new dormitory, which is to be erected at a cost of thirty thousand dollars and which is to accommodate one hundred and fifty students, will have then been under process of construction for many months. To wander through its commodious dining hall, to observe that electric lights and steam heat are being provided throughout the building, to learn that this system of heating and lighting is to be extended until it shall include every building on the campus,—all this will be an inspiration indeed, and in it all the former student of the college will see, realized dreams and visions of his own.

—In all other respects the college is keeping pace with

its progress in buildings and equipment. The number of instructors is increased, and the teaching force grows stronger, year by year. Professor J. H. Highsmith, formerly a member of the faculty of the Baptist University for Women at Raleigh, now has charge of the Department of Education here. To him and to his wife THE STUDENT, the boys, and the citizens of the Hill extend a glad and hearty welcome.

—And as the college grows the town grows with it. Slowly but surely brick stores are replacing wooden structures, and unsightly buildings, which have so long marred the residence portion of the town, are gradually disappearing. Older buildings are being repaired and made to look almost new again;—even the walls of "Paradise" have received a fresh coat of paint and shine with resplendent whiteness through the sheltering green of the trees.

—All in all, never before did the future of Wake Forest seem so bright. Never was opening so auspicious, never did the wheels of college routine begin to move with so little friction. We believe that a bright and prosperous session lies before us. And when the coming year is past, Wake Forest enters upon a new era. Already the darkness and the struggle of the early days are gone; even now we watch with eager joy the brightening east and see the steeds of dawn "beat the twilight into flakes of fire." But—

"The best is yet to be."

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXVII OCTOBER, 1907 No. 2

TO THE HARVEST MOON

BY SANFORD MARTIN.

Calm beauty, serene, undimmed
By touch of man's unskilled, ingratiate hand,
Rich lustre, limpid light,
Painting the landscape,
Caressing last roses in thy fair embrace
While yet they raise their heads,
Unchallenged by the cold
Approach of Autumn's wind,
To receive thy welcome kiss
And then to droop—and die;
Whose searching brilliancy
Puts out the boldest star
And drives its timid light
Hence paling into blue;
Whose gentle leaves fall breaking through the trees,
Spy out some rustic seat,
Where, circumstance-enthralled,
The blushing maid first yields
Her will to love's fierce passion,—
Alike the lover's boon
And poet's inspiration
Art thou, sweet harvest moon.

THE GHOUL'S FIND

BY LEE M. WHITE.

After graduation, I had, in a spirit of adventure, gone to South Africa to serve in the capacity of a surgeon in the Boer ranks. My sympathies had been with them from the beginning, and I believe in them still more now. I had just returned from the service, when I received Lesterfield's telegram. I was tired and wished the luxury of a few weeks' rest. But here was his message:

"Come to see me at once. Have on hand a fine experiment."

The message was already over two weeks old.

Now Lesterfield and I had been old college chums together. I did not know positively what kind of an experiment he was going to perform—whether it would follow his surgical bent or his sentimental thoughts. He had been accused while at the University of having lost his heart to a beautiful maiden. Afterwards I learned that she had refused him for some unknown reason, which we could not find out.

He must have felt this keenly, for, not long afterward, he swore by all things eternal that he would remain single for life. I had always felt a repugnance for a married life myself, and I heartily shook hands with him. Therefore we both stood pledged.

Knowing no way to get out of going to help my friend, I hastened to comply with his wishes. I was already nearly three weeks late. Arriving in New Orleans, I was met by my old friend. You can just imagine for yourself with how much gladness we greeted each other.

After a good supper, one such as only bachelors can enjoy—no women folks and kids to make you dizzy with their chatter—we repaired to the sitting-room.

There we talked over the old days, each lingering fondly over them. At length, the conversation drifted to other things—he telling me about his work and success, and I relating some of my many experiences. The subject at length drifted to his experiments.

"Well, what about this experiment of yours? I've come all this long way to see it carried out."

"Old fellow," he said, "you're too late by almost three weeks. After you did not answer my telegram, I was seized with the notion to perform it at once."

"What," I exclaimed, "after all my trouble to come here to help you, and now you've not waited for me?"

"Wait, wait, Rutherford, till you hear my story and I know you'll forgive me. Anyway, I'm glad to see you, and I'll try to make your stay as pleasant as possible. There are many quaint things in this old town to interest a fellow."

"All right, spin your yarn and I'll judge for myself whether it has been worth my while to come or not."

Lesterfield relighted his pipe and began:

"You know when we left college both of us were rather cranky on the subject of 'baching it' for all time. I, myself, as you will no doubt remember, had lost all faith in womankind for the very reason that *she* had deceived me. After leaving the University, I came here. I had been here less than three months when I heard that she was here, too, and one of the belles of the city. Her uncle is a very prominent citizen. I saw her only once, and that at the annual ball held at the Armory three years ago. You can't imagine how many memories her face—"

"What has that got to do with your experiment? and have you deserted the ranks already?" I hastily exclaimed.

"All in due season, my lad. About this time—the time that I saw her—I was deeply interested in embalming and the different methods by which it was done in the different countries. I studied them all exhaustively, and found that only one, the Egyptian method, was worth the trouble to inquire into. The others are mere farces.

"I am rather a crank on some things, as you know. I furnished a laboratory and began experiments in that line on my own account. So deeply fascinated did I become that I decided to go abroad. To Egypt then I went.

"There I've spent the last three years in study. In my course of inquiries and excavations, I met an old Egyptian priest. Hearing that I was somewhat of a scholar and really interested in knowing fully and concisely all the facts and data of their mummery, he placed himself at my disposal. I found in him an invaluable companion and friend.

"One day we were searching an old mausoleum of the Pharaohs, when I came upon an obelisk of red granite inscribed with very old Egyptian characters. My friend, who knew the old languages as well as you and I know our own, offered his assistance. He deciphered it. To my astonishment it was the formulas for the different embalming fluids which the alchemists in those days had used.

"My desires having been satisfied, I returned to this country. I have been back only a few months and have been very anxious to try my new preparation.

"I heard that you were expected to arrive at any moment from the Boer war. I knew you would be glad to help; so I telegraphed you."

"Yes," I interrupted, "our ship, for some unknown reason, was delayed in mid-ocean for over ten days. Bad management, I thought. Anyway, lucky for us, a collier happened to pass one day and supplied us with coal. That was the cause of my delay. I'm sorry I couldn't come in time to assist you."

"All right, I shall have to forgive you. But I was very anxious to complete the experiment.

"Happily, about this time I ment a young physician connected with the College of Medicine here. I asked him whether he could procure a body for me, or where I could get one. He said that he knew men who could be trusted to get me one for a neat remuneration. They had procured the specimens for the college. I agreed to pay the sum, and he promised to meet me at the North Gate of the Cemetery of the Virgins, a week from that time—now nearly three weeks ago—with the men.

"I must confess I felt a little shaky about how the affair would end, because this making a compact with ghouls and grave-diggers had never entered my head before. I suppose my uneasiness then can be accounted for by the very novelty of the compact.

"The appointed night came, dark, damp, with sheet lightning, every once in a while, making the night hideous with bright flashes—so in accord, you see, with my own dark thoughts!

"It occurred to me, as I walked to the rendezvous, that this night above all others, should have been bright, to lend at least some semblance of permission to the deed. For this very reason, as this was not the case, I felt that the time was propituous for some unusual occurrence.

"Arrived at the gate, I was met by my friend, the physician, and his allies. These had provided an ox-cart to carry the body in.

"We went at once to the east side of the cemetery where the vaults were. As well as I can remember there were six, all built in the side of a little knoll. It was so dark, except for the occasional flashes, that none could be made out distinctly, much less the names inscribed on them, or I might have known.

"At length we stopped at one, and one of the ghouls, a big, bully-looking fellow, approached the vault and silently opened it with his skeleton key. Before entering, he went to the cart and secured his tools and a lantern. This he lighted. All of us entered. It took little time to knock the lid off of what appeared to me to be a very new casket. Asking one of the ghouls about this, he answered that it was a new casket—it had just been placed there during the afternoon. While they worked, I held the lantern. It was just the matter of a few moments to take the body out and place it in the car. While removing it, I remarked to my friend that the face was one of marvellous beauty. In the dim light I could not distinguish the features.

"We hurried away as quickly as possible, for the night was waning, and it was only an hour or two till daylight.

"It was not long before we reached my house. There I had them to place it in my laboratory. For some unaccountable reason, I wasn't sleepy, and all at once I was seized with the insane idea to begin work at once. No sooner had the notion entered my head than I was in my operating clothes.

"I laid my specimen on the table, and eagerly began my preparations for the long desired experiment. With a sharp incision knife I cut the radial artery in her little wrist—white and wasted with sickness. I started—for I thought I had seen the blood, ooze and drop. I looked

closer again—'just my imagination, I muttered.' Again I cut and a little deeper. The blood did drop! I knew there was life there! I glanced at the features more closely—there was something familiar about them! I looked yet closer, and then closer still.

"'My God!' I cried, 'is it she? Can it be possible. She cannot be dead! Oh, she cannot be dead. Yet, those are her features. I would know them anywhere.'

"Suddenly I remembered the artery which I had severed. I was almost in a frenzy. I hastily bound it up. I applied restoratives and every other thing that was of use. I worked, oh, Lord, for I don't know how many hours. They seemed then to me like as many centuries. I worked all day, and late the next night. At last I was about to give up, when I noted a faint pulsation. I knew then I had conquered—saved her life—her life, I say!

"After another hour's work she opened her eyes, but no recognition for me. Oh, what eyes those were! I nursed her to health and strength, and to-day she is"—

There was a soft knock at the door. I almost jumped out of the chair.

"Come in," he composedly called.

And there walked in from the darkness of the hall without to the bright light within, a veritable dream of loveliness.

"And she is, I was about to remark," said Lesterfield, "*my wife.*"

I bowed; and as I did so, the clock struck twelve.

"It grows late," said Lesterfield.

I slowly ascended the stairs to my room and pondered long into the night on the inconsistency of human nature.

PUBLIC SPEAKING AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

BY GILBERT THOMAS STEPHENSON, '02.

The pride of Wake Forest College is its two literary societies. The pride of these societies is the number of effective public speakers they have given to the pulpit, to the bar, and to the lecture platform. I think that it may be interesting to the readers of THE STUDENT to know something of how public speaking is taught in a big university like Harvard.

THE DEBATING CLUBS.

In Harvard there are no literary societies in the sense that we mean when we speak of the Euzelian and Philomathesian. The large number of students, about 5,000, puts them out of the question. Consequently, they have a system of debating clubs. When a freshman manifests any desire to learn to speak in public, he is invited to join the Freshman Debating Club. This club is open to every freshman upon the payment of a membership fee, usually $2.00. They meet once a week and have set debates. Once in a while they have a purely social meeting, so that the members may get upon more intimate terms. At each debate there is a judge and critic, both in one, appointed by the Vice-President of the Debating Council. Each year they have a debate with the Yale freshmen. The speakers are trained for that meet by a coach appointed by the President of the Council.

Until two years ago, there were other class clubs—the Sophomore and the University—the last open to all seniors and to all men in the other departments of the University. But the elective system of Harvard crept into these clubs. The men interested in science were not

interested in the subjects that would appeal to the men interested in the languages or in theology. Accordingly, the class clubs were discontinued and the groups of congenial souls were left to organize clubs of their own choosing. Last year the leading debating clubs were the Agora and the Forum. This year the theological students have organized their club. The law students have their Law Clubs, which take the place of the Moot Court at Wake Forest.

THE DEBATING COUNCIL.

I have already made reference to the Debating Council. In a word, this is the Steering Committee. Its membership is restricted to men who have been on 'Varsity debating teams and alternates and members of the faculty who teach courses that have to do with public speaking. The Council elects officers biennially. The President must have been an intercollegiate debater. Once a member, you are always a member as long as you are connected with the University. The Council meets only when there is business to transact. The main business is (1) to manage the intercollegiate debates, (2) look after the various clubs, and (3) promote the interest in public speaking in the University.

INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATES.

Each year Harvard has a debate with Yale and Princeton—in the fall with Yale, in the spring with Princeton. The Council sends a man to meet a representative of the other University to choose the query and the side. Just about twenty-four hours after these are announced, the first preliminary is held. This is open to every student in the University. Each contestant makes a five-minutes speech upon the side of his own choosing. The judges,

appointed by the Council, retain twelve men. In about three days the second preliminary is held, each speaker choosing his side and having ten minutes. Of these, six are retained. These draw for sides, and about three days thereafter the final preliminary is a set debate. The three best men constitute the first team; the other three, the second. Now the battle is on.

Just as soon as the query is announced, the men in the college library ransack the indexes and stacks and ferret out every bit of material they have upon the subject. This is taken over to the library of the Debating Council and placed at the service of the teams. In this way the debaters do not have to spend their time searching for magazines and books, but can devote their energy to mastering the material which the University has found for them. I think that this plan is worthy of adoption elsewhere.

The Debating Council appoints a coach for the two teams, usually he is an old 'Varsity debater himself. For three weeks he is training his men as carefully as a football coach ever put his teams through. Nearly every afternoon or night there is a practice of about three hours. None of the speeches are written, not even those for the final debate. Each debater speaks on first one side and then the other. The coach puts up every case he can imagine, he puts all sorts of interpretation upon the query that he thinks can occur to the teams of the other University and makes his men meet those cases and interpretations. When the teams meet for practice, no one knows on what side or in what order he is to speak. The coach will say something like this: "Mr. A., I want you to make the opening speech on the Affirmative." When Mr. A., who may have been used to speaking on the Negative, has finished, the coach says, "Don't you

think that you can answer your argument? Let me hear you try." Away goes A. tearing to pieces the case he has just built up. Thus it goes on for the three weeks. The final team is really not chosen until about three nights before the debate. The coach reserves the right to substitute second team men for first if he sees fit. When the final effort comes, the men go up brim-full of the subject, without manuscript, ready to meet any interpretation the other side may put upon the query.

COMMENCEMENT PARTS.

The next exhibition that Harvard makes of her training in public speaking is in the parts delivered on Commencement Day—the English Undergraduate, the Latin Undergraduate, the Graduate, the Law, the Medical, and the Divinity Parts. Some two months or more before Commencement, the men trying for these parts submit their speeches. The propriety of the subject, the purity of the language, the arrangement of the discourse, and such matters are considered by a committee of the faculty and the manuscripts are returned with criticisms, corrections, and suggestions. In a few days the contestants read their parts before another committee of the faculty. The purpose is to judge how the speeches sound. As soon as the selection of speakers is made, each man is put under a special coach, usually an instructor in Public Speaking in Harvard. From then until Commencement the rehearsing and revising go on, even more careful and detailed than that for the debate. The faults of the man,—his mannerisms in delivery, his provincialisms in pronunciation, his difficulties in enunciation—are detected, and a desperate effort to uproot them is made. There is practice upon every point, even the bows he is to make. After passing through this crucible, then

comes the final, dress rehearsal before still another committee of the faculty. Even at this late moment there is the possibility that the part will be thrown out altogether because the man has some insurmountable impediment. When this is passed, there is nothing more until the final effort.

CHARACTERISTICS OF PUBLIC SPEAKING AT HARVARD.

I will mention what I consider the two characteristics of public speaking at Harvard. One has to do with the style; the other, with the spirit. Of all the things frowned upon by coaches and instructors, it is spread-eagleism. To romp around on the stage, with arms in the air, with froth at the mouth, and with the brain in eclipse is to the judge what the red blanket is to the bull. They strive to attain the maximum amount of mental alertness with the minimum expenditure of physical energy. For this reason, it has been said that men trained as they are at Harvard do not make great public speakers. If by great public speaker one means the man who can make hair stand on end, who can make hats and hurrahs go up in the air, the criticism is just. But if the effective public speaker is he who convinces by his argument and persuades by his own sincerity, then I believe that the Harvard training will measure well up to the standard.

The other characteristic is that, when a student goes out to represent the University, either in intercollegiate debate or Commencement part, he has it constantly impressed upon him that he is representing Harvard. He must do credit to his school. He must maintain its reputation. Hence, when a man is appointed to one of these positions, he is not left to work out his part alone, but the University renders him every assistance possible. If

he does ill, the University as well as himself is to be blamed. If he does well, both take credit.

As I have written, my purpose has been neither to criticise nor to compare methods, but to state them, hoping that in these pages there may be ideas which will interest those who are trying to maintain and enlarge that prestige which Wake Forest has gained for itself in the forum.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., October 7, 1907.

A VOYAGE ON THE STYX

BY J. E. HOYLE, '10.

Am I mad that I behold the blood dripping from my hands, and my feet sore and bleeding? And has God rained blood from heaven that all the streams are "red like crimson?" Do these human skeletons about me suggest that my blood will soon stain the sand upon which I sit? And is that roaring noise the voice of some savage beast that will soon be upon me to devour my flesh, and leave my bones uncoffined, to bleach in this burning heat? Ah! the situation is clear now. This is the story:

In early manhood I was wild and adventurous, aye, wild in the fullest meaning of the word—wild as the rugged mountain heights among which I was reared; and as fearless as my Spartan brothers. Together we scaled the loftiest peaks, swam the deepest rivers, and looked into the glaring eyes of the "Numidian Lion"; and never once arose within our bosoms the least sentiment of fear. Often when but a boy I have sat at my father's feet by the glowing coals of a dying fire, and listened with acute attention to a band of hoaryheaded men rehearse the heroic deeds of Spartan warriors, and the fierce battles they had fought. And especially was I eager to catch their words when they told of a river whose waters are black and poisonous, and whose swift, ever-increasing current sweeps all before it into an unknown world. Many a night have I dreamed myself upon its banks ready to plunge into its surging tide, but each time I would awake before performing the act which in my slumbers seemed so pleasing.

And thus with manhood came that desire for adventure which nothing could alleviate. Rivers there were about my home, with rapid currents, forming great cataracts and many dangerous gorges; but my canoe had successfully passed them all, and I longed for something now to explore.

From the top of a far distant mountain, which overlooked a depopulated valley, I had often viewed the course of a river whose surface reflected no glittering ray of the brightest noonday sun. And each time that I beheld it an inevitable desire to explore its banks was increased, until finally desire gained the mastery of reason, and I found myself alone on a river whose black water clung to my oar with exciting tenacity. Had there not been a stiff breeze to aid me my boat might have remained immovable because of the density of the water. However, the density soon began to decrease; the wind, too, was waning rapidly in velocity; and the current of the river likewise became visible. But what did I care for the rapidity of my speed? My purpose was to find the sea into which the river flowed, and my desire to discover the unknown increased in advance of both wind and current.

But hark! Whence came that roaring noise? Surely no cataract ever leaped from a sufficient height to produce that thundering roar. Some distance before me I observed that the river became a subterranean stream. There, in my very course of the river, was a yawning cavern, from which issued a deafening noise. Now, you may think that I drew back in fear, but no, no; its fury increased my desire to achieve the impossible, "as the beating of the drum stimulates a soldier into courage." I now had entered the mouth of the cave. For awhile

it seemed that I must be dashed to pieces against the great boulders which projected from every side. Then, in the last glimmering days of the upper world, I beheld the ghastly, grim visages of spirits long departed, and their groans and shrieks could be heard above the noise of the turbulent stream. Thus ebon darkness reigned supreme. For the first time in my life I felt a chill of fear creeping over me, but I shook it off and remained quite calm.

When sufficient light had returned for me to observe the changes, I was horrified by my surroundings. The water was red with blood. and human bodies floated upon its surface, while the banks were strewn with human bones. The stream, however, had become quiet now, and vast meadows stretched out on either side.

Seeing some one ashore I landed and drew near him. From his feet flowed a stream of blood, to which every pore of his body contributed. When he observed me he threw up his hands and shouted, "Delivered at last. Reign until relieved." His blood ceased to flow, and rushing to the river he leaped into my boat and was gone.

For forty years I have wandered about this dreary waste, most lonely and wretched. My blood has not flowed so freely as did his. for my deeds were not so evil, but at times I am unable to wipe the crimson stains from my hands and feet, while every noise suggests a death which never comes.

THE INEVITABLE

BY J. B. FROST, '10.

The June sun poured down hotly on the broad shoulders of John Stanley as he ploughed the long cotton rows. From force of habit he did his work well. But his thoughts were not upon it, but upon his sweetheart, hundreds of miles away in a large college. To-morrow she was coming home. Would she be the same sympathetic, unaffected girl of nine months before? Would her handshake be as strong and her "Come in, John," as sincere as of old? He had his doubts.

Fifteen years before, Peter Allen had bought the old Brown place, the largest plantation in the county, and had started farming on a large scale. His family consisted of himself, wife, and one child, Alice, a girl of four years. On a farm adjoining the Allens lived Alec Stanley, his wife, and their six-year-old son, John—a poor but respectable family.

Neighbors were few and far between, and almost of necessity the two families, in far different stations of life, were on the most friendly terms. John and Alice, being the only children, naturally formed a strong attachment for one another. They began their education together at the neighborhood school, and stayed in the same class until they finished. From the first year John was looked upon as being a promising scholar, the most promising, in fact, of the class, except one, Alice. But work as hard as he might, he could never quite equal her.

Gradually, as the time passed, their relations changed from that of playmates to that of sweethearts, and by the

time they graduated from the school, no one thought of rivalling John in Alice's affections.

Through all his school days John's ambition had been to go to college and become a lawyer. With this in view, he had carefully saved his money, so that by the time of his graduation he had collected enough to carry him through his first year at college, and everything seemed to be working out right for him. But just here came a crushing blow. His father, while standing under a tree during a thunder shower, was killed by lightning, and the support of his mother fell upon John. This broke up his plans, and it was with a sad heart that he bade farewell to Alice as she left for college. There was one consolation, however,—her promise of frequent letters.

And for awhile the letters came as frequently as he could ask for. But after a little time they showed that the feelings of the writer were changing, that she was thinking less of home and more of college, forgetting the old life in the pleasures of the new one. Then the intervals between them, always long to John, became longer, and at last they almost stopped coming.

Slowly the conviction had come over John that he was steadily losing ground, and that it was only a little time until he would be down and out. At first he fought against it, stubbornly, bitterly, but in the end he had to admit it, and his life became still harder. Now she was coming home, and he could see with his own eyes just how things stood. He was already pretty well satisfied as to how things would be.

His first call showed him that his fears were not unfounded, for instead of the simple, sweet, country girl of a few months before, he found a cultured young lady with all the airs of society. Her talk was all of college

and the city. Everything of any worth was in the city; there was nothing here in the country. And yet, once or twice her old self broke out, like bursts of sunshine through clouds, but were quickly repressed. In these unguarded moments John caught something, he hardly knew what, that gave him a little hope. When he went home that night, though, he could but admit that his prospects were dark.

For several weeks he kept on calling on Alice, in a half-hearted way, then gave it up, and resolved to see her no oftener than was unavoidable. After this the only times that he saw her was when passing her home along the road.

Slowly the long summer days passed by. The time was drawing near for Alice to return to college. Then one evening, when John came in from work, his mother told him that they had been invited to a picnic to be given the following Saturday at a lake a few miles away. At first he determined not to go, for he knew that Alice would be there, and for him to see her would only be to increase his pain. But upon second thought it seemed unmanly to refuse to go for that cause, so he went, determined to see as little of Alice as possible.

During the morning he got along well, being thrown with Alice only in a crowd. But just after dinner, when the young people broke up into couples and strolled away to different parts of the grove, it happened that he and Alice were left alone together. For a moment neither spoke. Then, while he was trying to think of something to say, John noticed a boat drawn up on the shore of the lake, and almost before he knew what he was doing, he had asked Alice to go for a ride, and whether she wished it or not, there was nothing for her to do but accept.

For some time, as they glided along through the water, there was no sound save the dipping of the paddle, for both felt ill at ease. Then Alice, partly out of capriciousness, partly from embarrasment, began to rock the boat from side to side. Several times the water almost entered it, and John warned her that she would upset it if she didn't stop, but she persisted. Finally she gave it an extra hard rock, and John leaned over the side to balance it. Just then the boat ran on a hidden snag. It was going at considerable speed, and the shock when it struck was sufficient to send both its occupants out into the lake. They had been facing each other in the boat, and consequently went out in opposite directions,—he toward the prow, she toward the stern. Just as the boat struck, Alice screamed, and this saved her from being drowned, for a fisherman on the shore heard her and came to her assistance, and got her out safely. But where was John while this was happening? When he struck the water, it was near the prow of the boat, and his feet became tangled in a chain, which was used to fasten up the boat, and had been left trailing under it. His efforts to get free only served to tangle him worse, and at length, exhausting his strength in struggling, he sank. But he fought his way to the surface again, then sank twice more, the third time to stay down.

But as soon as the man who had rescued Alice saw John's struggle, he immediately swam toward him, and got to the boat just after his last struggle to the surface. Grasping the chain, he hauled him up, and with difficulty disentangled his feet, and got him to the shore. Then he and Alice set to work to restore him. After much work signs of life began to show in his body again. He was taken to a house near the lake, where he lay for

several days, delirious, and between life and death. During this time Alice hardly left his bedside, and her name was always on his lips. By the time John began his convalescence, Alice had decided that she had had enough of college, and that the country was the best place to live anyhow; so when he regained his strength,—well, the inevitable happened.

THE SPARSITY OF THE STARS—THE MEASURELESS REMOTENESS OF EACH STAR FROM ALL OTHERS

BY PROFESSOR J. F. LANNEAU, REPUBLISHED FROM "POPULAR ASTRONOMY."

In February, 1901, there suddenly appeared in the northern sky a previously unseen star about as bright as the familiar Pole star. It quickly brightened, and in less than three days vied with Sirius, the brightest of the stars. Then, fading rapidly for a month, it resumed its former invisibility.

I cite it only to illustrate stellar distances. The sudden blazing up of that star to a 25,000-fold brightness, really occurred over three centuries ago—occurred before Jamestown's settlement, whose tercentennial is now being celebrated.

Such that star's distance, that its light flashing from its unthinkable remoteness had just reached us in February, 1901!

> "Up above the world so high,
> Like a diamond in the sky,
> Twinkle, twinkle little star,
> How I wonder what you are!"

This, the child's simple questioning, seems to voice an inborn longing of mankind. From time immemorial the sky's glittering finger-marks of Deity have attracted man's untiring attention.

When the jeweled brow of night is comtemplated perhaps the first question it provokes is:

ARE THE STARS INNUMERABLE?

Most of us think we see a countless multitude. But contrary to this popular impression, the visible stars are really quite limited in number. They have been mapped

accurately, carefully counted and found to be, all told, less than 7,000!

Of course the telescope brings into view millions more —a countless host. But even from a favorable standpoint on the Earth's equator, scanning the evening sky from pole to pole throughout the year as its twinkling lights pass in review, you can not count as many as 7,000 stars.

Of the half of them above you in the sky any night some 1,500 will be concealed by the murky air all around your horizon. At no time as you patiently scan the glittering sky do you see more than 2,000 stars.

HOW FAR OFF ARE THE STARS?

Too far to state in miles. To name the distance to the nearest star in miles, would be like stating the distance to the moon in inches. For stellar remoteness we need a large unit—not less than the distance from the Earth to the Sun. Some hundreds of thousands of this long unit express somewhat intelligibly the star's distance from us—provided the unit distance is comprehended.

Unfortunately any mental picture of this earth-sun unit distance must be inadequate. We may aid imagination, however, by noting the time of transit of some missile or swift vehicle.

A balloon soaring sunward may aid conception. Assume that Columbus in the year 1492, to signalize his discovery of America, had sent up a balloon to the overhead Sun; and suppose that, regardless of failing atmosphere, it rose swiftly, steadily 37 1-3 miles every hour until it reached the Sun. When did it reach its destination?

Columbus retraced his uncertain course across the broad Atlantic, presenting the new-found western conti-

nent to Ferdinand and Isabella. He made other long voyages—other discoveries. Still the balloon was swiftly moving sunward! More than a century passed. Jamestown was settled. Virginia's forest witnessed the romance of Pocahontas. The *Mayflower* landed at Plymouth Rock; and later, New England nestled in the wilderness. Still the balloon was mounting! Long Indian wars were waged. Colony after colony struggled successfully into civic strength—thirteen of them. Old England misruled. Edenton harbor and Boston harbor were tea-tinctured.

Lexington's guns heralded a new flag—the stars and stripes. Independence was declared. Then, late in the new nation's natal year, the balloon which had mounted steadily sunward 37 1-3 miles every hour for well nigh three centuries had just reached the Sun!

Its long flight measured our needed unit of distance—the stretch from Earth to Sun—a swift balloon's three centuries' climb!

275,000 times this unit is the distance to the nearest star—the bright southern star, Alpha Centauri.

The nearest of the stars is more than a fourth of a million times farther from us than the Sun is.

No balloon will help thought across that nearest star's long reach. Will the swiftly known vehicle, an automobile, aid us?

In January, 1906, one of these marvels of speed raced on Ormond Beach, Florida, at the rate of 128 miles an hour. Suppose it could speed to the stars, going steadily 120 miles an hour—two miles a minute—for days, years, centuries. It would reach the nearest star in something more than twenty-four million years!

Two miles a minute for that many million years—240

thousand centuries—will not quite span the unthinkable distance to the nearest twinkling star.

What, then, the distance to the stars beyond? What the distance to those so remote in the depths of space that powerful telescopes bring them only faintly into view?

For these stupendous distances our earth-sun—the 93,000,000 mile unit—is too short, automobile speed too slow. For these staggering stellar reaches through boundless space, a special new unit of space must be devised. It is called the light-year—meaning the distance light flashes in a year.

We must realize, if possible, something of the significance of this unit—the distance light goes in a year.

The first creation from primal chaos was light. "Let light be, and light was." It moves with the swiftest speed known. Its unrivalled velocity—first learned in 1675 by noting eclipses of Jupiter's moons, more recently proved experimentally—is 186,330 miles per second!

This amazing distance through which light moves in one second, 186,330 miles, is over seven times the distance around the world. If a light ray instead of moving as it does in a straight line could trace a circle, it would flash seven times around the world in a second. Yet, at its unrivalled rate, light in one year traverses less than a fourth of the distance to the nearest star.

Our two-mile a minute automobile returning from that star would reach us, you will recall, in 240,000 centuries. A beam of its light comes to us in something over four years! In a word, Alpha Centauri's distance from us is over four light-years.

Sirius, the brightest of the stars, is eight light-years from us; Arcturus, twenty-four light-years; and Polaris, the familiar North Star, is sixty light-years distant.

Some of the stars just visible to the unaided eye, are more than three hundred light-years from us. Many of those which are faintly seen through a large telescope are three thousand light-years off; and others are at distances of many thousand light-years!

With this insight into the vastness of stellar reaches—this suggestion of the stupendous scale of the sidereal universe—we may in some degree apprehend the otherwise astounding fact that any two visible stars, though seemingly side by side in the sky, are in reality distant from each other several light-years!

True, in many instances an apparently single star consists of two or more comparatively not far apart. But such systems are as isolated as are solitary stars. Regarding them as single stars it follows that despite appearances

THE STARS ARE NOT CROWDED.

They are remotely separated, widely scattered. Their seeming nearness to each other is but the effect of distance.

Looking down a long, straight stretch of railroad the rails on either side, though always equally wide apart, apparently converge to a point. In the distance they seem to touch each other. Two mountain peaks which in reality are several miles apart, when seen in the distance appear side by side, may seemingly touch.

So with the inconceivably distant stars. Closely grouped apparently, as in Perseus or Scorpio or in any of the constellations, no two stars are really neighbors. Any two of them, on the average, are twice as far apart as are the Earth and the nearest star.

A fast automobile run—two miles a minute—from star to nearest star would take, as from earth to star, not

less than 240,000 centuries; more likely, a half million centuries!

Often the two apparent companions are nearly in the line of sight—one far beyond the other. For instance, in the northern constellation Cassopeia are two faint stars, Eta and Mu, seemingly side by side; one is distant from us 21 light-years; the other, 9 light-years. The two, then, seemingly close neighbors, are in reality separated a distance of at least 12 light-years—about three times our distance from the star Alpha Centauri.

The familiar Big Dipper is outlined by seven stars: three in a curve trace its handle, and four its bowl—the two farthest from the handle pointing to the North Star.

Could you stand on any one of the seven stars in that group, the nearest of the others would appear to you about as the star Sirius appears to us! So stupendous is the scale of the stellar universe—so widely scattered is the sky's twinkling host!

ARE THE STARS MOTIONLESS?

We speak of the "fixed" stars in contradistinction to the planets. For planetary motions, like that of our earth around the Sun, are made manifest by the seemingly stationary stars far beyond in the depths of space.

But the stars are not even relatively fixed. Centuries ago, Job spoke of Mazaroth in his season, of Arcturus and his sons, of the sweet influences of the Pleiades, of the bands of Orion. He saw the Dipper's handle pointing to Arcturus, the Pleiades close to the Hyades, Orion's belt above his sword—just as we now see them.

Mazaroth and other groups—the Dragon intruded between the Dippers, its head under the foot of Hercules; the Sea Monster seeking fair Andromeda, and barred by Perseus bearing the Gorgon's Head; the Cross in Cygnus,

the Archer, the Arrow, the Eagle—all of the constellations, appear to us as they appeared to the earliest man.

Nevertheless, the stars are not fixed. They are in motion, and in all directions; each in its independent course in straight, swift, steady motion. They are certainly changing their relative positions.

Why then are the changes not perceived? Simply because of what has been noted—their inconceivable distances from us and from each other.

One effect of great distance is to make motion. I cite a notable terrestrial instance. From Mitchell's Pass, the highest railroad crossing the Rocky Mountains, 18,000 feet above sea level, one looks down the steep curving spurs and slopes towards the Pacific for hundreds of miles. He sees in the far distance, at intervals, train after train, east-bound and west-bound. He knows that each of those hurrying trains is making at least a half-mile a minute. Yet, in the distance, they seem to stand still!

So with the twinkling stars in the far away depths of space. Moving in straight paths, in all directions; each is speeding not half-miles per minute, but miles per second. Yet, so great is their remoteness they seem to be quite stationary—even relatively unchanged.

But the incontestable proof of their real, though to us imperceptible change, is found in comparing star charts made long centuries ago with charts recently made.

For instance, the bright star Sirius, mapped by Ptolemy seventeen centuries ago, is shown by modern charts to have moved southward about the apparent breadth of the full Moon.

A moon-breadth in seventeen centuries! Yes, but a moon-breadth at our Moon's distance is two thousand miles; at our Sun's distance, nearly a million miles; and

at Sirius's distance, a moon-breadth is hundreds of thousands of millions of miles!

WHAT ARE THE STARS?

Viewed through a telescope a star seems to be a mere point of light. The larger the telescope, the more of the star's light entering its great eye, the brighter the star's image, but the image is still a point.

The star's really vast volume, millions-fold larger than this Earth, seemingly shrinks to a mere bright speck because of its inexpressible remoteness from us.

How can it so shine from the profound depths of space? Does it receive light from the Sun and reflect that light to us as do the planets? Is the star's light only reflected sunlight?

Polariscope and spectroscope both ring out No, an emphatic No. Star-light is not borrowed sunlight. Each star, as the subtile spectroscope proves, shines by its own energy, is self-luminous—is itself a Sun!

Our resplendent Sun and those remote twinkling stars reveal under spectroscopic ken the same essential structure. Each star is indeed an immense glowing body, dispensing freely its own heat and light.

Some of them—notably Canopus and Arcturus—are vaster in volume than our immense Sun, and more gloriously effulgent. Could our Sun withdraw from us and retreat into the depths of space, on its way to one of those remote giant stars, it would itself become a twinkling star—and further on it would look fainter and fainter until invisible.

An obvious question arises: Is our Sun, like each of the other stars, speeding through space in a definite straight course? Yes, like the distant twinkling suns our Sun is speeding, we with it are speeding through space sunward.

What the evidence? Herschel's patient scrutiny, comparing the star charts of Hipparchus, Ptolemy, Ulugh Beigh and Tycho Brahe, made centuries apart, discovered that the stars in the region of the constellation Hercules appear wider apart than formerly—and that those in the sky opposite about Orion, appear nearer together.

Compare this fact with the familiar one that far off trees as you approach them appear wider apart, while the trees behind you in the distance close together.

Thus it is seen that our solar system, Sun and planets, is speeding toward Hercules—or more nearly, towards the bright star Vega, now conspicuous in the northeast.

The spectroscope confirms this fact. Moreover, it shows that our Sun's steady motion toward Vega is at the rate of some twelve miles a second.

In a year, we move in that direction four times the earth-sun distance; as far as our two-mile a minute automobile could travel in over three centuries.

Do you ask, when will we reach the star Vega? In some four thousand centuries we will reach Vega's present region of space—but not Vega. Its motion, meanwhile, will have borne it to new remoteness.

We will then be where it now is. We will have indeed a new pole-star, but will still see in the north the same Big Dipper—a little bent, doubtless—and will see the same Galaxy, the same Zodiac, the same glittering constellations from that viewpoint then as from this one now.

Speed on towards Vega, and on and on; the myriad stars—ever distant, each in rapid independent motion; because of their always stupendous remoteness from us and from each other seemingly unchanged—will all the while present still their old familiar groupings.

That since the "Beginning" we, with our Day-Star, the Sun, have been steadily speeding on and on through interstellar space without once meeting or passing a single lonely star, brings home to our realization as no other consideration can, the amazing amplitude of cosmic space, the completeness of the isolation of each star from all others, the supreme magnificence of the SCALE of the stellar universe; a magnificence worthy of a man's Creator—who "made the stars also, the work of His fingers."

RELIGION AND INTELLECTUAL APPREHENSION

BY S. F. WILSON, '07.

When we say that the supreme and most desirable qualification of humanity is the right use of reason we express a truism which no thoughtful person will deny. All human beings are more or less rational, potentially so, and differ only in the degree to which their reasoning faculties have been developed. There is little difference between a primitive barbarian and one who is civilized, except that one has continued in undeveloped mental conditions while the other, through the lapse of centuries, has risen higher and higher in conscious attainment of his intellectual powers.

It has been said that education, in order to be effective, must be symmetrical—that no education is truly genuine that is merely partial—that appertains alone to one department of an individual or interests only a single faculty of his being. Complete education must be full rounded and proportionate. It must be distributed proprotionately among all the faculties—all the departments and elements of the human being. Otherwise it makes him physically, intellectually or morally lop-sided. His passions, thoughts, aims, purposes, judgments would therefore be confused and contradictory. His education, however extensively developed in one department at the expense of another, would hinder his true growth rather than develop it, thus leaving him one-half barbarian and one-half civilized.

In like manner we must think of religion, science or philosophy. We must study them not as distinct and unrelated phases of human investigation, but as equal

partners in the equipment of the human mind. So that if our science is not sustained by the fundamental principles of our philosophy, there is something wanting either in our philosophy or our science, and they can be reconciled only when we by careful examination find the faulty premise on which one or the other rests. Likewise, if our religion falls into conflict with our science, which is grounded on undeniable and authentic facts in experience and nature, then the life of such a religion is weighed and must meet with speedy destruction or make itself comply with scientific discovery and deduction.

Mere belief, of itself, is valueless if it asserts itself in spite and in defiance of truth as nature plainly reveals it. It is useless for us to hug a delusive religion which is available for some imaginary heaven, but is at variance with scientific interpretation and all the facts of earth and man.

In all the infinite there can be but one truth, as there is but one universe. Would it be reasonable to argue that a thing is truth in heaven and a lie on earth? Or that a thing is true in one science and false in another? We know that the sciences are balanced one with another and are harmonious. Who then will have faith in one science if it contradicts the laws of every other science? As a matter of fact, we have a systematic and harmonious science. This is because the universe is one, systematic and harmonious, and the same immutable laws prevail throughout the length and breadth of it. Were it otherwise science would be impossible.

Why then should a man ever imagine that his religion gives him the privilege of obstinately ignoring the very fundamental facts of scientific truth on the ground that religion possessed a truth unthinkable and beyond the

scientific mind? If it were true it would prove the contradiction, and therefore the inconsistency and lack of harmony of the entire universe—were it true scientific advancement would be impossible. But the fact that law anywhere and everywhere, however great or small, prevails throughout all cosmos affords a "safe and sane" basis for comprehensive science, the burden of which is the discovery of truth. Why then so many clashes between religion and science? Why so much intellectual anarchy?

First, let us ask ourselves the question, What is religion? If we look in our books we may find various answers to this question—such as

(a) "The outer form and embodiment of which inward spirit of a true or a false devotion is assumed; a rite or ceremony practiced in the worship of God."

> "To transform
> Oft to the image of a brute adorned
> With gay religions full of pomp and gold."

(b) "A system of doctrine and worship regarded by its adherents as of divine authority."

(c) "The feeling of veneration with which the worshiper regards the Being which he adores."

(d) Darwin *(Descent of Man)* considers that the feeling of religious devotion is a highly complex one, consisting of love, complete submission to an exalted and mysterious superior, a strong sense of dependence, fear, reverence, gratitude, hope for the future, and perhaps other elements.

(e) Another man gives a definition which he feels sure must meet with the approval of all disputants. He says—"Religion is a mental faculty which, independent of, nay, in spite of sense and reason, enables man to apprehend the infinite under different names and varying degrees."

But all these efforts are only attempts to define a metaphysical chimera whose reality may be called in question. Whatever may be the thousands of definitions of religion, we all know that it is a fact in human experience. There is then but one meaning to religion and there can be but one.

Religion is a FORCE, the same as other forces in nature. It is the energy of the human mind that lifts a man to thoughts higher than he is wont to think; to feelings that aspire toward higher ideals; to efforts that improve and exalt his moral nature. Has not anything else that may have passed for religion been questionable?

History often confuses religion with man's interpretation of it. In reality religion has no logical relation to theology. Theology is man's attempted systematic interpretation of his own conception of the existence of a Supreme Being. Religion is a man's attempted interpretation of himself. The two have been confounded and made to stand the one for the other, merely because it had been supposed that man could aspire to noble things only when he thought he was worshiping an invisible Being who reigned supreme in the universe. Once proved that man can ascend in moral development without an appeal to imaginary external Deity, and the alleged contention between religion and theology falls to the ground.

Most of the theology is, after all, man's effort to explain that power,—that spark of divinity inherent in his breast which he knows as religion. There are few human beings—in fact none—who are entirely devoid of religion. Even the wildest savage believes in a heaven of great battlefields or happy hunting grounds. It is impossible for man to be without some form of religion. It is a natural force, a moral energy, a world-power

present not only in every human heart but in every living thing that has been created.

Will you question the religion of the queenly rose or of the inspiring plant or even the wild weed? Did you never feel in touch with the religion that thunders in the booming tide or sings in the rippling brook? Did you never feel a touch of the religion that is manifest in the glory of the sun or the twinkle of the stars?

In the growing of the grass, in the blooming of the flower, in the roaring of the storm, in the boiling of the sea, in the glory of the sun, in the sparkle of the star, in all the universe of God, there is some profound, eternal religion, because each is moving to some loftier ideal.

Do you say it is not religion? Then what is it?

When we shall realize the truth of religion in human life, then we understand that it is not an experience of the human being alone, but rather that it is a natural force, operating in every form and feature of existence and finding in man its final and most supreme expression.

"The kingdom of God is within you."

When we realize the truth of this and learn to listen to the still small voice within, we shall then be willing to break away from foolish superstitions, which are wholly contrary to reason, and sing with the poet—

> Grow old with me!
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life, for which the first was made;
> Our times are in His hand
> Who saith, "A whole I planned,
> Youth shows but half; trust God: see all,
> Nor be afraid."

A HEROIC CHARACTER—SILENT AND UNSEEN

BY F. T. COLLINS.

Standing some time ago on the billowy shores of the Atlantic, during a terrific storm, when it seemed that some mighty hand held its waters within its grasp and was about to throw them skyward and everywhere, I espied a speck not bigger than a man's hand far out on its surface. Nearer and nearer it came. Soon you could see belching up from it great clouds of smoke. It proved to be a United States man-of-war. On it came, piercing and plunging through the waves and through the storm, leaving a silvery streak of foam behind. The billows would lash its sides and plunge headlong over its decks; but on, still on, it came, not noticing the fury of the tempest—a mighty power amidst a mighty force! Bold and majestic, with the stars and stripes floating to the breeze, it crossed the bar and sailed proudly into port. I cheered and said, "That's grand." But whence such mighty power? Oh, down deep in the bowels of the monster there throbbed two huge engines, and back of these the steam—an unseen power.

I began at once to wonder and search for a power that shall float our flag and that of our civilization as triumphantly on land,—for indeed it has, and does, and must so float. I went to the lonely, bloody battle plain, where bayonets, fire and blood blend their terrors, and asked the dying warrior if it be he. He said, "Not I; for all this is the result of the clash of ideals that have elsewhere their origin." I went to the halls of Congress, where statesmen legislate for races yet unborn, but lo, it was not there; for these only tabulate the principles that some unseen influence has tutored into them.

Remembering that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," I hurried away to the sainted mother's chamber, and inquired of her if this were wholly true. She sighed, while a cloud gathered on her anxious brow, and said sadly: "I fear not; for often at an early age fate snatches me away from my child and leaves his youthful bark storm-tossed on life's fitful sea. And, unless some tender, tutoring hand comes to the rescue, smooths his ruffled spirit, touches and quickens into life the power within him, holds up before him his possibilities, and points him to the upward way, his little bark will hardly come into port at last." These were words from the depths of a Divine despair!

I sat me down to think, and while I sat, a voice spoke in tones as deep as thunder: "See the life savers along the coast—God's modern angels of light, the true heroines in real life to-day, the lady teachers in the lower schools"! Did I hear some puny, selfish pimp "hiss" at the name "teacher"? Whoever you be, go off and smite the lips that spat that hiss! Sneak cowardly to your kennel! For you and the world can no longer deny and rob her of the exalted place she fills in public life. She is undoubtedly the mightiest factor in our civilization at this hour! Upon her tired shoulders rests the destiny of our nation; about her nervous, electric personality cluster the hopes, and upon her efforts, and the help we give her, hangs the fate of our race and civilization. Now don't think that I would invade the realm of mother, and steal from her sainted brow a single, solitary laurel that is hers by virtue of her great love, her purity of soul, her prayers and salt tears,—No! Mother! The word itself is the sublimest and holiest in all the languages of earth! Were it tangible matter it were big enough to fill up the space of ten thousand worlds like this. No, let me die

a traitor's death rather than detract one iota from the glory of that hallowed name! The work of mother is sufficient and sublime so far as she is able; but oh what a field beyond her jurisdiction!

So, in all seriousness, I believe the twentieth century school mistress, slowly but patiently wending her way to her work, often over rough, rocky or muddy roads, beset—oh! too often, as you know—with the perils of the beastly, brutish African—shame on a land that lets such reptiles crawl its surface! and everlasting dishonor, disgrace and disgust on a race that will stand cowardly by, as we do, while such foul crimes are perpetrated upon its women! even those great ones, the heroines who are fighting the battles of a civilization and shaping the destinies of a world! I say, this brave, battling woman, tripping along the desolate way, alone, defenseless, with bonnet or hat in hand, singing softly a song that angels stoop to catch, is the most striking character in history, the biggest personage "in all the tide of time." And, if the spirits of the departed do honor about the living, to be sure a numberless Heavenly host encampeth around about her!

If there be one single central factor in human development upon which depend the weal or woe of man, it must be she. If it were given to that vile fiend, the devil, always planning and working the eternal ruin of mankind, to strike one big fatal blow at that point in our whole system where it would be most disastrous and blighting, he would not burn a temple of Diana, or sack a Rome with all its literary productions, or smite a Russia with a bomb-throwing terroristic propaganda, or throttle a civilization with a demon like Thad. Stephens; and stamp and pave the face of a prostrate, but proud, Anglo-Saxon race with the savage black foot of a slavish

race of apes; but he would sneak up behind this toiling teacher, and, with his blighting shaft drawn, he would take sure and deadly aim, and stab her in the back! And then with a howl of exultation, horrible and loud, known only to his angels and the demons of the under world, pawing and stamping the earth meanwhile around her dying form, he would summon his deputies and order all the hosts of hell to prepare a triumph exonorating his victory.

But back to the battlefield of life, down in the thickest of the fray, where the shot and shell are falling fastest, and the solid sheet of fire and smoke engulf the combatants. There you will find this modern "Maid of Orleans" fighting relentlessly the battles of a civilization, with all the odds against her! Oh God, nerve her for the struggle! And forgive us for the meager support we give her! See her with face set like steel toward a higher and purer and better state of civilization, pulling the world up with her, and refusing absolutely to go up unless humanity goes with her! Right heroic this! Peep in and watch her smooth this girl's ruffled spirit with her own gentler one; clear up the perplexity in this boy's mind about some fundamental truth; awakening confidence in this one, making hopeful that; cheering one drooping, struggling spirit, telling to another its possibilities, and stimulating the ambitions of another; and now inspiring in all hope and the ultimate gain of knowledge, influence, power, and usefulness! Great work this! Now listen to her tell them at close of day of Washington, Paul Revere, or Lee, in her tender, loving, eloquent way! Eloquent? Yes! A Divine message ringing down to all ages and all times! Humanity hangs breathless on the words of this great one, its new literature and light; this world's Priestess,—guiding it, like a sacred

Pillar of Fire in its dark pilgrimage through the waste of time.

Now the day is done and all are off for home; but our heroine, where is she? She lingers within. Softly now! —with head bowed upon her arms, is she tired, or does she pray? The angels know. Now she strolls homeward along the dusty way. Alone and friendless? No; the dogs at every farm house gate await orderly her approach. Far down the road a lady comes—enough! They know 'tis she! Playfully and friendly he runs to meet her, asking no greater reward than the "snap" of her finger or a touch on the top of his head, or "Top" or "Trail" ejaculated soft and low. Just that makes him chivalrous to the last ditch, and carries him home with her;—and woe to any assailant now! Thus they fall into ranks, one by one, as she passes; for she, ever kind and innocent and noble, acknowledges each one's greeting with a "snap" of her finger or some pet name. And by the time she gets home there is a chivalric troop accompanying her. No band of ancient knights ever performed a trust of protection more proudly and full! Thus goes quietly from a day of toil to a night of rest this valiant soul; a wise, faithful, unconquerable woman; "swallowing down how many sore sufferings daily into silence"; fighting, like an unseen hero, ignorance, superstition and doubt to a standstill every inch of the way! Nobody publishing newspaper paragraphs about her nobleness; voting pieces of plate to her! However, she is not lost; nothing is lost. An educated youth is there, the outcome of her! The world has not seen her; the world sees nothing great till it be gone. The busy, bustling, clamoring populace has jostled her on the street and in the crowded thoroughfares in search of a hero to worship; it doesn't see her. Lamentable this! No bells

ring to announce her coming; the cannon's boom is never heard when she lands. No special envoys are sent to meet her; some one would laugh to speak of giving a reception in her honor; but she is great anyhow! Great in inspiration, in courage, affection and integrity; one of our most lovable and precious characters. Great, not as a hewn obelisk; but as the sun's rays—so simple, honest, spontaneous, not setting up to be great at all; here for quite another purpose than being great! Ah, yes, unsubdueable sunshine, piercing far and wide into the heavens; yet at its kiss there smile before, and all around you, green beautiful valleys with flowers! A real, true, heroine, whether you will or not, for whom these centuries, and many that are to come yet, will be thankful to heaven. You have her, this living, throbbing dynamo of power and influence in rescuing and saving a world. The essential quality of her is, that she can fight and conquer; that she is "a right piece of human valor. No more valiant one, no mortal heart to be called *braver*, that one has record of, ever lived in that Teutonic kindred, whose character is valor." You may slight her if you will; the world may forget her if it please; for what's in the plaudits of the populace anyhow? One minute they run wild with praise for a Cæsar—he's a god; the next minute, Cæsar having abdicated in his favor, it's his slayer, Brutus; and in a little short hour they thirst for Brutus's blood and chase him through the streets of Rome, and a Mark Anthony is the hero now. Ah, it doesn't matter; she is no grandstand player. Notice? she courts not that; what could notice here do for her? "Ever in" her "great Taskmaster's eye," the eternities will applaud her! Future ages and times will stop still, uncover their heads, and, turning back, will bless her! God will crown her with a diadem, rich as He alone can make!

COLLEGE SPIRIT

BY H. H. M'MILLAN, '08.

"College spirit"—should you ask me to define it I could not give you an answer. Should you ask me to explain it I could not. All I can say about this word college spirit is that I have felt it and I have observed that it is the backbone of any college.

It is this spirit that accompanies the ball players to the ground as found in the heart and feelings of every boy. You college boy! no matter what college you are from, have you ever seen a winning ball team without the support of the student body? But the outsider asks what has the student body got to do with winning a game? The college boy says he goes out to "root" for his team. But what is "rooting." It is the expression of your college spirit by making any kind of a noise you can to rattle the other team. If a boy has college spirit it comes out in the form of rooting during the game and riding the players on his shoulders when it is over. I would like to remind you that college spirit supports your representatives in defeat as well as in victory. If a boy supports his representatives only in time of victory, one might say that it was from a selfish motive, but when a man stands to his college in time of darkness as well as in sunshine, you may watch him as a man not a coward. Nor does this spirit of encouragement stop when the game is over. No. If the game is won (I speak of baseball because it is generally considered to be the college game) the college spirited fellow closes his books that night (he is generally studious) and joins his fellow-students in serenading the old college grounds.

Then is when he can sing his college song with feeling. At this place one might say: "Well, what is the good in ball any way? It is the most foolish, nonsensical game I ever saw." I should answer him by saying that it gives the boy a chance to find out his fellows. A boy's character is tested as it could be in no other place. It brings the student body together. It gives a boy a love for every other boy that is stamped on his heart for life. A college game develops college spirit. If a man goes to college and leaves with nothing but a love for his college, a respect for the right, and an inspiration to bring in honor to his old Alma Mater, I feel that his time is not entirely lost. But on the other hand.

Would to God that there was no betting in our colleges, but there is, and there is no need of hiding it. If a boy wants to gamble he can bet on anything, so I don't think there could be any objection to ball on this account. If we try to extinguish gambling from our colleges by force we must cement the cracks in the floor and make both sides of money exactly alike. So the ball is all right, although betting is wrong. Now for the boy who bets against his team. It were better for him to be at home serving his father, because he does the college more harm than good. He thinks more of self than he does of his college. College spirit can not be attached to his name.

As athletics tends towards unity in the same proportion do secret organizations tend towards division. "A house divided against itself must fall." So it is with a college. Before a college can prosper as it should, each man must make the college and the will of the student body his highest thought. In order that a boat may move, each oar must pull in the same direction. So it is

with a student body. They must become an organism of unity.

Does college spirit vanish when college life comes to an end? No. It leaves a man's body when the death knell is sounded. It is college spirit that causes the Alumni of a college to give her their hearty support. But you say: What can a poor man do for her? I would say, practically, as much as the rich man. Money is not the supreme means of its existence. If you have no money then give her your support by giving her a good name, in advising and persuading other boys to attend her sessions. Be sure that all your sons, if you are so fortunate, go to your school, and after you have advised him to shun evil companions, live a pure consecrated life, be an honest studious boy and other words of advice, let your last words go forth, "Be faithful to your college."

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

BY H. J MASSEY.

"There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told.

"Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Alladin's tower
Unfinished must remain!"

Nathaniel Hawthorne stands at the head of American prose writers. His life, together with his best short stories and his charming romances, is familiar to readers of our literature. And on the assumption of this familiarity, no minute account of his life and chief works will be given, but rather some notice will be taken of his unfinished works. 'Twas never his intention to have these incomplete works published; nor after his death did his family wish them to be given to the world. But in some way they are before the public and are interesting as showing Hawthorne's persistence in pursuing what he set out in early life to accomplish; moreover, they are instructive in that they show how he worked. Yet by no means are we to suppose that he wrote all his novels under such circumstances or with such laborious pains.

As nearly all his works indicate, Hawthorne was a man of meditative turn of mind. The theme of many of his stories and novels is sin and rebuke of conscience. A certain weirdness of seclusion and mystery pervades them. He sounds the depths of the human soul and, as it were, exposes secrets long concealed. In his hands New England witchcraft, Indian traditions, and legends

of the early history of our country assume a form so definite that the reader is transported to the scenes of action and becomes a participant.

From the period of seclusion at Salem until the end of his life, his journal and stories show that Hawthorne's mind was haunted with dreams of the Fountain of Youth. The fascination of such an intangible idea took possession of him, and at intervals throughout life he sought to embody it in a story. The power of man over nature and the spiritual world is hinted at in "The Birthmark," which was written in 1843. Aylmer, confident in his ability to remove the horrible blot from his wife's face, even intimates that some day his weary years of study and research will be rewarded by the discovery of the Elixir of Life. He ignores the mortality of humanity and fails to realize that absolute perfection, even in a beautiful woman, is not granted to mankind. In his exultation at the success of his experiment he is suddenly thwarted by death. He has conquered the imperfection and his wife is a specimen of perfect beauty, but as the last scarlet tint of the spot fades from her cheek life expires and she is transported to the abode of the truly immortal.

Ponce De Leon was lured by no delusive phantom if Dr. Heidegger's experiment be true. This story was among Hawthorne's earlier productions and is an evidence that his intention of writing a story dealing with the immortality of man was still tenacious in his mind. The venerable doctor, whose life had been occupied with scientific investigations, through the service of a friend had procured some of the rejuvenating waters from a fabled fountain in Florida. Four of his ancient friends, having assembled at his invitation, he called their attention to the wonderful efficacy of the water by dropping a

dried rose into it. At once the rose was as fresh as when plucked. This aroused their curiosity to drink. After quaffing two or three goblets apiece of the water they felt their youthful energies returning, and were soon whirling round the room in a mirthful dance. But alas! much to their disappointment and chagrin, the potency of the water failed and they grew old again.

After the publication of "The Birthmark," "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," and numerous other stories written while he was an obscure man, Hawthorne turned his attention to longer works. The "House of the Seven Gables," "Scarlet Letter," and "Blithdale Romance," written at his prime, exhibit the high-water mark of his genius. During the years that intervened between his removal from the Salem custom house and his appointment to the consulship at Liverpool, these novels brought him a handsome income and awarded him the palm as king of American romancers.

In March, 1853, Hawthorne was chosen consul, and in the latter part of the summer assumed his official duties. While at Liverpool he made a visit to Smithell's Hall and heard the legend of the Bloody Footstep. Connecting this with a preconceived plot of his own, he began writing the various drafts of a tale afterwards entitled "The Ancestral Footstep." He wrote several outlines of this story in the form of a diary, and each day we find that he changed the plot or introduced new characters. But he could never quite mould it to suit his artistic sense. It seemed to elude his grasp. The result was that he never completed the romance. But it is interesting to note how he used it in a modified form in "Septimius Felton."

In reference to the "Ancestral Footstep," Julian Hawthorne says: "I am inclined to think that the legend was

more of a nuisance than a pleasure to him, after all. From a literary point of view, the idea is one of those which seem very alluring at first sight, but, when one comes to deal with them, prove strangely difficult and impracticable. Having once made up his mind to use the incident, in some form, in a romance, Hawthorne would not easily forego his purpose, and nothing can be more interesting and instructive to would-be romancers than the repeated efforts he made to lick the incident into shape and harmony."

"The Ancestral Footstep" sems to have been written in 1858, while in Italy, whither he had gone after resigning his consulship. The incomparable "Marble Fawn" was also the product of his stay in Rome. After publishing this novel in England, Hawthorne hastened home. The seven years abroad had been among his busiest and certainly his happiest ones. But now his health had broken. The once robust man was becoming emaciated, his footsteps faltered, and the raven black hair had given place to a crown of snow. The cloud of Civil War was lowering over the country. But through all these years, and even now in the decline of health and life, when the impending struggle seemed most threatening, he did not forget his old theme of the "Elixir of Life."

Amid such environments it was that Hawthorne, in 1861 (?), set to work on "Septimius Felton." The germ of this story is to be found in the "Old Manse," a graphic picture of the home of his early married life. Again in his notes, dated several years before going to England, we find the following paragraph:

"The advantages of a longer life than is allotted to mortals; the many things that might then be accom-

plished, to which one lifetime is inadequate, and for which the time spent is therefore lost; a successor being unable to take up the task where we drop it."

This is essentially the purpose of Septimius in trying to discover a panacea for mortality. In the beginning of the story, in vivid contrast with Robert Hagburn and Rose Garfield, we find him bemoaning the brevity of human life. To him all is vanity. Since man so soon must leave what he has accomplished, he sees little for which to strive. And while pretending to study for the ministry—but really pondering his self-centred thoughts—he allows himself to drift into infidelity. Then fate, or as he deems it, fortune, chances to throw into his hands a mysterious paper, which he treasures almost as dearly as life itself. For as he stands above his fallen adversary the dying youth speaks of indefinite life and alludes to the paper's being a formula for making the life-giving essence.

After this event Septimius is the apostle of an idea—an idea that in the manuscript he possesses the means of prolonging life indefinitely. He becomes more secluded, scorns the vain pursuits of the world, and, with a dogged persistence characteristic of a bigot, settles down to the task of translating the meaningless words and unravelling the hieroglyphics of the paper. Neither Robert nor Rose can persuade him to give up the phantom he is pursuing; his pastor also consigns him to his satanic whim; and even the sneers of old Dr. Portsoaken and the ominous forebodings of future ills to which Sibyl Dacy alludes do not intimidate him. Down the vistas of coming centuries he sees himself master of the earth and defying old age and death.

But Septimius must not be too harshly judged. To an extent he was the child of circumstances. The traits

which he inherited from his Indian ancestry bred in him the natural tendency towards Stoicism and a melancholy temperament. And when all things—the romantic way in which he got possession of the paper, Aunt Kezzy's story of the great sagamore, from whom he was descended, the history of her own potent beverage, Sibyl's wild legend of the Bloody Footstep, and the flower growing from the grave of the young man—combined to make him feel that he was the chosen instrument to discover the boon for humanity, he did not hesitate to set about its execution.

After months of weary study, at Dr. Portsoaken's suggestion, he searches and finds Aunt Kezzy's iron-bound box. He applies the key, taken from the young man whom he killed, and opens the box. To his joy he discovers the clew to the secrets of the manuscript. He deduces a set of formulas which of themselves, if observed, would seem to extend the span of life. After a consultation with the old doctor, he brews and concocts a liquor which, to his mind, has all the attributes assigned by the paper. At last he has accomplished what scientific men for centuries have been striving to do. His joy is unbounded. And in his enthusiasm over the prospect of living forever he generally invites Sibyl to share the bliss, and be his companion throughout the cycles of untold centuries. But alas! his dream fades on that fatal night when Sibyl sups the subtle poison and then dashes the vase to fragments, wasting all the precious nectar.

Hawthorne never finished "Septimius Felton," yet it has a more nearly complete form than the "Ancestral Footstep." It appeals to the reader in a fanciful and allegorical way, and is interesting from the beginning to end. Mr. James says of it: "I differ widely from the author's biographer and son-in-law in thinking it a work

of the greatest weight and value, offering striking analogies with *Goethe's Faust.* * * * It is plain to the reader that *Septimius Felton,* as it stands, with its roughness, its gaps, its mere allusiveness and slightness of treatment, gives us but a very partial measure of Hawthorne's full intention; and it is easy to believe that this intention was much finer than anything we find in the book. Even if we possessed the novel in its complete form, however, I incline to think that we should regard it as much the weakest of Hawthorne's productions."

The verdict of Mr. James, competent as he is to judge, may be correct. Yet the reader can not but feel the charm and witchery of the story. Imperfect as it stands, yet it is not to be doubted that, had Hawthorne retained his vigor of mind and body, he would have added another masterpiece to American fiction.

The last of this series of incomplete stories dealing with the Elixir of Life was the "Dolliver Romance." This was begun in the latter part of 1863 as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly.* Hawthorne's habit of taking notes as thoughts occurred to him served him well in many instances. Among these notes, which were jotted down a quarter of a century before the "Dolliver Romance" was written, may be found these lines: "A man arriving at the extreme point of old age grows young again at the same pace at which he had grown old,—returning upon his path throughout the whole of life, and thus taking the reverse view of matters. Methinks it would give rise to some odd concatenations."

The above quoted passage practically sums up the whole of the "Dolliver Romance." Old Dr. Dolliver, already beyond the seventieth milestone of life, finds that by taking a single drop of a bright colored liquid each night, he becomes younger. As he continues its use his

eyes become brighter, his mental perceptions clearer, and his step more elastic. This excites the enmity of a certain crabbed old Colonel Dabney, who goes to Dr. Dolliver and demands the elixir as his own by right of discovery. In his eagerness to grow young again he at once swallows mouthfuls of the liquor. He has scarcely taken the bottle from his thirsty lips when, with a spasmodic convulsion, he leaps from his chair, dances with demoniac glee, and falls back into his seat dead. Dr. Dolliver rushes to him and finds, instead of old Colonel Dabney, a young man. An overdose of the powerful drug has brought on a reaction which his feeble body could not withstand, and during the transformation life expires.

The "Dolliver Romance" was Hawthorne's last work. A completed life with an incomplete work was about to close its career. It was a life of thought and profound insight into the human soul—its passions and aspirations; while from his own soul and works morality emanated as from no other American writer. His purpose of writing a novel on the Elixir of Life shows his patience and perseverance in pursuit of a cherished ideal. This noble effort in the realm of prose has its counterpart in the world of poetic thought, Milton, after twenty years of deferred hopes, in spite of obstacles, dictated "Paradise Lost."

Both Milton and Hawthorne are representatives of Puritanism. Milton, as the exponent of the older and more rigid form as it existed in England; Hawthorne, as the disciple of the milder form exhibited in America. Milton accomplished his purpose at the cost of total blindness. Hawthorne, as it were, pursued a phantom, but the search for the Elixir of Life was realized in the passing of the noble spirit to the better world.

FRIENDSHIP—TRUE AND FALSE

BY EDGAR H. STILLWELL.

Everything which passes current under the title of friendship is not friendship. Every person who poses as your friend does not act the part of a friend. The history of the world—both sacred and political—affords many examples of bartered friendship. It has been said that every good thing in nature or art can be counterfeited, and friendship is no exception to the rule. The cruel blow of Brutus, as he stabs his best friend, Cæsar, at the base of Pompey's statue, is but the bitter fruits of a relationship bearing on its exterior the brand of "Friendship," while just beneath the surface lay the vilest ingratitude and the bitterest enmity. Even Christ Himself, while on earth, did not escape the evil results of a betrayed and bartered friendship. The very words of Jesus, speaking to Judas in that calm, accusing voice, "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" must have struck terror to that false and wretched heart, as with word, tone and gesture our Lord then and there put His stamp of disapproval, thenceforth and forever, on all forms of deceit and two-facedness.

But our Brutuses and Judases constitute only the dark side of this picture—the unfortunate side. There is another side—a brighter side. If there is deception in the world, there is also a vast deal greater amount of sincerity, and where you find one Brutas, you will find hundreds of true hearts, and for every Judas myriads of Jonathans will be. There are many noble examples of true friendship drawn from past history. Perhaps the most noted and illustrious example, and certainly the one most universally referred to, is the story of Jonathan

and David. Nothing except the most genuine type of friendship, springing from a heart which beat in unison with his friends, could ever have induced Jonathan to turn his back on the throne, *his* by right of inheritance, and play the part he played in that great drama.

No less beautiful and striking is the story of Ruth and Naomi, in which this noble girl, the pensive and sweet-natured Ruth, demonstrates that depth of love, gratitude and affection which is possible only to the great heart of a woman. As the story runs, Naomi, her husband, and her two sons moved from Bethlehem-Judah to the land of Moab to live. Here the two sons of Naomi married daughters of that land. The name of the one was Orpah and the name of the other was Ruth. In a short time the husband of Naomi died, and his death was soon followed by the deaths of the husbands of both Orpah and Ruth, leaving these three women widows—Naomi in a strange land. The latter determined to return to her native land. She told her two daughters-in-law to return each to her father's home. It is written that Orpah kissed Naomi; and bade her good-bye, "but Ruth clave unto her," saying, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." It is needless to say that of course Naomi could not find if in her heart to turn away from such a friendship. She permitted the noble and true-hearted Ruth to accompany her back to her native land. Here she performed a noble service, won great favor, married Boaz, and thus became the ancestor of David, and through David, the ancestor of Christ.

Again, we have the story of Damon and Pythias. So strong was their friendship and so truly was it demonstrated, that the very terms Damon and Pythias have become proverbial of that quality of friendship by which one person voluntarily lays down his life for his friend. And who has not read of Napoleon's grief—his great grief—when his best friend was slain in battle. Even Tennyson's "In Memoriam" most strongly exemplifies the great breadth and depth of true and genuine fellow-feeling.

In conclusion, friendship has its practical value. No good deed is ever quite fully lost. All friendly acts, done in the true spirit of friendship, react and bless the doer.

"The heart that feels the approval
  That comes from a kindly deed,
Knows well there's no sweeter music
  On which the spirit can feed.

In sweetening the life of another,
  In relieving a brother's distress,
The soul finds its highest advancements,
  And the noblest blessedness.

That life is alone worth living;
  That lives for another's gain—
The life that comes from such living
  Is the rainbow after the rain.

This spirit of human kindness
  Is the angel the soul most needs;
It sings its most wonderful pæan,
  While the heart does its noblest deeds."

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A word to the Wise—More to the Otherwise

Recent experiences beneath the academic shades, yet fresh in the recollection of the students, raised several questions of importance to the college, and suggest matters well worth considering by those who have an interest in them.

There appeared in many of the papers of the State articles despatched from Wake Forest detailing disturbances that were said to exist, telling of a condition that created widespread editorial comment. The editor-in-chief of one of the foremost papers in the State, appreciating the source of the reports, and knowing how prone an excited college youth is to exaggerate the facts, refused to publish the first glaring stories of the undue excitation among the student body, alleged to have been caused by two acts of the faculty: first, the refusal of the faculty to take the college teams (none has been organized) from under the rules of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association, in accordance with which all teams are required to play, and it is so stated in the college catalogue; and, second, the temporary expulsion of five students for a violation of the college regulations relating to hazing.

In both instances the faculty was in the right, and as is usual when any species of conflict arises between the authorities and the students, the latter were in the wrong.

As regards baseball—it being well known that the college can have no games during the coming season because of the fact that its best material was engaged in summer ball and are ruled out under the S. I. A. A. rules—the responsibility rests upon the trustees to decide whether or not the game shall be continued as a college sport, and the matter will be deliberated upon by the trustees at their meeting in Wilmington in December. While the problem of intercollegiate sports is one that has long vexed the colleges of the land and is yet unsolved, and there are earnest and honest advocates of the abolition of them, yet to date the weight of authority is in favor of well regulated inter-collegiate athletics, and chief among them are inter-collegiate football and baseball, the former game not being allowed at Wake Forest. Under such restrictions as are prescribed by the Board of Trustees it is wise that the athletics be presided over by a committee composed of members of the faculty. The trouble is not, as is erroneously supposed by many of the boys, too much governing, but too little; for boys let their enthusiasm carry them beyond the boundaries of good reason, and were the administration of this phase of college life left to the boys the new *regime* would be resultant in a serious injury to their minds, their bodies and their morals. It is a mistaken idea the boys have that they should control absolutely the college athletics; this is a problem that has baffled all the colleges in the land. It would be better for the students and the college if the former would adjust themselves to this idea.

In maintaining order and good government in the college the authorities should receive the zealous co-operation and loyal support of the entire student body. Yet a few weeks ago a small number of the students forgot the nations and the noise of ages, and concerned themselves in the behalf of certain students who had been disciplined for an infraction of the college rules. Five students had been charged with hazing, and after an examination by the faculty were suspended for thirty days; but later these cases were placed into the hands of the Discipline Committee. We do not make the statement *ex cathedra*, but we believe that out of every one hundred cases in which there are matters to be adjusted between the faculty and the students, in ninety-nine cases the faculty is in the right. The troubles on the Hill were not bewilderingly complex—they were extremely simple.

Hazing should be driven out of the college by pursuing a relentless policy. It is an echo from the ancient ages when brute strength ruled. It is the germ of lawlessness and those who engage in and defend it are anarchists in the making. The practice has a strong hold on college life in general, for few things are more durable and more difficult to change than college customs; but this is a disease, and if heroic remedies need be applied they will the more quickly eradicate the trouble. It would be of benefit to every man to know that where another's nose begins his liberty ends. There is more sense than nonsense in the remark.

It may not be amiss to express in this connection the gratification of the old students at the absence of the clandestine secret societies. With them have passed into disuse the illegitimate elements that forced upon the students artificial conditions, produced factions and feuds, destroyed democracy and emphasized social distinctions.

With them, too, went the parasites, with their attendant vices and influences that caused a deterioration in manhood.

Let every man in college put himself upon his honor to do what is right and there will be no more clashes and rumors of clashes between the faculty and the students. Much is still to be desired in the athletic training of the youth, yet the youth should not forget that the primal purpose for which they are in college is to exercise and increase their psychical force and not the development of their physical strength. Take hold of those things and thoughts that point and lead forward and upward; be a constructive energy, not destructive, and be influenced by principle, not passion. Common sense is a good thing, and its dictates worthy to be followed. Let all the students join together with one accord to do those things that will be of material benefit and redound to the praise of the college, and all will be well with Wake Forest.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

HILLIARD J. MASSEY, Editor

By way of introduction permit us to say that with a feeling of responsibility we assume the duties of this department. And it is with some diffidence that we, as a novice in the work, undertake the task of properly conducting the department. With the conviction that only persons of experience are in a position to criticise a college magazine, we hesitate at the threshold for a few words of informal talk with our fellow editors.

The college magazine may be said to have a two-fold purpose: first, as a medium through which may be encouraged the art of free and easy expression in writing; second, to enable the colleges to keep in close touch with each other. Bearing in mind this double purpose, we shall offer such criticisms and suggestions as, in our opinion, seem in accordance with the best interests of each individual magazine.

With this word of introduction we close, wishing for each editor a genuine profit and pleasure in the perusal of the magazines which may come to his or her table.

CLIPPINGS

TOO BAD.

He—I only know that I love you.

She—Oh dear, I thought you knew all about an automobile too.

Anonymous.

THE SPEED LIMIT.

An Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman were one day arguing "Well," said the Englishman, "I've been in one of our trains and the telegraph poles have been like a hedge."

"I've seen the milestones appear like tombstones," said the Scot.

"Be jabers," said Pat, "I was one day in a train in my country and we passed a field of cabbage and parsley, also a field of turnips and a field of carrots, then a pond of water, and we were going that quick I thought it was soup."—L. T.

She said that I couldn't,
'Twas challenging too,
For she meant that I shouldn't
When she said that I couldn't.
So tell me who wouldn't
Show what he could do
When she said that he couldn't?
I would, wouldn't you? —*Lippincott's.*

DISARMAMENT.

"John, what is this disarmament talk about?"

"It is a movement to prevent pretty girls wearing pins in their belts."

—*Houston Post.*

DUE PROCESS OF LAW.

Two Irishmen standing on a street corner were overheard discussing a trial. One of them was trying to enlighten the other concerning the jury.

"Bedad," he explained, "you're arristed. Thin, if ye gits th' shmartest lawyer, ye're innicint; but if th' other man gits th' best lawyer, ye're gullty."

HORSE ON THEM.

The Wooden Horse was standing before the beleagured city.

"That seems a heavy beast," remarked Paris to Hector, surveying it critically. "Of what weight would you say it was?"

"Troy weight, of course," answered Hector. Whereat envy turned Paris green.—*Harper's Weekly.*

LIE DEFINED.

The vicar was addressing the school on the subject of truth. He expounded at some length on the wickedness of lying, and before going on to the merits of speaking the truth he thought he would see if the children really understood him.

"Now," said he, "can any one tell me what a lie is?"

Immediately a number of hands shot up. The vicar selected a bright-looking youngster.

"Well, my little man?"

"Please, sir, a lie is an abomination unto everyone, but a very pleasant help in time of trouble."

DEEP SEA TRAGEDY.

Why is it that the ocean moans?
  That's what I'd like to know;
It may be that the lobster
  Has pinched its under-tow.—*Chicago Journal.*

And maybe it's just the pain
  That thrills its bosom wide,
What time it shudders at the bar
  And thinks of last night's tide.
—*Cleveland Leader.*

Perhaps you'd moan a bit yourself,
  If now and then a whale,
Escaping from a swordfish,
  Should lash you with his tail.
—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The fickle ocean wooed the moon,
  They to a parson hied.
The sound you hear is only this:
  The moaning of the tied.
—J. L. S.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

CHARLES S. BARNETTE, Editor.

—'89-'92. J. W. Bailey, who last year resigned the editorship of the *Biblical Recorder* in order to take up the study of law, has returned to Wake Forest and entered the law department. Mr. Bailey is widely known as an able writer and eloquent and logical speaker. These qualities together with his strong personality have won for him a host of friends, especially among the Baptists of North Carolina, who regretted to see him sever his connection with the *Recorder*. However, their interest in him has not abated, and they will watch the progress which he makes in his new field of work with much concern.

—'66-'70. The following item is clipped from a recent issue of the *Biblical Recorder*:

"Brother Robert E. Royall, of Wake Forest, has for several years been a very liberal supporter of State Mission work. He told Brother Johnson the other day he was thinking of supporting a native missionary in China and before the conversation ended he decided to do this and said he would send his check the next day. While talking the matter over with his good wife, she not only cordially agreed to it, but said she would like to do something of the kind herself and so each of them has decided to support a native missionary and they have sent the money for the first year's salary. Brother Royall is a successful business man and is using his means for the glory of God. He and his consecrated wife belong to the Lord's royalty."

—'89-'92. W. L. Foushee is professor of Greek in Richmond College, Richmond, Va.

—'04. J. Abner Barker has returned to college and is pursuing studies leading to the B.L. degree.

—In a personal letter from Rev. A. M. Ross, now of Jackson, Mo., and formerly of North Carolina, we are assured that the Lord has been with him in his work in the far West. He is a Tar Heel in exile, a graduate of Wake Forest College and of the Louisville Seminary. Would that North Carolina might furnish opportunity for many such men to return to the good old State. We need them here.—*Biblical Recorder.*

—'90-'92. A. T. Holleman is principal of the High School at Chapel Hill, N. C. The opening this year was the best that his school had experienced in several years.

—'89-'92. The many friends of Rev. R. W. Weaver in North Carolina will regret to learn of the tidings contained in the following clipping:

"It is reported that Rev. R. W. Weaver, Th.D., of Mt. Auburn, Ohio, has been sent by his physician into the wilds of Canada for two or three years on account of the discovery of a strong tendency to tuberculosis. Dr. Weaver is a North Carolinian, a graduate of Wake Forest College and the Louisville Seminary. His many friends will regret to know of his failing health."—*Biblical Recorder.*

—'04. D. H. Bland, who last year was principal of the Oxford Graded School, has returned to college to take up the study of law. Oxford is fortunate in having Wake Forest men connected with its graded school. Mr. R. H. Ferrell, of last year's graduating class, succeeds Mr. Bland as principal, and Mr. C. T. Goode, of the class of 1906, is superintendent.

—'00. W. A. Bradsher, who received his M. D. degree from Johns Hopkins University in 1903, is enjoying a lucrative practice in Roxboro, N. C.

—'05. T. B. Asheraft has entered the post graduate department of Johns Hopkins University. He is making a specialty of literature and of mathematics.

—'00. R. H. Burns is principal of the graded school at Roxboro, N. C.

—'05. Cooper Hall is attending to a nice law practice at Graham, N. C.

—'06. F. T. Burke is superintendent of the Orphanage farm at Thomasville, N. C.

—'89-'92. The Shepherd Heart, by Rev. S. J. Porter, D. D., is a little volume of five chapters addressed apparently to young ministers. It is published by the American Baptist Publication Society. Dr. Porter is now one of the secretaries in the offices of the Foreign Mission Board at Richmond, Va.

—'87-'90. Rev. Hight C. Moore, for a number of years State Field Secretary for Sunday schools in North Carolina, has accepted appointment under the Sunday school Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. His headquarters in his larger field of work will be Nashville, Tenn. Mr. Moore is the author of valuable Sunday school manuals, one of which is "The Books of the Bible" in the Sunday school Board's series of Normal Studies for Sunday School Workers.

—'81-3. Mr. Reau E. Folk, Insurance Commissioner for the State of Tennessee, attended the late convention of Insurance Commissioners at Richmond, Va., and received the distinguished honor of being elected President of that body for the ensuing year.

—Mr. John Royall, late of New York, has accepted the North Carolina State agency for the Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Co., of Philadelphia, and will make Wake Forest his headquarters.

—'83. "The Traitor," the latest of the novels by Tom Dixon, Jr., came from the press this summer. This is the last of the trio of novels by Mr. Dixon dealing with reconstruction days in the South, and like its predecessor, "The Clansman," its main theme is the Ku Klux Klan. This secret organization has had much severe criticism heaped upon it, and Mr. Dixon endeavors to prove that the "Klan" is undeserving of such criticism. He claims, and endeavors to show by means of his novels, that the Ku Klux Klan was born of necessity in time of need, and was of great benefit to the South in its days of disaster. In "The Clansman" Mr. Dixon pictures those terrible scenes of reconstruction days when the South lay bruised and bleeding from wounds of heroic battles—willing to take honorable defeat—but unwilling to receive and unable to resent the indignities thrust upon her by her victorious foes; when she was being despoiled by "scalawags" and "carpet-baggers" and her fair name besmirched by the grasping greed of petty politicians. Under such conditions as these Mr. Dixon claims that the Ku Klux Klan was organized with definite and righteous purposes in view, and that it carried out these purposes with beneficial results to those States in which its activities entered and to the entire South. In "The Clansman" the Klan is in full activity. In "The Traitor" it has performed its work, accomplished its purposes and disbands with due and fitting ceremony. After it disbands some few unprincipled men, who had been members of the Klan and are familiar with its workings, reorganize small bands of worthless characters and use them in accomplishing their own selfish ends. And here we see how these "re-organizations" bring disrepute and censure on the name of Ku Klux Klan. There is a love story interwoven in the plot which holds the reader's attention and forms the basis of much of the action of the story.

We do not think that "The Traitor" will be the subject of so much diverse criticism as was "The Clansman" because there are no such great social problems involved in its makeup. The time of "The Clansman" is in the very vortex of reconstruction days, when everything was at a white heat; when the South was suffering humiliation at the hands of certain domineering demagogues of the North, and when negro rule and social equality were trying to be enforced. In "The Traitor" these perplexing questions have been somewhat settled, and the South is fac-

ing the rising sun of a brighter day and is beginning to arise from her fall. On the whole, we think "The Traitor" very interesting reading. It has a plenty of activity, some pathos, and some humor, and holds the reader's attention to the last. We think it will find a favorable reception.

—Dr. Hubert A. Royster, Dean of the Medical College of the North Carolina University, has distributed a reprint of his paper in the Mobile Medical and Surgical Journal, Jan., 1907, on "Appendicitis in the Negro." His general conclusions are, that appendicitis is at present increasing in frequency among whites and negroes. "Isolated from the white man, the negro would be as he is now in Africa, free from the 'race problem and appendicitis.' "

—'97. Mr. S. E. Hall, who has been editor of the *Union Republican*, of Winston-Salem, for the past eight years, retired from that position the first week in May, in order to devote himself entirely to the practice of law.

—'01. Mr. Roswell E. Flack is private secretary to Congressman W. T. Crawford of the Tenth North Carolina District.

—Chas. A. Leonard, who was ordained minister of the Gospel in the First Baptist church of Statesville, N. C., on Sept. 29, has gone to Louisville, Ky., where he will complete his ministerial course in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

—Louis M. Powell has entered Columbia University.

—Mr. H. E. Flack, of Rutherfordton, after spending the day here with his brother, Mr. R. E. Flack, private secretary to Congressman Crawford, left yesterday afternoon for Baltimore, where he has been made the head of the State Department of Legislative Reference, which is the only bureau of the kind in America. It was established at the first of the present year.

Mr. Flack graduated from Wake Forest College in 1901. Afterwards he attended Johns Hopkins University, from which institution he graduated with the degree of Ph. D. He also won a fellowship in the institution. He was appointed to his present position of honor and responsibility without solicitation on his part, having been selected because of his thorough equipment for such work.—*The News and Observer*, Aug. 31, '07.

—Mr. Roger Lewis, after leaving Wake Forest, graduated from the State University with the degree of B. A., and later did some work in the University of Chicago. After a year's work for the American Tobacco Co. at Durham, Mr. Lewis has received appointment of the British and American Tobacco Co. (headquarters in London) as representative in China. He sailed Oct. 16 from San Francisco for Shanghai, where

he will be located for three years. Mr. Lewis won the Fiction Medal in the WAKE FOREST STUDENT competition while he was a student here, and has promised to send a communication from time to time for publication in this magazine.

—Our good friend, Lawyer O. P. Dickinson, one of Wilson's brainiest lawyers and most gifted speakers, has been making some big speeches of late at points in the neighboring country. The *Elm City Mirror* speaks in loud terms of a recent speech he made at Sandy Cross church in Nash County on the occasion of a big picnic dinner and a large gathering of people to hear Hon. W. W. Kitchin. It is rather hard to "pull Dickinson out," but when they do get him they are rewarded for all patient efforts. We predict for him a greater career of influence and power.—*Wilson Messenger.*

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

H. E. PEELE, Editor

—A toast to the newish! May they never be fresher.

—Football! The campus is full of it.

—Wanted for exhibition! A freshman who didn't go to the fair.

—Dr. Potent now meets his classes in his newly completed lecture room in the Alumni Building.

—The gymnasium classes were well under way before the passing of September. Never has work in this department begun so promptly.

—An increased water supply and better accommodations in the bath rooms! This, perhaps, will contribute not less to our moral well being than to our physical comfort.

—Dr. W. L. Potent will lecture in the early part of November at Goldsboro, under the auspices of the Woman's Club of that city.

—Mr. E. L. Conn spent the early weeks of the session in Raleigh working with *The News and Observer*.

—Miss Edith Taylor is teaching at High Point.

—Prayer-meeting was conducted, on the evening of Wednesday, September 25th, by Rev. R. E. Peele, of Florence County, South Carolina.

—Dr. W. E. Hatcher, of Virginia, will begin a series of meetings here on November 3d. Those who know Dr. Hatcher rejoice to hear this.

—Mr. D. B. Zollicoffer, of Halifax County, was with us for a little while in early September.

—Mr. W. R. Powell, of Savannah, Ga., who has been visiting his father here, returned home on September 25th.

—Mr. Herbert Weatherspoon, one of the speakers on the Mercer-Wake Forest debate last year, who is now practising law at Laurinburg, was on the Hill recently.

—Miss Neda Fender, of Valdosta, Ga., is visiting the Misses Powell.

—Mr. R. G. Parker, of Northampton County, was a recent visitor among the boys.

—Cupid must have been exceedingly busy during the summer. No less than three Wake Forest boys have returned this year bearing the gentle bonds of matrimony. THE STUDENT extends congratulations.

—Mr. M. L. Davis, an alumnus of the college and a prominent citizen of Morehead City, was greeting the boys at the opening of the session.

—Mrs. Hugh Story was on the Hill in early October, visiting her mother, Mrs. Lankford.

—Mr. Wingate Johnson, who is now a student in the Jefferson College of Medicine at Philadelphia, spent a few days at Wake Forest before taking up his studies there for another year.

—Mr. Ben. Parham, who has just completed a law course at Harvard, was on the Hill at the opening of the college. He expects to continue the study of law here somewhat later in the session.

—Mr. J. W. Vernon is another Wake Forest alumnus who is a student at Jefferson Medical College. He spent a few days at Wake Forest during September.

—Mrs. C. E. Brewer, who has been seriously ill for some time, is improving slowly.

—Mr. V. F. Couch has been appointed laboratory assistant in chemistry.

—Miss Sophia Lannean left the Hill on October 11th for China, where she will enter upon Foreign Mission work. It was her purpose to stop over for a few days among friends in Louisville.

—Mr. Thomas Caldwell, instructor in chemistry last year, who was married shortly after commencement, visited the Hill with his wife in September.

—The Student welcomes to the Hill again the family of Dr. Lynch. They spent the summer in Kentucky.

—Mr. D. A. Covington, of the class of '03, now Associate Professor of Greek at the University of Chicago, was on the Hill for a few days in September.

—Rev. J. R. Bateman, of Virginia, a former student here, conducted chapel exercises recently.

—During the summer months vesper services were held beneath the campus trees in front of the library building. On September 29th occurred the last of these services.

—The law class, as usual, was one of the first to organize this year. Oscar Sikes is President; Thos. N. Hayes, Vice-President; F. T. Collins, Historian; W. C. Brewer, Treasurer; L. W. Leggett, Secretary; D. H. Bland, Prophet. The moot court, too, has been organized, and several interesting cases have been discussed. The officers of the moot court are as follows: E. W. Timberlake, Judge; F. L. Brown, Associate; L. L. Tilley, Sheriff; J. A. Powers, Solicitor; T. N. Hayes, Clerk.

—During the latter part of September several of our professors attended the meeting of the Central Association at Midway church, near Raleigh. We missed them.

—In the absence of Dr. Taylor, Professor Highsmith met the Psychology class for the first week in October.

—On the 25th of September Miss Mary Taylor left Wake Forest for New York, where she will take a special course in art. Her father, Dr. Chas. E. Taylor, was with her.

—Prof. Darius Eatman and Louis Powell left for Columbia University on September 23d. Professor Eatman, who for several years occupied the Chair of Education in Wake Forest College, will continue his study of that science there.

—Rev. J. C. Owen, missionary to China and an alumnus of this college, spent a few days with us during this month, and while here addressed the student body and the citizens of the Hill on mission work in China, especially from the educational standpoint.

—There are at present over one hundred and fifty members of the Sunday school Baraca class, and the enrollment in Bible Band work is also reported unusually large. The former fact attests the popularity of our new teacher of Education, Prof. J. H. Highsmith, while the latter proves the wisdom of changing the time of meeting for the Bible Band classes from half-past eight to nine o'clock.

—Rev. A. A. Crater, formerly of Fuquay Springs, has moved with his family to Wake Forest, and has taken charge of the Public School here.

—T. B. Ray, Educational Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, delivered a lecture here on Foreign Missions recently.

—Senior Speaking, which was to have occurred on October 18th, has been postponed to November 1st.

—The sound of the hammer is heard in the land. In order that there may be seating room for the spectators of the basket-ball games a gallery is being constructed on one side of the gymnasium, which, when completed, will seat over one hundred and fifty people. This should add to the interest of our townspeople in the games to be played this season.

—Mr. Rufus Ford, of the class of '06, passed through Wake Forest recently on his way to Cornell University. He is an assistant in the department of chemistry there.

—During the summer and since the beginning of the session several of our boys have visited the Exposition at Jamestown. Ask Hayes if he ever got a meal at "Ye Old Time Tavern."

—Dr. Gaines and his family are with us again. They had been, for some time, in Atlanta.

—The senior class met in the Phi Hall on Tuesday, September 16th, and perfected its organization. Mr. H. H. McMillan, familiarly and affectionately known as "Hud" by his many friends, was elected President. The other officers are as follows: John E. Ray, Jr., Vice-President; P. C. Stringfield, Secretary; W. J. Jones, Treasurer; V. F. Couch, Historian; Willie Furman, Prophet; P. Q. Bryan, Poet; Ashby Dunn, Orator.

The other college classes have also organized, and their officers are as follows: President of the Junior Class, Henry Dockery; Vice-President, Archie Bynum; Secretary, J. B. Willis; Treasurer, P. W. Gay; Poet, R. L. McMillan; Prophet, W. H. Hipps; Historian, J. S. Martin. President of the Sophomore Class, W. L. Duffy; Vice-President, B. L. Williams; Secretary, E. B. Howard; Treasurer, G. L. Williamson; Poet, Carl Ragland; Historian, C. M. Oliver; Prophet, W. C. Brewer. President

of the Freshman Class, L. W. Morton; Vice-President, A. J. Fletcher; Secretary, J. W. Blackwell; Treasurer, Edward Jenkins; Historian, H. P. Whitehurst; Prophet, N. H. Rodwell; Poet, J. C. Smith. The Freshmen, however, are somewhat distressed because their election, not having been held on the college grounds, has been ruled illegal by the Sophomores. How the matter is to be settled is a question.

—Basket-ball practice has already begun in earnest, and the prospects are good for a team equal to that of last year. Turner, Beverly and Elliot are, indeed, not with us, but we can count on Couch, Duffy, Little, Gay and White to come up to, or surpass, their work of last year. But there is much promising new material besides, and "Dick" Crozier is sure to spot the right fellow every time. So here's to another year of unbroken victory, boys. We are bound to have it.

—Of all the student organizations which represent the college throughout the State there is none of which we are more proud than *The Wake Forest Glee Club;* nor is there, perhaps, any other such organization to the membership of which so many students aspire. However, from the great number of aspirants this year the fortunate few have been chosen, and these are now getting down to hard work. Even the timid freshman swallows his fear on practice night, and, hugging his precious instrument, stealthily steals across the shadowy campus to the friendly shelter of "Paradise." The following men will constitute the Glee Club during the coming year: First tenor, Earnshaw, Ed. White, Olive, J. E. Ray, Jr.; second tenor, J. H. Highsmith, Adams, Fletcher, Oliver; first bass, L. Hardy, C. Hardy, Pope, A. B. Ray; second bass, Poteat, Kitchin, L. White, L. Highsmith, Cheek;

first violin, Poteat and Oliver; clarionet, Pope; first cornet, Walker; second cornet, Bowman; French horn, C. Hardy; trombone, L. Hardy; bass, J. E. Ray, Jr.; bass drum, Fletcher; snare drum, L. Highsmith; piano, Buchanon.

—Mr. J. B. Weatherspoon, now at the Seminary at Louisville, was a visitor among us last month.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXVII NOVEMBER, 1907 No. 3

WINGS OF LOVE

W. E. MARSHALL, '10.

If I had the wings of a dove, dear,
  And could fly o'er the ocean wide,
I'd fly far away to you, dear,
  And be ever by your side.

But my heart has the wings of Love, dear,
  And has done what I can't do—
It has left me far behind, dear,
  And has flown away to you.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF "TITUS ANDRONICUS"

W. H. VANN.

Among the earliest of Shakespeare's plays, mentioned by Dowden as belonging to the Pre-Shakesperian group, we find the tragedy of "Titus Andronicus." Of the merits of the play as a literary production we shall make no discussion; it is hardly classed among the poet's works that deserve commendation or invite critical study. But it is with the nature and origin of this bloody production, its authorship, and the parts, if any, assignable to Shakespeare, that we wish to deal. These are questions which have interested many of the more eminent critics, and in this brief paper we intend to summarize some of these views, with the arguments advanced, and to propose as the author of the greater portion of the play one of the pre-Shakespearian dramatists whose name has hitherto not been seriously considered.

The earliest known edition of "Titus Andronicus" is a quarto published in 1600, whose title page reads thus:

"The most Lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus."

A second quarto appeared in 1611, "printed for Edward White," varying from the first edition only in a few minor details. An entry in the Sationers' Register under April 19, 1602, speaks of a transference of copyright, but it probably refers to neither of the extant editions, both of which were published for Edward White. The Register also shows that in 1593 one John Danter entered "A Noble Roman Historye of Tytus Andronicus," but it is extremely doubtful whether either of these refers to the play which has come down to us.

Of the sources of the plot we know very little. Theobald supposes that it is purely original, as neither Andronicus or Tamora are Roman names. The incidents of the story do not correspond with any period in Roman history. If the ballad is the one given in Percy's "Reliques," there is no more reason for supposing that the play was based upon the poem than that the opposite was the case. The story seems to have been a popular one, being mentioned in more than one work of that time.

Was the play written by Shakespeare? Concerning this there have been many and conflicting opinions. According to Dowden the date of the play is 1588-90, which fixes it at the same period in the poet's life as "Venus and Adonis," and "Lucrece." A reference in Ben Jonson, however, places the date of "Titus Andronicus" as previous to 1589, and we may suppose that he has reference to the same play. A strong argument in favor of its authenticity as a Shakespearian production is the fact that Meres, in 1598, mentioned it as being among other undoubted Shakespearian plays; and this is corroborated by the occurrence of the tragedy in the First Folio. In 1687, however, Ravenscroft declared that he had been told "by some anciently conversant with the play that it was not his" (Shakespeare's), but that he only gave "some master-touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters." Henslowe mentions a "Titus and Andronicus," a new play, acted Jan. 23, 1594, but it is very doubtful whether it was a Shakesperian play.

"Titus Andronicus" is, however, rejected by a majority of English critics as being in style and subject unlike his other plays.

"Shakespeare's tragedy is never bloodily sensual; • • • this play is a perfect slaughter-house," says Dowden, "and the blood makes appeal to all the senses. • • • It

reeks blood, it smells of blood, we almost feel that we have handled blood—it is so gross."

Collier thinks, in accordance with his opinion upon Marlowe, that the play is genuine, and that as a poetical production it has not been accorded justice. Many of the German critics, among them Prof. Gervinus, regard "Titus Andronicus" as Shakespeare's. According to their views, he had not the refinement of feeling which he acquired in his maturity. Was his moral and aesthetic nature early transformed by a powerful revolution? Yes, says Gervinus. In this first attempt at tragedy he was tempted to compete with Marlowe, and others of the day. This was his first example of tragedy, standing out with "Romeo and Juliet" and "Hamlet."

Opposed to this view we have the testimony of such critics as Theobald, Jonson, Drake, Dyce, Hallam, Coleridge and Walker, who reject the play entirely. With these the metre and style decide against Shakespeare. The diction is for the most part devoid of imagery, and without his tendency to rare expressions, reflective sayings and sentences. The bombast of Aaron the Moor, is, according to Coleridge, out-heroding Herod, which the poet so abhors in "Hamlet."

Mr. Richard Grant White takes the view that "Titus Andronicus" is the joint work of Greene, Marlowe, and Shakespeare, written by them together for the Earl of Pembroke's company; but he is almost alone in this opinion.

Many of the critics, including Malone, Ingleby, and Staunton, think it was touched up by Shakespeare. It belongs in matter as well as style to the older school which Shakespeare set aside. We do not feel at home in it. Perused with the works of the earlier dramatists, we find ourselves upon the same ground. With the excep-

tion of a few passages, the play is entirely un-Shakespearian.

A close examination of the text reveals the work of a hand other than Shakespeare's. In his earlier plays the proportion of unstopt to end-stopt lines is very small, ranging from one in ten to one in eighteen. If "Titus Andronicus" is Shakespeare's, we should find the proportion about the same; yet it is hardly over one in eight. The number of weak endings is much larger, as well as of double endings, than in other plays of the same date. In his earlier works there is a large number of rhymes, yet "Titus Andronicus" has only eighteen in all. All verse-tests tend to disprove its Shakespearian origin. Nowhere else has he used this regular blank verse. Another feature is the recurrence of Latin quotations, which are not found in other works. The use of the repeated line, or almost the same words in two lines near each other, is also unlike his verse.

But there are other things than verse tests to prove its alien authorship. Furnivall says: "To me the play cries out, 'I am not Shakespeare's; my repulsive subject, my blood and horrors, are not, and never were, his.' It is tragedy only in the coarsest material relationship. His other writings lead us to believe that Shakespeare did not enter into this Sturm und Drang (storm and stress) movement, which urged Schiller to write his 'Robbers.' 'Titus Andronicus' is evidently the product of this movement."

Compare this with other plays. Nowhere has the poet created such a character as Aaron, who "cursed the day in which he did not some notorious ill." Even Iago in all his evil doings, Edmund, Shylock, or Richard did not attain unto such unparalleled wickedness. The whole impression which we receive speaks with almost overwhelm-

ing testimony against Shakespearian origin. The coarseness of its characterization, the lack of even ordinary probability of its actions, the unnatural motives assigned to them, are all utterly foreign to his works. A young writer's style may be perverted, his taste go astray; but "that which is deeper than all this—the estimate of man, the deduction of motives, the general contemplations of human nature"— is developed at an early stage. Shakespeare always knew how to devise the most natural motives for strangest actions. Nowhere else has he grounded his plot upon the most apparent improbability.

Notice the inconsistencies brought out in the plot. Titus murders Alarbus in cold blood, and then expects thanks of Tamora for her elevation.

Revengeful Tamora! Titus knows perfectly well her feelings, yet does not guess the author of the revengeful plot on Lavinia. His daughter is in full possession of all her faculties, save that of speech, and perfectly conscious of all going on; yet it is at length by mere accident that Lavinia reveals her secret. And later Tamora suffers herself to be allured by the same clumsy dissimulation by which Titus himself had been deceived.

Comparing "Titus Andronicus" with "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," it seems well-nigh impossible that they were written at so nearly the same date if by the same author This is another evidence that Shakespeare did not write the former.

Crude and barbarous though the play is, we must agree with the critics that it contains some passages much above the rest. We give below some of those commonly assigned to Shakespeare.

The speech of Bassianus in the first scene, beginning "Romans, friends, followers," suggests the beginning of Mark Antony's oration. In Act II, Scene 2, the lines

"She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won,"

suggests passages in Richard III and Henry VI.

A beautiful simile is expressed in the first scene:

"Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weighed her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome."

And again,

"Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge,"

reminds us of Portia's famous speech.

Other passages are as follows:

Act I—Scene 1.

"See, lord and father, how we have performed
Our Roman rites."

Act II—Scene 2.

"The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant and the woods are green;
Uncouple here and let us make a bay
And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride
And rouse the Prince and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise."

Act III—Scene 3.

"My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush,
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind
And make a checquer'd shadow on the ground."

Act IV—Scene 4.

These lines have the true Shakesperian ring:

"Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing
He can at pleasure stint their melody;
Even so mays't thou the giddy men of Rome."

Act V—Secene 3.

"Come hither, boy; come, and learn of us
To melt in showers; thy grandsire loved thee well;
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so."

These passages are strong evidence of the touch of a master-hand. Even Coleridge admits that they are probably Shakespearian. That he had some connection with a play upon the subject seems certain by the mention of Meres, and by its publication in the First Folio.

In summing up the evidence and drawing conclusions, we quote Prof. Rolfe:

"It may at first seem strange that his (Shakespeare's) name should have come to be associated with a work in which we find so few traces of his hand; but he may have improved the old play in other ways than by re-writing any considerable portion of it—by omissions, re-arrangement of scenes, and the like—and its great popularity in the revised form may have led to its being commonly known as 'Shakespeare's Titus Andronicus,' (in distinction from the earlier version, whos(es)oever it may have been), until at length it came to be generally regarded as one of his original productions."

Still we have reached no conclusion as to the author of this earlier edition. A reference in Ben Jonson fixes its date as previous to 1589. That it was a play of that period, and was touched by Shakespeare, we may accept as the opinion best supported by internal evidence and

by the weight of critical authority. R. G. White suggests Marlowe or Peele as its probable author; Green's name has also been mentioned, while it is not impossible that others may have had a hand in it. It belongs to the Pre-Shakespearian group of bloody tragedies of which Thomas Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy" is the most conspicuous example; and yet few of the important critics have seriously considered Kyd as its probable author.

Let us pause to notice "The Spanish Tragedy." The earliest extant edition in undated, but is printed for Edward White, the publisher of "Titus Andronicus." Jonson is said to have made additions to the play, but they are much unlike his other writings. It is typical of that species of which Kyd may be called the founder.

The author was evidently a well-educated man, making free use of classical mythology. It is not a bad piece of work, reminding us in some instances of "Hamlet." Frequent references to the same things and other features compel our notice of the similarity between "Titus Andronicus" and "The Spanish Tragedy." For example, take the versification.

The proportion of unstopt to end-stopt lines is about one in seven; in "Titus Andronicus" it is only one in eight or nine. There are twenty-seven examples of rhymes occurring in "The Spanish Tragedy," eighteen in "Titus Andronicus;" the proportion is almost identical. Other verse tests show marked similarity in construction. Another circumstance is the frequent use made by Kyd of Latin quotations. These occur in no other Shakespearian production than "Titus Andronicus," and many of the quotations in the two plays are from the same authors.

But for other reasons it seems not at all improbable that Kyd wrote the original tragedy of "Titus Androni-

cus." Let us enter into a more detailed comparison of this with his "Spanish Tragedy."

Their title pages are somewhat similar. We find in the chorus the impersonation of Revenge, recalling Tamora's attempted deception of Titus. "The Spanish Tragedy" furnishes five murders, two suicides, two judicial executions, and one death by duel. In the Roman play, twelve out of the fifteen most important characters are killed, while in the former Kyd eventually despatches ten out of thirteen. In both almost none survive to bury the dead. The deliberate act of Hieronimo in biting out his tongue suggests Titus's willing sacrifice of a hand.

The principal characters are also much alike. Compare the old gentleman, Hieronimo, craftily working out his plot, with Titus; Lorenzo, the consummate villain, with Aaron; Belt-imperia, the beautiful and injured lady, with Lavinia.

The two first-named characters warrant a more extended comparison. How similar are the dialogues of Hieronimo to the conversations of Titus! Both are old men, high officials and worthy servants of their country, mistreated and abused, yet eventually getting vengeance before their death. This vengeance is in each instance accomplished by scheming and deception.

In Act V, Scene 2, Titus says:

> "Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines:
> Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
> Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
> Witness all sorrow, that I knew thee well
> For our proud empress, mighty Tamora."

With these lines compare the speech of Hieronimo in Act IV, Scene 3:

> "Heere lay my hope, and heere my hope hath end;
> Heere lay my hart, and heere my hart was slaine; . . . .
> Forth from these wounds came breath that gave me life;
> They murdered me that made these fatall marks."

Note the pretended friendship of Hieronimo for Lorenzo and Balthazar, and Titus's skillful deception of Tamora in Act V, Scene 2. Also compare the following:

Act II, Scene 4—Hieronimo (over the dead body of Horatio),

> "Alas! it is Horatio, my sweet sonne! . . . .
> Oh speak, if any spark of life remaine!
> I am thy father. Who hath slain my sonne?
> What savadge monster, not of humane kinde,
> Hath here beene glutted with thy harmless blood,
> And left thy bloudie corpse dishonoured heere, ...
> For me amidst these dark and deathfull shades
> To drowne thee with an ocean of my tears?"

Act III, Scene 1—(Titus to Lavinia):

> "Dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul—
> . . . . what shall I do
> Now I behold thy lively body so?
> Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
> Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
> Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
> Or make some sign how I may do thee ease."

These and other passages reveal a striking similarity in the style of the two plays.

Commenting upon the scene between Hieronimo and the painter, Symonds throws out the following suggestion:

"Had the author of 'Titus Andronicus' anything to do with these scenes? In the lunacies of Titus did he simply dilute the frenzy of Hieronimo?"

He thus hints at the fact which we are trying to establish, namely: that both plays are by the same author. These brief incidents show a similarity, but the most convincing proof is in the general construction of the productions. The plan, the method of development, the versification, all give signs of the same hand in both.

Summing up, we have the following evidence: Both

were published by the same man, Edward White, the author of each was a well-educated man, fond of Latin quotations; the verse-tests give nearly identical results; both are tragedies of the blood-and-thunder variety, products of the same movement; the leading characters are very similar; and more than all, the general make-up, style, and character of the two plays are much alike.

Taking these facts into consideration, we seem warranted in the inference that both are by the same author, Thomas Kyd. "The Spanish Tragedy" is the better piece of work of the two, and we may suppose that it is of later composition. Careful investigation gives rise to the theory that "Titus Andronicus" was one of the earlier works of Thomas Kyd, slightly altered and revised by Shakespeare and incorporated among his works, until it became known as one of his original productions.

A TROPHY OF WAR

BY C. D. CREASMAN.

"Son" was a little yellow darky with thin face and slender form. He was raised in a mountain village where race prejudice ran high and the frequent fights between white men and negroes were imitated among the boys of the two races, sometimes with serious results. His companion was a short, fat lad whose face was the blackest I ever saw. It literally glistened in the sun-light and reminded one of a polished piece of ebony or the side of a new coal-car. It was so shiny that it suggested the name, "Snow Ball," which name he was generally known by. But although he was unlike "Son" in form and features he was like him in essentials. They were both darkies.

They had hired themselves to the people of the community (as had a number of the white boys) to graze their cows, there being no fenced pasture for that purpose. This industry (if I ought to call it such) furnished fine opportunities for mischief-loving boys to give vent to their hatred of the negroes. The story which I shall relate shows something of the life of these boys.

One day "Son" and "Snow Ball" went to the common pasture grounds with their cows. There had already reached it two white boys, one about the age of the darkies, and the other quite small. Very little difficulty was met with in getting a quarrel started. The darkies seemed to have some doubt, however, as to its outcome and it was soon ended by their retiring to another place. But as they left "Son" turned to promise the white boys that he would be on hand that afternoon "fixed t' git eb'm."

He was as good as his word and appeared early after dinner before the other boys came. His opponent (the small boy took no part) was not long behind him, and when he appeared it was a signal for action. "Snow Ball" stood by a big tree with several smooth stones in his hand while "Son" advanced to open up the fight. He was artistically profane, and I never heard a boy get such a "cussin" as he delivered to his enemy. Walt Redmond stood perfectly still, with his stout arms folded and looking down under his heavy eye-brows, apparently in deep meditation. "Something is going to happen soon," I thought, as I watched the quarrel. "You see dis razor?" said "Son," brandishing an ugly looking instrument in his hand very near Walt's nose. "Dat's what I's gwin t' carve yo' liver wid right now d'rec'ly, you blame fir'd po' white trash what t'ink you's better'n a nigge'. Look me in de eye an' le' me tells you dat I's a dangus coon wid a razor. You done been foolin' wid me long 'nough. I's tol' you time ag'in to lef' me 'lone an' you aint done it. Now I's gwine t' split you wide op'm right here, you low down scrapin's ef de ear'f what done lick all de lasses off my co'n bread an' den call me nigge'. I can whup leb'nteen thousand po' white fo'ks 'fo' daylight wid dis here instrument an' I's gwine t' cut dat froat ef yo's clean off 'fo' I gits frough wid you—

But suddenly Walt seemed to come to his senses. He made a quick "flank movement" and struck "Son" under the left jaw which sent him staggering to the ground. At the same instant he stooped to pick up a stone. It was well that he stooped, for as he struck "Son," "Snow Ball" aimed a whizzing missile at his head. As it passed over him he straightened up and threw with such force that the stone skinned a large place on the tree in front of which "Snow Ball" stood. It made such a profound

impression on him that he wasted no time in making himself scarce around that place. Walt turned to "Son" who was picking himself up and looking as though he had been kicked by both heels of a mule. "Whar's my razor?" he whined. Walt picked it up and said, "Here's mine, I guess you aint got none."

"Son" saw what had happened, and, realizing that he had lost, began begging. "Boss Walt, please gi'me dat razor back. You knows I's jes' a foolin'. I wouldn't a cut you fo' ha'f a dolla'. An' besides dat ain' my razor. It's dad's, an' he take an' beat de stuffin' out'n me ef I done los' it."

"Well," broke in Walt, "if you think he will I won't take the trouble to lick you any more. You ain't worth more than two lickin's a day nohow. But tell your dad if he don't put it across you right I'll finish up his job tomorrow. So far as this razor is concerned, it's mine. I ain't around whuppin' niggers for nothin' these days. To the victor belongs the spoils."

And no amount of pleading the negro could do availed anything.

Several years passed by and the boys grew to be young men. Walt went west and was not heard of for several years. When the late war broke out he joined the "Rough Riders" and went into service. At the battle around Santiago one of the bravest of our brave men fell. As a negro hospital corps was gathering up the dead, a tall, slender mulatto stooped to lift a shattered form gently into the ambulance. He hesitated a moment, stood surprised, and exclaimed, "Walt Redmond!" Then his mind ran rapidly back over the years and he recalled many instances in the life of his stern yet real friend. As he thought he remembered the day when Walt won his razor. Then he said to himself, "I want's dat

razor t' r'member him by, an' I's gwine t'aks fo' it." When the bodies of the dead were placed in a row for identification he stood by Walt and when the officer came by he told him his name and said:

"I want's to know ef I cin look frough his tent and see ef I cin fin' his razor."

"What do you want with his razor?" said the officer, and "Son" told the story.

"Well," said the officer, smiling sadly," he was certainly a good fighter, and if he fought you that day as well as he did the Spaniards this, I guess he won the razor. But I think you've won it back and I know he would be willing for you to have it, so if you can find it, it's yours."

"Son" went straight to Walt's tent and entered. Several hours later he was seen sitting at the door of it holding an old razor in his hand, and the living hero had the trophy of the dead.

THE PASSING YEAR

H. K. W., '08

The year groweth old,
  He is crowned now with gold,
But his glory must pass,
  Like a tale that is told.

His strength faileth fast,
  All his dreams are the past,
For his hopes have borne fruit,
  And are fled on the blast.

Winter, weave him a shroud,
  Wind, wail thou aloud,
And so grant him to die
  The death of the proud.

The year is grown old,
  He hath garnered his gold,
And his glory is past,
  Like a tale that is told.

"JANET"

CHAS. M. OLIVER, '10.

The sun was just beginning to peep over the Eastern hills and to cast its sparkling beams through the frost laden air, when a young man, wearing a grey uniform came out of a clump of bushes leading a beautiful grey mare by the bridle. He led her around the woods to a camp that was situated at the foot of a heavily timbered hill, and throwing the reins over the horse's head he entered a tent. He remained for fifteen or twenty minutes and the mare growing impatient pawed the ground and whinnied slightly. "All right Sara," he said in a high baritone voice from the doorway. "I'm coming and we will soon be there." He threw a cavalry saddle on the mare's back and springing lightly in it rode swiftly down the road.

What a picture he made, tall and muscular, his stately carriage and horsemanship showed the Virginia gentleman, his square set jaw the fighter, and his merry blue eyes betrayed the lover. He was dressed in a new uniform with dark brown riding boots, and his hat sat just a little to one side displaying a high forehead, a rather large nose, and a mouth about which a smile continually played. Ah, he was handsome was this soldier boy of twenty-two!

"Think of it, Sara, just fifteen miles to the 'Oaks,' the home of the greatest little girl in all Dixie Land," he said as he bent forward and gently patted the neck of his horse. "Do I love her much? Did ever man love woman half so much?" he whispered passionately, and the mare seemed to understand for she pricked up her

ears and lengthened her strides. "When will this hellish war end? When will these days of agony and suffering, of struggle and death end? These days when brother meets brother at the cannon's mouth and neither has time to offer a prayer for the other's safety before both are blown into eternity. How I long for the peaceful days of my boy-hood to return when I can gather my little Janet in my arms and call her my own. She is suffering now for food, for the necessaries of life and I am unable to give them to her. O God, how it hurts! Hasten the close of this period of suffering I beseech of thee, O Lord." He rode on in silence, the handsome face showing the pain that his heart was enduring.

Having rested at a small house for some minutes, he resumed his journey and after another hour's ride he cantered up a small hill, on top of which stood a large white house. It was built on the old Colonial style with a wide veranda in front and four large columns standing like mighty sentinels, guarding the home of Major Hamilton.

As the rider approached a gate at the end of the avenue, a girlish figure came running down the walk to meet him. Her face was radiant as she opened the gate and cried, "I knew you would come, you dear old boy, you. I've been watching since sunrise this morning and I have not been disappointed." He looked down into the depths of her brown eyes and whispered, "I too have been looking forward to this moment when I could tell you once again of my regard for you. O my little sweetheart, little do you dream of the boundless and fathomless love that my heart holds for you." He encircled her small waist with his powerful arm and she trustingly looked up. He kissed her tenderly and they walked on in silence, for their happiness needed no expression.

Arriving at the door an elderly lady came forward to greet the visitor, and from her cordial tones and the delighted face of Uncle Ben, the family coachman, who came running around the house to tell "Marse Robbie, howdy," it would not take many minutes for an observer to see that Robert Gordon was welcome.

"Come in and let's have a little 'snack,' for I know that you are hungry after having ridden such a long distance," called Mrs. Norris from the dining-room. "There is not a great deal left for the Yankees have stripped us of everything that is of any use. It is not like the old times when all the servants and even the dogs had an abundance of food." A tear trickeled down the wrinkled cheek, and Janet, glancing over at her aunt, said reprovingly, "Think how much worse off we might be Auntie. There are lots of people who haven't got even a crust of bread to eat. We should be thankful that we have a place to live and pillows on which to lay our heads." Robert looked up at her noble little face and worshipped her.

The meal was interrupted here by the hasty arrival of "Uncle Sam" from the front porch, who hastily announced, "De Yankees am comin' up de lane." Every one jumped to their feet in consternation, and Robert began to see where his arms were, preparatory to making a rush for his horse.

"Come with me," said Janet in a steady voice, "and jump into this closet quickly. Meet me in an hour and a half at the ferry." She hastily closed the oaken panel and started from the sitting room when she heard a voice calling in the front hall, "Where is the Rebel?" Janet came through the door with compressed lips and white little cheeks where the roses had lately been and asked, "What can I do for you, sir?"

"Haven't you got a Confederate soldier concealed in this house?"

Without a moment's hesitation she answered, "Yes, sir."

"Where is he? Show him to me quick. I haven't got all day to stand here and wait your pleasure in this matter." These words seemed to have no effect whatever on Janet, for she walked over to the door and stood gazing far out into the hills beyond.

"Say, wake up there. Are you going to show me where your Rebel is?"

"No, sir."

"Why ain't you, ye little Rebel yourself? Yes, you are going to show me where he is too," and with an oath he started toward the girl threateningly.

"Stand back you coward," cried the girl, as with face aflame and eyes blazing with anger she threw a small pocket revolver in the face of the soldier. The officer somewhat abashed at this show of nerve, gave the order for the house to be searched, and following them up stairs she disappeared. Swiftly the girl ran into her father's closet and snatched from the hook an old gray suit that her uncle had worn before he was killed. Slipping it on and turning the collar up she ran through the hall catching up her lover's cap, to the horse that stood tied to the fence. Jumping into the saddle she started through the yard just as the soldiers came down from the garret. One of them happening to look through the window saw the grey figure riding down the avenue, and with a cry of surprise he sprang down the steps, giving the cry of alarm.

Soon four men were in hot pursuit, but Sara was in the lead and she knew that something was wrong for she ran harder than she had ever run before. Janet rode on for several miles and then doubled back to the river, for

in half an hour she would join Robert and tell him good-bye.

In the meantime, having escaped from the house, Robert Gordon stood waiting for Janet, wondering by what means she had withdrawn the soldiers from the house, giving him an opportunity to escape. He did not have to wait long for up the bank of the river he saw her galloping towards him with a little smile of triumph glowing on her face. "How beautiful she is," he thought, "and just as noble and true as she is lovely." She came up wearing the tattered old uniform, the sleeves of which came down over her hands, her whole figure being swallowed up in the large folds of the coat and trousers. Rob's cap sat jauntily on one side of her head and down over her neck, one or two truant locks had stolen from the golden mass above. The cheeks once more held their roses and between her lips a row of pearls gleamed.

She turned and looked at the sun and exclaimed, "You must go, Rob. It is late and you had best get back to camp before dark." She sprang lightly from the horse and looking bravely into the eyes of the man that she loved said falteringly, "I know it's hard for you to leave but your duty, your duty first." The sturdy frame of the man who never flinched in the face of battle, swayed slightly with emotion and the voice of the man who feared no danger, trembled as he told the woman that he loved, good-bye, whispering hoarsely, "God only knows."

* * * * * * *

The noise and conflict of a terrible battle had ceased and silence reigned supreme, save for an occasional groan from some dying fellow whom death, having reaped a rich harvest that day, had forgotten for the moment and left lying in pain. Above the tall pine trees the sad-faced moon rose, casting her silver rays over the battle-field and adding a more pallid tint to the faces of those

whom Death had touched and claimed as her own. Beyond the valley, the Susquehanna wound its way around the hills and as it flowed by the blood-soaked field it hushed its merry laughter and murmured softly, vainly trying to drown the hollow and ghostlike notes of an owl. A whippoorwill whistled once, then stopped, wondering why the breeze had grown silent, and unable to understand the strange stillness.

From the upper end of the opening the figure of a girl appeared, her clothing torn, her hands scratched by the cruel briars, and her hair flowing loosely over her shoulders. She stooped and peered eagerly into the face of each stiff and lifeless body. Her cheeks were as pale as the moon-beams and the eyes that were wont to be soft and tender stared tearlessly and wistfully about her over the field. "Rob, O Rob, where are you? Call me Robbie and I'll come. Your little Janet is looking for you," she called pathetically. She staggered on and the kindly moon looking down wept, and the merry stars grew dim for very pity. On she searched up and down the lines of slaughtered soldiers, and as the last ray of hope fluttered from her noble heart she saw the face of her lover lying in a pool of blood. She rushed forward and with low cry fell over his body.

Morning came and with it the ambulance corps. to bury their dead and to relieve the suffering of those who might be alive. Finding the couple they removed them to a near by house where medical attention was given them. After many days and weeks of lingering illness Janet recovered sufficiently to nurse Robert who for a long time hung in the balance between life and death. (Finally, however, he grew well and married Janet, and as the old stories end, "They lived happily ever afterwards.")

CICERO'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

H. K. W., '08.

Of all the men who, in the ancient days, contributed to make the "grandeur that was Rome," few are more familiar to the world today than Cicero. As an orator he stands without a peer in the annals of Rome, as a man of letters he is almost universally conceded to be the central figure in the history of Latin literature, while by his work in the field of philosophy he has "builded a monument more enduring than bronze, more lofty than the regal elevation of the pyramids."

Born at Arpinium in the year 106 B. C., and educated under the direction of a wise and cultured parent, Cicero, from the first, showed himself an eager student. When he had exhausted the educational facilities of his native town he was taken to Rome, and there Philo, Phaedrus, and Diodotus, the Stoic, were among his teachers. After having completed his education at Rome, he decided, though he had already won no mean reputation in the forum, to visit Greece and Asia, for the sake of further study in rhetoric and philosophy. The greater part of his time, on this visit, was spent at Athens or at Rhodes, and at each of these cities Cicero was careful to place himself under the direction of the best and most famous teachers.

Cicero's zeal for knowledge did not abate but rather increased as he grew older. He continued a student to the end of his life. Finally, when a ripe old-age had matured his judgment, mellowed his style, and deepened his thought, he gave to the literature of his nation those philosophical works which served not only to stay the

degeneracy of his own times, but which have been also fountains of inspiration to students of every succeeding generation.

However, Cicero was not, nor did he profess to be, the founder of any separate system or distinct school of philosophy. He simply made known to his countrymen what had already been wrought out by the Greeks; but there is little danger of over-estimating the service which he thus rendered his country. Among the educated classes of his day belief in the old Roman gods was gone, and faith in the fanciful religion of their fathers had passed away. Thus philosophy was for them the one rock of refuge from the fierce billows of immorality and vice which were sweeping over the decaying commonwealth.

In philosophy Cicero calls himself an eclectic, that is, one who refuses to confine himself to any single system and so remains free to accept whatever seems good, to reject whatever seems bad, in all. Nevertheless he is so nearly a Stoic that some have claimed him as a disciple of that school.

First, he holds the cardinal doctrine of the Stoics, namely, that virtue is the highest good and the supreme end of life. Without it, he believes, nothing, not even friendship is worth while; with it, he holds, all things are possible and happiness is sure, even to old age. Virtue, to Cicero, means a life conformed to and controlled by the laws of nature, and these laws, he maintains, find their fullest expression and most excellent manifestation in the action of God upon the world. Thus we see that Cicero believes that it is the duty of man to mix himself with action, not to selfishly withdraw from society. He teaches that the virtuous life is the life of action, and that the active life is the happy life.

As regards external misfortunes and blessings, however, Cicero can not so fully accept the stern doctrine of the Stoics. His nature, keenly sensitive alike to both pleasure and pain, is unable to make either a matter of indifference. Pleasure of itself, he thinks, will come uncalled for when virtue is followed, and is then not to be despised; while, on the other hand, he strenuously insists that it is never to be made the sole object of human endeavor. Grief and pain, he admits, may not always be regarded as matters of indifference, yet no wise man, he asserts, can allow these to interfere with his daily occupation or to interrupt his duties. In his life and in his writings there is confession that the loss of a dear one distresses him greatly, but nothing could be more emphatic than his statement that he is unable to conceive how any calamity which could befall a man should be sufficient cause for interrupting duties which he is physically able to perform.

In speculative philosophy Cicero holds, with the Socratic school, that a high degree of probability alone is attainable in human knowledge, and that absolute certainty is beyond the bounds of human reason, "there being no absolute criterion of truth and falsehood." From the charge of lack of conviction and settled principle of action he defends himself by declaring that he accepts and pursues the probable just as eagerly as others pursue and accept what they, with unsagelike rashness, call certain. Thus he contends that he cultivates all their virtues, while avoiding their errors.

It is in his spirit, then, that Cicero approaches the grave questions of the existence of a God, and of the immortality and future state of the soul. As regards the first of these, Cicero is persuaded that there is one God,

a Supreme Being, the Creator of the Universe, without whom there was not anything made which is made. As argument for the probability of this theory he calls attention to the order, the system, and the beauty of the universe, to the wisdom manifest in the workings of nature; to the absurdity of believing that order, law and beauty are the result of chance.

Cicero teaches also the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and of its separate existence after death. In support of this faith he cites the argument of Plato, that is, that the very hunger of the soul for immortality argues that it is immortal, while its nature indicates that it can not be destroyed. "Such," says Cicero, "is the activity of our souls, so tenacious is their memory of things past, such their sagacity in regard to things to come that surely the nature which comprises these qualities can but be immortal."

With respect to the future state it is Cicero's hope that when the soul departs from the body it returns to the heaven from which it came, to the God who is its home, and, furthermore, that the return is "speediest to the most virtuous and just." Life on earth he considers a state or a trial or a kind of school, which fits one for the life to come, while he looks upon the body as a prison house from which it will be a joy to escape. "I believe," he declares, "that the immortal gods have planted souls in human bodies in order that there may exist beings to tend the earth, and, by contemplating the order of the heavenly bodies, to imitate this order in the manner and regularity of their lives. From this life, then, I shall depart as from a mere temporary lodging, not as from a home."

This is, in brief, Cicero's philosophy of life. One can

hardly study it without being made better by it. Its bold optimism reminds us of Browning, the line of argument often calls to memory the writings of Paul, while in its groping faith we sometimes hear, it seems, the voice of the patriarchs of old, and we wonder whether Cicero, too, looking down the ages, saw not the vision of a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

A FROSTY MORNING

BY R. L. McMILLAN.

Bre'r Rabbit quits his cozy bed,
Aroused from sleep by barking Ned,
And leaves behind his heated burrow,
And scampers o'er the frosted furrow.

The squirrels leap from nest to limb,
The blackbirds chant their tuneless hymn;
The hawk soars 'round with watchful eye,
A speck against the clear, blue sky.

Walter and Ed. their fingers blow,
While to the cotton patch they go.
The frozen helve the axeman heats,
And from his boot the stiff mud beats.

The whistling schoolboy passes by,
With glowing cheek and sparkling eye.
His dog-wood bow he raises high,
And menaces the passer-by.

The bright sun melts the frozen dew.
The white robe passes from our view,
Like visions built in restful dreams,
On balmy eves, by murm'ring streams.

EVER A SERVANT

BY LEE WEATHERS.

Around the big, blazing wood fire sat the family of Capt. Tom Wise. As is usually the case with poor people, many children graced the fireside, some reciting their lessons, some cracking nuts, and two of the smaller ones stretched on the floor wholly unconscious of the outer world and dreaming of their past day's sports and experiences. In the corner sat the old negro house-servant, Levi Long, with his massive jaws resting in the palms of his hands, listening to the various stories of the old Confederate as he related them to his children.

It was in the month of November and the weather was rather cool and damp. The wind was whistling through the cracks of the door and now and then a stiff breeze blew heavy drops of rain against the window panes. Only the blaze of the pine knots and one dim candle lighted the low room and silhouetted the eager faces on the blank walls. A stick of wood in the fireplace burned in two and fell with a heavy thud in the ashes. Levi braced up; this reminded him that no more wood was in the house and the fire needed replenishing. He rose from his seat and crept stealthily out of the door to the woodpile to return in a few seconds with the news of some one's approach. In this remote settlement hardly a passer-by escaped without some notice. But the noise to-night was unusually striking and sounded like a band of cavalrymen crossing the bridge at the creek. Levi dropped his armful of pine knots on the hearth, caught his slouch hat from his head and with a mischievous swirl scattered raindrops in the faces of the several chil-

dren. While the bright little faces were laughing, the noise became closer; Levi hissed "Shee" and all became quiet.

"Dar's a hundred horses crossin' de bridge and comin' up by de house," warned Levi, rolling his big, white eyes toward the window.

Presently a voice rang out, "Captain, we give Nelse Crowder hell to-night." The old Confederate walked to the window, the startled children following, and looked out into the darkness, but only caught a glimpse of the white-robed horsemen as they vanished through the misty rain.

"Dem's de Ku Kluxes, ain't dey, Marse Tom?" whispered Levi, with his eyes still looking toward the window.

"Yes, and they've whipped old Nelse Crowder to-night, just as I expected," replied Captain Wise, as he resumed his seat before the replenished fire. "That's the usual fate of these mean niggers. I never favored the Ku Klux raids much, but sometimes I think it's the only way to keep these lawless niggers from taking our house and property."

"Well, Jim Perks tells me dese Ku Klux ain't nobody but poor white trash, nohow, and ef dey eber pester dis nigger I'se gwine ter kill me a man." At this Levi drew from his ragged clothing a hand-forged razor of extraordinary size. "See dis, Marse Tom, and dis," drawing from another part of his person an old, rusty pistol and brandishing them both above his head in utter defiance of any visit by the night marauders.

"Look here, Levi, where did you get those weapons?" asked the old Confederate in surprise at the negro's boldness.

"Gosh, Marse Tom, we bin hearin' 'bout dem fellers

whippin' de cullered gemmen ob de neighborhood, so Misser Rose sole me dis gun fér eight dollars, and I forged dis razoo down ter de shop, and I'se carrin' 'em fer protect'un." Mr. Rose, by the way, was a carpet-bagger in the settlement and candidate for sheriff of the county. He was arming the negroes and had succeeded in convincing Levi that his body was in danger of harm at the hands of the Ku Klux.

"Now, listen to me, Levi," began Captain Wise slowly, leaning forward in his chair and looking straight into the eyes of the old negro. "I've raised you practically, and you've been under the roof of my house for nigh thirty years. You were a slave once, but when the war was ended and freedom and the right to vote were given you at one single sweep, you were made my equal in the eyes of the law. I came home from the war and found you still here faithful as ever; when my other slaves had left the plantation. According to right, I gave you the choice of leaving too, or of staying under my protection. You chose the latter. And since then you've never wanted for anything and have had almost the same privileges as my own children. You were faithful, 'tis true, and we've given you credit and protection for all, but here at last some durned carpet-bagger, who seeks your vote, has stuffed your head full of rotten ideas, and you, like the other poor, ignorant niggers, have believed everything."

At this Levi slowly rose and cautiously laid the heavy weapons on the high mantle, then resumed his seat on the box. Not a word was spoken and the children looked eagerly into their father's stern face as he continued slowly:

"I've noticed this change in you since the Bureau man

talked to you two months ago, and it has at last come to a turning point. You've been associating with those rowdy niggers and don't stay with me half the time. I've heard several threats you made about the Ku Klux, and if they get news of it you may expect a visit from them any night. You know that nigger they whipped last night had been stealing meat all over the neighborhood. Loss Nelson, whom they beat last week, insulted little Miss Bettie Perkins by proposing marriage to her, and Bill Camp burned widow Crowder's barn, mules, cows,—everything. So the Ku Klux ain't going to trouble you unless you get mean, and I'll protect you from any harm as long as you behave yourself."

"But, Marse Tom, Misser Rose says I'se er good man and he wants me ter jine de Union League," replied Levi.

"D— that man Rose," broke in Captain Wise, emphasizing his remarks by pounding his clenched fist on the arm of his chair. "He'll tell you anything for your vote, and if you listen to what he says you'll be in trouble head over heels. You may join the League if you want to, but I advise you to stop carrying those weapons, stay at home, listen to nobody's advice but mine, and, above all, cease making threats about what you *will* do."

The hour was growing late, and the children one by one sought their beds in another room, while the two smaller ones were quietly undressed and laid in the little trundle bed. Levi repaired to his one-roomed shanty in the yard deeply troubled over the scoldings of his lenient master.

It was nearly morning when he awoke from his troubled dreams. The rain had ceased, the stars were shining, and through the window the full moon, lifting itself on

the solemn pines without, looked into his close apartment. He stirred from his shanty, and when the sun was full over the tree tops, the stock had been fed; he, too, had eaten a hearty breakfast and was off to the woods with the wagon to haul winter's wood into town.

Slowly and steadily he passed back and forth from the forest to the town, until the first trip after the noon hour found him in town with his empty wagon. Negroes were congregating at the different corners, some clad in brilliant uniforms, talking and laughing in loud guffaws, occasionally uttering bitter oaths.

He could not withstand the temptation to join the crowds. Hitching his team of mules to a tree in the public square, he was ushered down to the League's headquarters and issued a uniform and rifle. The negro officer tried to teach him the tactics, but with little result, for he was almost as ignorant as Levi himself. That afternoon the company of negroes paraded up and down the main streets of the little town, drilling in private yards, commanding the public highways and disregarding law and order in general. The blue uniforms, brass buttons, rifles and the music of a drum bewildered the poor old negro until he lost all sense of time. Sun was down before he realized what he was about. The company was dismissed, Levi changed into his work clothes, and being a little skeptical about his membership in the League the leader allowed him the special privilege of taking the uniform home with him, thinking that might strengthen his loyalty.

When the wagon pulled out it was loaded with negroes going back home. Now and then one would drop off at a cross-roads until Roland Hardy was the only companion Levi had.

"Levi, why don't yer leave dat ole cuss, no how? Ef

yer make o' faithful member ob de League yer might git a govermint job, what pays big money. Don't yer know yer ain't no longer got ter 'bey ole Marse Tom, but we is free and equal ez eny o' dem white bucks."

"I knows I'se a free man, but I didn't hab nowhere's ter go when de war wuz ober, and had ter stay wid Marse Tom. He shore treats me nice, but I'se gwine ter jine der League and git er job in town, I is. I don't stay wid ole Marse Tom lack I use ter, no how, and bimeby I's gwine ter turn up missin', 'fore long. I hates mighty bad ter leave der missus and her chillun, but I'se gwine ter jine der Union and be er gobermint man." As Levi spoke he looked proudly to his uniform and grinned.

When the team came within hearing distance of the house, his companion slipped from the wagon and disappeared. Levi drove into the yard, tucked his new uniform under his coat shamefully and hid it under the corner of the crib. Night had already fallen and "Marse Tom" had been rather uneasy about his team. He reproached Levi for his late arrival, but the old negro was ready with his excuse, "Marse Tom, I'se so tired I can't hardly walk. De lass load o' wood turn ofen de waggen two times 'fore I git outer dat new road and I had ter load it ergin misself."

Three days later one of Levi's negro friends invited him over to a 'possum hunt. Accustomed to the privilege of going when and where he pleased, he accepted.

The afternoon was well gone when he went to the stables to bridle the old gray mule. At one vigorous leap he threw himself astride the mule's bare back, pulled the reins and was off. Over the hill he rode, anticipating the fun of the evening. Not a care weighed on his peaceful mind, and he whistled merrily. A molly-cotton-tail tripped limply across the road in front of

him, and the mule dropped its long ears forward in sudden surprise. The superstitious negro ceased whistling and began wondering what bad-luck was coming.

"'Taint no use ter hunt now. We ain't gwine ter ketch no 'possums dis night," thought Levi to himself.

Before going much further he heard the screaming of a screech-owl in the woods.

"Jes, lack I know's somethin' gwine ter drap dis very night. Dat rabbit didn't cross my paf fer fun, and dat owl ain't hollern' jes fer nothin'." He shuddered at the thought of the trouble they predicted. Wonder increased to fear, so he drew his reins tighter, dug his heavy heels into the sides of the mule, whereupon it fell into a trot. At the sight of the smoke winding its way from the top of a rock chimney he gave a sigh of relief and presently the full outline of the log cabin became visible.

Several other negroes, with a pack of howling hounds, awaited him. Soon they were off on the hunt and Levi forgot his presentiments in the fun of the evening. The hour was late when they returned home, but their game was four fat 'possums tied by their tails in split sticks. It was too late to go home, so Levi remained there and laid his head down to dream of "'possum and taters."

About an hour had passed when Mike Johnson heard a noise of some one coming up the narrow trail by the spring. He raised his head from his pillow and listened closer. No, it's a horse. No; yes, two horses. Ah, now a drove of cattle. What could it mean? He didn't speak a word, but listened breathlessly. A sudden stop of the hoof-beats. Mike's heart beat against his breast like a sledge.

"Mike Johnson, Mike Johnson, some to the door," sounded a strong voice from the outside.

"Oh, Lawd, hit's de Ku Kluxes. Gawd save dis pour

nigger! What kin I do?" He tried to think of some means of escape or a place to hide, but in vain; so he answered, "Mister, I'se comin'."

Reluctantly he eased out of the bed and set his big, naked feet softly on the cold floor. Tipping slowly to the door he pulled down the heavy bar and pushed his head carefully through the opening.

"Yassah! Yassah! Boss, fer Gawd's sake; Mister Ku Klux, don't whip me—I ain't done nothin'."

"Tell Levi Long to come out or we'll come after him. We want him right now," spoke the leader in a deep, disguised tone of voice.

"Yassah, Boss, Yassah. He's here," informed Mike, turning from the door.

When Levi heard his name he made sure his end had come. He threw aside the scanty bed-covering, leaped through the small back window at one bound and struck the ground in a running gallop. No time was taken for dressing or even for gathering his clothing in his hands, but down through the pathless cotton-patch he sped. Nothing but his scanty night clothes protected his body from the cotton bolls and weeds that whipped his half-dressed limbs. He didn't turn his head to see what pursued him. The night was just light enough to see objects several paces away. He imagined he could hear horses pursuing him, and, every step he seemed to get faster. Two hounds were at his heels. In a very few seconds he reached the big gulch, sixteen feet wide, but he leaped it with ease. Now Levi cut to the right and found it easy sailing for a half mile down a corn row. He passed a neighbor's house and the barking of the dogs at his heels aroused three more 'possum hounds to join in the chase. He was familiar with the lay of the land and did not go to the trouble to select a direct path

home. Around the woods he took his way, lengthening a two-mile distance to fully three miles. His speed was lessening and breath had almost left him. But a few more steps and he would be there. He could hardly run another yard, he thought, but the sight of his old master's house, dimly outlined in the moonlight of the trees, strengthened him. He bounded across the piazza, threw himself against the door and fell sprawling beside "Marse Tom's" bed, crying, "Oh, Lawd! Save me, Marse Tom; 'teck me. Help!"

Captain Wise awoke in a fit of terror. Was he dreaming? When he could collect himself he spoke to the distressed thing beside him.

"Levi—is this you? What in the world ails you? Wake up!"

"Fer Gawd's sake, Marse Tom, save me. Ku Kluxes; de Ku Kluxes is atter me and gwine t' kill me," explained the terrified negro on the floor.

Captain Wise finally quieted him and found out where he had been and why he was so frightened. It was with considerable difficulty and the assurance of his protection that the old slave owner persuaded Levi to retire in his private apartment.

Back up the road came the youthful Ku Klux Klan, talking and laughing over the old negro's run. The leader was a boy of eighteen. One of the boys carried his neglected clothing, while another led the old gray mule. Before daybreak Levi's apparel was dangling on a hitching post in his yard and the mule occupied its familiar stall at home.

The joke was the laugh of the neighborhood for years to come. Six days later Levi's hair turned white. He has been a faithful house servant until this day, and never again did he make a threat or don his uniform.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON—A SKETCH

P. Q. BRYAN, '08.

On the 11th day of January, in the year 1757, the wife of a Scotch merchant in the island of Nevis gave birth to a son, who received the name of Alexander Hamilton. Many varying elements were mingled in this boy. He was a British subject born in the tropics, Scotch on his father's side and of French Huguenot descent on his mother's. To this conjunction many of the qualities which Hamilton exhibited in after life may be traced. That which strikes us at the outset is his extraordinary precocity. Upon the childhood of Hamilton even the exhaustive and devoted labors of his son and biographer fail to throw any light. His mother, who apparently possessed an unusual degree of wit and beauty, died early. His father was unsuccessful in business, and Alexander, the only surviving child, fell to the care of maternal relations, among whom he picked up a rude, odd and desultory sort of education, and by whom he was placed in a counting room before he was twelve years old.

In the intervals of his office work Hamilton read and wrote much; Pope and Plutarch, we are told, were his favorite authors, and to his exercises in composition was due the publication of a vivid account of a severe hurricane which raged with devastating force in the West Indies. This literary effort attracted a good deal of attention among his relatives, funds were provided, and in 1772 he entered the grammar school at Elizabethtown. Later he entered King's College in New York, where, on cool evenings, he would walk under the shadow of the

trees on Batteon street, plunged in thought and talking eagerly to himself. The passers-by would turn to look at this small, slight youth, still a mere boy in appearance, dark of skin, and with deep-set eyes; and those who knew "the young West Indian," as he was called, already speculated about him vaguely as people are wont to do about those who give or seem to give obvious promise of an illustrious future. But while Hamilton was leading the reflective life of a student, and meditating beneath the shadow of the trees, imbued, perhaps, with the "prophetic soul of the wide world, dreaming of things to come," a great revolution was swiftly coming to its crisis about him.

The question was which side in the gathering conflict he would espouse. It seemed perhaps more difficult to Hamilton to decide then than it does to us to decide for him now; yet his choice was simple and his selection inevitable. He himself tells us that he had formed "strong prejudices on the ministerial side until he became convinced, by the superior force of the arguments, in favor of the colonial claims." This explanation is exceedingly characteristic and highly instructive. His masterful temper and innate love for government, order and strong rule dictated his prejudices. His clear, vigorous mind and his profound belief in reasoning and argument, which so prevailed with him always, showed him plainly that the colonies were in the right.

Soon after this a meeting was held in order to force New York, which was then in the possession of the Tories, in line with the other colonies. Hamilton was present listening to the orators. He was impressed by what was left unsaid far more than by all the rhetoric of the speakers. Filled with the belief that he could supply the omissions which he detected, he made his way

to the platform and his words flowed unchecked. He was never eloquent in the sense in which Chatham or Mirabeau or Henry were eloquent, for he had not the imaginative and poetical temperament. But he had the eloquence of sound reason and clear logic, combined with great power and lucidity of expression, and backed by a strong and passionate nature.

His next public appearance was in a pamphlet championing the cause of Congress and its measures. This pamphlet was attributed to the most eminent leaders, and when its authorship was known the young writer gained a wide and immediate reputation. To argue points of constitutional law and of political justice and expediency was, above all things, congenial to Hamilton, with his already well-stored mind, acute logic and capacity for discussion.

Meanwhile Hamilton continued his arguments against England in vigorous newspaper essays, took part in public meetings, and devoted his time to a study of military affairs, seeking also for practical experience by joining a volunteer corps commanded by Major Fleming. Besides showing nerve in the performance of some trying military duties, which were becoming very necessary in those troublous times, Hamilton appeared prominently on several occasions in efforts to repress, by argument and by fearless exposure of himself, outbreaks of mob-violence. These instances of self-restraint and cool bravery are all very remarkable in one so young and so enthusiastic as Hamilton. In the midst of the Revolutionary excitement he did not hesitate to come forward to check his own party, to oppose and censure their excesses, to take the side of the unpopular minority in behalf of mercy, justice, order, free speech and a free press.

Early in 1776 the New York Convention ordered a

company of artillery to be raised. Hamilton applied for the command, and his examination quickly dispelled the doubts of his fitness in those who suspected mere youthful presumption. He recruited his company rapidly, and spent upon its equipment his second and last remittance from home. He had now burned his ships behind him.

The young captain, by the excellence of his troop, attracted the attention of Greene, who fell into conversation with him, was impressed by his talent, and introduced him to Washington, thus putting him at this early day in the line of advancement.

He won his spurs at the disastrous battle of Long Island, where with great coolness and courage he brought up the rear in the masterly retreat which saved the army, distinguished himself by the admirable manner in which he served his battery at White Plains, and shared in the brilliant campaign of Trenton and Princeton.

At the age of twenty he was appointed as one of Washington's aides with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Hamilton acted wisely in accepting this new position, for which he was particularly fitted. His principal occupation was in the conduct of Washington's immense correspondence. A large portion of the endless letters, reports and proclamations which issued from headquarters was the work of Hamilton. His greatest works as an aide to Washington were his mission to Gates to seek re-enforcements and his taking of Yorktown.

Soon after Washington rebuked Hamilton for his tardiness in obeying orders, and Hamilton immediately resigned his position as aide. Washington endeavored to heal the breach, although Hamilton repelled his advances. It was a tribute to Hamilton's abilities from one of the best judges of men who ever lived.

But whatever his talents for war may have been, the ruling passion was that of a statesman, and even in the midst of the hardships of the camp and field nothing could repress Hamilton's strong natural bent. In 1780, in the twenty-third year of his age, he addressed an anonymous letter to Robert Morris on the financial affairs of the confederacy, showing with careful consideration the condition of the nearly worthless currency and the causes of its depreciation. This paper showed clearly his genius for finance and, though written more than a century ago, it would do credit to the greatest authorities on political economy to-day. Hamilton proposed to meet the existing difficulties by gradual contraction, a tax in kind, and a foreign loan, which last was to form the basis of a national bank. The great purpose of the bank was to unite the interests of the moneyed class in the support of the government credit. The bank was to be a great trading and banking corporation in private hands, but backed and partly controlled by the government, to which it was to be under certain obligations. The details were carefully worked out, but the leading ideas suffice to show the grasp of Hamilton's mind and the germs of his future policy.

In the midst of the war Hamilton had found time to fall in love. On his mission to Gates he met at Albany Miss Elizabeth Schuyler. They were married in December, 1780. Love of money was never one of Hamilton's qualities, so at the close of the war starvation faced his family. He steadily refused General Schuyler's offers of assistance and betook himself to the study of law, by which he hoped to make his living.

In 1782 he was appointed Receiver of Taxes for New York. Vested with this office, Hamilton attended the State Legislature at Poughkeepsie, where he introduced

and successfully passed several important resolutions. At the same Legislature he was elected to Congress, and he immediately resigned the receivership for New York.

When Hamilton entered Congress it was a time of social and political chaos. The storms of war had at least filled the sails, but they had now ceased to blow, and the ship of state was lurching terribly in the heavy sea, and threatening at every moment to go to pieces. Finance was the great overwhelming trouble, which laid bare the fatal vices of our political system, and it was upon financial rocks that the rickety confederation was dashing itself to pieces. Hamilton's first object was to obtain consent to the grant of an impost on imports. Virginia and Rhode Island receded from the agreement, and the whole scheme fell through. His congressional service had been a complete failure, so far as results were concerned. The times were not yet ripe for the work he had to do. In 1783 his term expired and he withdrew to private life and to the practice of his profession.

Hamilton's withdrawal from public office was by no means equivalent to separation from public affairs. Both as a lawyer in successful practice and as a writer he was leader and mover of opinion in New York. His first great case was his defence of a poor widow against the Trespass Act. He gained his cause, the first and one of the greatest of the forensic triumphs which gave him so high a place at the American bar.

While Hamilton was thus engaged in the pursuit of his profession and in laboring for a national party, public affairs were rapidly growing from bad to worse. The finances of every State were utterly debauched. Fresh inflations of worthless currency were coupled with barbarous laws to enforce its circulation and compel its ac-

ceptance. In January, 1786, a convention was called at Annapolis to consider the establishment of a uniform commercial system.

It was at this point that Hamilton's share in the formation of the Constitution began. In the very teeth of a compact majority, Hamilton won a decided victory by forcing New York to be represented in the Convention. In a five-hour speech Hamilton delivered to the Convention his plans for government. His plan, then, like the others, was on the British model, and it did not differ essentially in details from that finally adopted. But it embodied two ideas, which were its cardinal features and which went to the very heart of the whole matter. The republic of Hamilton was to be an aristocratic as distinguished from a democratic republic, and the power of the separate States was to be effectually crippled by centralizing the national government. His message once delivered, he watched and waited, aiding his cause quietly and effectively whenever he could. It was in this last decisive struggle, in securing the acceptance of the work of the Convention, that Hamilton rendered his greatest services to the cause and the Constitution.

In his articles in the *Federalist* he rendered his cause a great service. This series of essays is still the best exposition of the Constitution apart from judicial interpretation. In the grand procession, by which the Federalists of New York celebrated their victory, the Federal frigate was named the "Hamilton" in gratitude for the services he rendered them by his forceful pamphlets in the *Federalist* and by his matchless oratory.

Although early spring saw the actual formation of the government, it was not until September 2d that the act passed establishing the Treasury Department. All eyes

were turned to Hamilton as the man to fill this great office. They knew Hamilton's reputation and his perfect familiarity with theories of finance and government, and they seem to have felt instinctively that he was a great minister of state with a well defined policy for every exigency. By one ingenious expedient or another Hamilton got together what was absolutely needful, and without a murmur conquered these petty troubles at the very time when he was elaborating and devising a far-reaching policy. Yet while Hamilton was engaged in all this bewildering work, he was evolving the great financial policy, at once broad, comprehensive and minute, and after the recess in January he laid his ground plan before Congress in his first report on public credit. This report was the beginning of a remarkable financial policy which later achieved a brilliant practical success. The two most essential points of his whole policy were to cement more closely the union of States and to establish public order on the basis of an upright and liberal policy. Hamilton further proposed a sinking fund, which was to be made up at the outset from a new loan of ten millions. He then divided the debt into three parts; the foreign debt, the domestic debt, and the debts of the States incurred in the cause of the Union during the war of the Revolution. Everybody was agreed about the foreign debt. They also agreed as to the domestic debt, but there were wide differences as to how and to whom the latter payment should be made. All these together amounted in round numbers to eighty millions, and Hamilton concluded his report with estimates of ways and means, a scheme for raising revenues by duties on teas, wines and spirits, and in the background a plan for an excise. His general theory was to have as little direct taxation as possible, and to raise as much revenue from

articles of luxury as was consistent with successful collection.

He next planned out a national bank. This bank was to have the support of the government, and the government was to have the use of the funds, and to a certain extent and in a last resort, the control of the bank. The policy of a national bank thus founded by Hamilton has never been permanently laid aside. Though the form has been wisely changed, the policy of national banking and the governing principles are still those laid down by Hamilton.

The opposition denied the right of the government to erect a national bank, and Hamilton evoked the implied powers of the Constitution to bring him victory. This argument on the constitutionality of the national bank, as a piece of legal reasoning, is the most important which Hamilton ever produced. The growth of nationality, and the conversion of the agreement of thirteen States into the charter of a nation, have been largely the development of the implied powers. This was the central point of Hamilton's whole policy.

Hamilton was a protectionist, and favored the protection of nascent industries. His report on manufactures still remains the best and most complete argument for a protective policy which we possess. Hamilton marked out clearly and fully a plan for the development of industry, trade and commerce. He turned the current of thought, he influenced the future, but the task was too mighty, the scheme was too vast to be carried out at once, or in fact otherwise than piecemeal, but it was a fit termination to the great work which he had accomplished.

Early in 1790 an assault was planned by Jefferson and Madison, in which they aimed at Hamilton's personal

ruin by intimating to Washington that Hamilton had used these loans corruptly to aid the bank. Hamilton defended himself strongly and won a decided victory for the Federalists. Hamilton was higher than ever in public esteem, stronger than ever in the estimation of his party, now rendered more aggressive and active than before.

Hamilton's financial policy was now on a firm basis as far as his theory was concerned. He now turned his undivided attention to foreign affairs. To treat all nations as they treated us and to bury the past, which should not be allowed to hamper the new government, was Hamilton's foreign policy. Although he admired the British constitution, he had no attachment to England. Toward France he felt both affection and gratitude, but toward Spain, with whom he had a chronic quarrel concerning the valley of the Mississippi, he felt a certain degree of hatred.

About this time the French Revolution was fast reaching a crisis. In order that the past might not be construed in such a way as to entangle us with the fortunes and conflicts of the revolution, Washington had Hamilton to issue a declaration of neutrality, and in no one respect did the individuality of Hamilton impress itself more directly on the future of the United States. France then threatened to draw on the United States for what money she needed, and Hamilton refused to honor her notes, thereby preventing a crisis in our finances. After his successful repression of the "Whiskey Rebellion," he laid down his office and retired from public life.

Hamilton had been in office for nearly six years, and his work was done, his opinions and his personality were indelibly impressed upon our frame of government and

upon our political development. It is extremely probable that there has never lived an American who, in an equal space of time, has produced such direct and lasting effects upon our institutions and history.

About this time Jay's treaty came home for ratification. Hamilton firmly denounced it in public speeches and in a carefully prepared series of papers signed "Camillus." Jefferson and Burr had been able to withstand Hamilton's eloquence, but, like the others, they keenly felt the truth of Burr's remarks, that any one who put himself on paper with Hamilton was lost. Whatever may be said of Hamilton in other respects, in political controversy, in the art of moulding, creating and controlling public opinion by discussion and debate in newspapers, he stood absolutely without a rival.

While Hamilton was occupying this important and influential position in his party, the presidential election came on. Adams was elected, although Pinckney was supported by Hamilton. After that Adams always looked upon Hamilton with suspicion and tried to ruin him, knowing full well that Hamilton was his strongest opponent.

The country was again on the verge of a war with France. Washington was ordered by Adams to reorganize his army, and Washington appointed Hamilton Major-General. Adams refused to accept Hamilton for the place and Washington threatened to resign. Adams came over and Hamilton was appointed Major-General of the first rank.

In this office, Hamilton immediately set to work. He was first called upon to draft a plan for the fortification of New York harbor. Soon after in a second paper, which was immediately accepted by Washington, he laid

out a plan for the organization of the army, in which he dealt with the questions of pay, uniforms, rations, rank, promotion, field exercise, regulation of barracks, the police of garrisons and camps and the issue of arms, clothing and fuel. The only lasting result of his military labors was the establishing of the West Point Military Academy.

In 1798 he wrote to Pickering, "I have been long in the habit of considering the acquisition of certain countries as essential to the Union," and in his last resolution before Congress, he declared "the navigation of the Mississippi to be a clear and necessary right and essential to the unity of the empire." Both from a political and a military point of view, Hamilton was right. The Mississippi and the great regions of the Southwest were essential to union and empire, and although the accomplishment of the work fell to other hands, the conception was Hamilton's.

Besides the control of the Mississippi and the conquest of the Southwest, there was in Hamilton's mind still another idea. He believed that we should be dominant in the Western Hemisphere. His ideas were essentially those of the Monroe Doctrine; that we were to exact neutrality from Europe in all affairs regarding our hemisphere and to crush out European influence and that we should extend our conquests to South America and liberate the separate states and establish republics in those regions.

The Federalists during this time were fast losing ground. In the bitterness and passion of defeat, Hamilton proposed to Governor Jay to call together the old legislature and give the choice of presidential electors to districts, thus dividing the vote of New York, which would otherwise be settled by the incoming legislature, who

would choose none but Democrats. Jay, very frankly, declined to consider the scheme, as one wholly improper. This is the one dark blot upon the public career of Hamilton.

Hamilton then published his attack upon Adams which precipitated the fall of the Federalists.The crisis was very grave and even threatened civil war. Once more the Federalists at Washington were running to perilous extremes, and once more Hamilton checked them. His intervention probably had a decisive effect. After the storm of election and the bitterness of party faction, it was a fit conclusion to Hamilton's career as a public man, which practically ended with the downfall of his party.

The defeat of the Federalists left Hamilton free to devote himself to the practice of the law. Much might be written of him as a lawyer. His professional success has been dimmed by the brilliancy of his career as a statesman; but there can be no doubt that he deserves a very high place among those Americans who have been most distinguished at the bar. As a constitutional lawyer it is not necessary to go beyond the argument on the national bank to show a capacity in this direction of the very first order. Hamilton's powers of statement and of clear, cogent reasoning to the courts on points of law and equity were inimitable, and in this field he shone from the outset. Fortunately, we have proof of his power before the court and also of his effectiveness with a jury, the most evanescent form of legal ability, in the Croswell and Croucher cases, in which he won a decided victory although the best lawyers and the best evidence were against him.

But while Hamilton was thus employed in winning fortune and in adding the fame of a great lawyer to that of the distinguished statesman, he still continued to take

an interest and an active part in public concerns. The Federalists broke up rapidly after their defeat, but he was still the trusted chief of all who held together. Whenever the responsibility of leadership forced him to act he never shrank from the duty, and it was on one of these occasions that he met his fate.

Aaron Burr had defeated Hamilton in the struggle for the control of New York, which cost his party the presidency, but he could not drive his great opponent from his path. Hamilton stood between him and a foreign mission by frustrating his intrigue for the presidency. Hamilton had also defeated Burr by electing Lewis, Burr's Democratic rival, governor of New York. Burr saw plainly that the doors of fame were forever closed against him unless he could overcome Hamilton's opposition, so he decided upon revenge.

With cool deliberation he set about forcing a quarrel. He selected a remark Hamilton had made denouncing his character, and challenged Hamilton for a duel. Hamilton had no desire to fight, but it was impossible to avoid it, if he admitted the force of the code of honor. There was an exchange of letters, and finally a meeting was arranged.

They met, at last, on a beautiful July morning by the banks of the Hudson. Hamilton fell at the first fire, mortally wounded, discharging his own pistol into the air. He was taken to his home, lingered a few hours in terrible pain, and died, surrounded by his agonized family.

Hamilton's suffering and death caused an outburst of bitter and indignant grief among men of all parties throughout the nation, which has been equalled only in our own time by the popular emotion at the murder of Lincoln and Garfield. The people knew that a great man had fallen. The senseless slaughter of a famous states-

man, the needless sacrifice of a man of brilliant abilities in the prime of life, was felt to be almost as much a disgrace as a misfortune.

Why Hamilton accepted Burr's challenge is a matter of conjecture still. If we follow the drift of Hamilton's thought at this period, we can see the effect of the French Revolution and of the working of political forces in this country upon his opinions. He believed the Constitution unequal to the burden imposed upon it, and he considered the government too weak. At any moment, as it seemed to him, there might be a general upheaval and then the elements which had desolated France and swept over Europe might here engage in a conflict for supremacy. Then would the country be menaced with anarchy and ruin; property would be confiscated, society broken up, religion trampled under foot, and everything that makes life worth having would be in jeopardy. Hamilton's mistake was neither unnatural nor uncommon; but, joined with his just belief of the duty which would devolve upon him in such a crisis as he anticipated, it made it imperative for him to accept the challenge of Burr. It is neither fanciful nor strained to regard Hamtilton's death as a result of the opinions bred by the French Revolution.

In private life Hamilton was much beloved. He was open-hearted and hospitable, full of high spirits and geniality. The affection which he inspired in all who knew him was largely due to the perfect generosity of his nature. He had in truth a contempt for money and while he made a nation's fortune, he never made his own. At his death he left his family little except his name and fame. Like most men of great talents and strong will, Hamilton had a large measure of self-confidence. All this was thoroughly characteristic of the man. The greater the odds the more defiantly and the more confidently he faced opposition. Hamilton's defects sprang

not from weakness but from the strength of his passions.

There is no better evidence of Hamilton's greatness than is to be found in the letters and sayings of his bitterest enemies. Burr pronounced the man to be lost who put himself on paper with Hamilton. Jefferson called him the "Colossus of the Federalists." Ambrose Spencer, the distinguished judge, said of him, "In power of reasoning Hamilton was the equal of Webster; and more than this can be said of no man. In creative power Hamilton was infinitely Webster's superior. It was he, more than any man, who did the thinking of his time."

Hamilton was a leader and could not follow. He could mark out a path and walk in it, and if the people hesitated or held back, he would walk alone. This implies great force of character, but Hamilton had also a boldness of disposition which stamped itself on his foreign and financial policy and at times amounted to an almost reckless audacity.

John Marshall ranked Hamilton next to Washington and Talleyrand pronounced him the greatest man in the world, not excepting Napoleon. But wherever he is placed, as long as the people of the United States form one nation, the name of Alexander Hamilton will be held in high and lasting honor.

No more fitting tribute can be paid to his memory than those noble lines inscribed on his tomb:

TO THE MEMORY OF
ALEXANDER HAMILTON,
THE CORPORATION OF TRINITY HAVE ERECTED THIS MONUMENT
IN TESTIMONY OF THEIR RESPECT
FOR
THE PATRIOT OF INCORRUPTIBLE INTEGRITY
THE SOLDIER OF APPROVED VALOUR
THE STATESMAN OF CONSUMMATE WISDOM
WHOSE TALENTS AND VIRTUES WILL BE ADMIRED BY GRATEFUL
POSTERITY LONG AFTER THIS MARBLE SHALL HAVE
MOULDERED TO DUST."

UNCLE JOE'S BOAR HUNT

BY R. L. McMILLAN.

About eight or ten of us had seated ourselves around the stove in Buies' store, at the little "stop" of Wagram, one leaky December night when someone called on old man, Joe McDonald, for a description of his wild-boar hunt. "Uncle Joe," for such he was called by all who knew him, knocked the ash from his clay pipe, refilled it with strong plug tobacco, which he had been chipping for the last few minutes, placed a live oak coal in his pipe and prepared to tell the story which he had so often repeated. I drew my goods-box up toward the stove and waited to listen to the tale of which I had heard so much. We all became as quiet as church mice as we knew well that Uncle Joe was not the one to be interrupted when once he had started.

"Well 'tus in this way," commenced the old man in his dry, squeaky voice. "Jim Sanders had been tellin' me dat dere was sumpum bodderin o' his corn down nex de river swamp, and he 'lowed 'tus a hog, fur he heard it tearin down stacks o' corn in de fiel' one night while he was coon huntin'. Well he sent word by his boy, Bill, one Sat'dy eben fur me ter go fuss spare chance I had, take Jack along, and we'd ketch dat varmint dead ur alive.

"Well, soon as I got my corn and peas in and got over de push, I greased up my ole rifle, put in de shot sack plenty o' balls and a horn full o' powder, tied Jack ter de road-cart axle and started fur Jim Sanders's, about two miles above Sandy Island.

"Time I got dere I foun' Jim and Bill stannin' out in de yard wid guns and dogs enough ter kill forty grizzlies. I axed Jim why he didn't wait till soon de nex' mornin so

de dogs could git on a fresh trail in de corn fiel', while de dew was on de groun', and run dat four-legged rascal till dey ketched him. Jim allus was notiony and 'lowed he was gwine dat ebenen', fur 'tus den 'bout two o'clock and I wid nary mouf-full ob dinner fur to wade dat mud on. But I never was a han' fur beggin ur backin' out so soon as I could hit de groun' and take out my mule I shouldered my gun and shot sack and told Jim ter let's hit de swamp.

"We struck de swamp at Jim's back fiel' and turned tur de lef' toward Sandy Island, where de bramble-briers and gall-berry bushes was so thick dat I'll be cussed ef dey wouldn't ride you fur a half ur mile widout yer foot tetching de groun'. Jim's cussed curs and fices chased rabbits roun' our feet till I told Jim de nex time I seed one o' his dogs thoo an opening' I was gwine ter pull trigger. About dat time I heard old Jack gib one ob dem long howls o' his own make, like he had bayed sumpum. I knowed it was time fur us ter start dat way as Jack never was a dog fur tearin' his hide off wid briers atter rabbits when dere wus bigger game to be smelt. As soon as we got to a clearin' in de swamp we stopped and waited fur de dogs ter run awhile ef dey raally was atter de hog. When we had listened ter de dogs circle in de swamp about a half ur hour, it peered by de soun' o' deir barking dat dey wus coming right toward us. 'Bout den I heard somein' comin' thru' de swamp, boosh, boosh, boosh, arh, arh, arh, and tearin' down bushes wussun a hoss. Den I seed about seventy-five yards in front o' me a hog dat looked like he'd weigh about two hundred and fifty poun's. Jack wus close in behind him. De beast's eyes shined like fire coals, an' his long, sharp tushes looked lack dey could tear open a two-by-four. I cocked my

trusty gun, waited till de varmint got widin thirty feet and shot, hittin' him in de nose. De beast den only sneezed, shook his head a little and started fur me. Now wus de time I wus speckin' aid fum Jim or Bill, who when I turned aroun' spied up in a maple tree. 'Shoot 'im fool,' I yelled at Jim and jumped fur a tree. When I hit de groun' near de root uf de tree I felt de jaws uf a strong steel trap smack down on my rubber boot. Just den Jim shot and I heard Jack holler and seed him drag hisself off ter de bushes. De hog wus in ten feet o' me. He gave a jump, hit in a yard o' my foot, rolled on his side and gib a reglar pig squeal dat you could had heard a mile. I looked and seed de hog had his foot in a trap too.

"'If I ain't done and foun pa's ole bear traps whut been loss so long,' Jim said, climbin outin dat tree as slow as merlasses in de winter. But de wust was, he talkin' dat way while my leg wus well nigh broke and dat boar so close to me a squealin', pawin' and smackin' his jaws. Hit seemed ter me lack a hour 'fo' Jim could prop hisself ag'in a tree an shoot de hog. Den he took a terrible long time unloosin' dat trap while sharp pains wus shootin' slap thru' my head."

The old man paused here as if his tale was ended, while he rested his elbows on his knees, his chin on his hands and puffed away contentedly. Some one at last ventured to ask, "And whatever became of the hog, Uncle Joe?"

"I took de hog home. Whut you reckin? Atter gibbin Jim Sanders a good beatin' right dere fur his sassy talk about fin'in' de traps while I wus ur hurtin'. Yes sir, I took de hog and poor Jack wid his broke leg home. But I gib Jim de head fur takin' me outen de trap."

THE IDEAL IN PRIMARY EDUCATION

BY BUNYAN Y. TYNER, '08.

In the school room of primitive man the primeval forest was shelter and the radiator was the golden sun. In this magnificent structure the father of the youth was master and instructor. The book of the child was a bow and arrow, and the lesson to be learned was skill and artifice in the chase and in warfare. In like manner the girl had for her teacher the mother, and the instruction given was how to provide shelter and clothing and prepare food for the family. Thus far and no further did the training in primitive life go. From generation to generation this sort of instruction was handed down, and the student was content to ask the questions "what?" and "how?" and never for once did the question "why?" present itself. Pure, simple, unquestioned imitation of father and of mother then was the extent of primitive education.

In course of time, however, the Oriental—the Chinese for example—carried the educational system a little further than the family and set up a system of teaching in private and in public schools. A step further, but to be sure a step further into the realm of slavish and unquestioned imitation. Years and years were required for the memorizing of the "Four Books" and "Five Classics" —nine in all—which were equal in volume to both the Old and the New Testaments. The memorizing of this amount of literature would seem an arduous task to the American youth, and yet the individuality of the Chinese is lost to that extent that he sometimes spends a lifetime in ancestral imitation—in a recapitulation. A

waste of time and energy we may term this, and surely from the standpoint of an enlightened educator it can be no other. Yet when we come to consider American, or Occidental education what shall we term it? The educator at once replies, "Why our system is inductive and deductive, or to use the broader term, is the 'Deductive Method,' which not only dispenses with this imitative process but encourages the student in individuality" Very good. Broad enough and well enough in theory, but how about in practice? The home holds an important place in the American educational system, as well as it did in primitive education, and indeed is destined to do so for many generations yet—especially in the South.

The education of the child begins in the home, whether the parents will or no. The infant begins at an early date to imitate the mother—when she smiles it smiles and when she frowns it cries. By this instinctive imitative power it soon learns to walk and then to talk. If father and mother say "git" the child says "git," and if they say "get" it says "get." Thus the imitative, and through this the educative process goes on in the home until the child is six or seven years of age. It has learned to walk, talk and act like father or mother when it is placed under the care and instruction of the primary teacher. The habit of imitation is fixed in its life. And a habit thus formed is not broken in a day, neither is the child transformed from an imitative being into an independent thinker suddenly upon entering the primary school. It is true that the child is in a new atmosphere. Instead of little brother and sister at home a new companion with a new disposition and strange ideas takes their place. Father and mother have given place to the teacher, and the child is confronted on every hand by new and strange environments. How is he to become

familiar with these new conditions? Not entirely by an inductive and deductive process, to be sure, but largely by the habit formed in the home—imitation. And just as father was the ideal man and mother the ideal woman in the home, so the teacher now becomes the child's ideal in the new world, and would it be saying too much to say that in seventy-five per cent of the cases the primary teacher becomes the child's "Ideal"? Then if this be true what kind of teachers should be employed in the secondary schools? Should they be men and women with high ideals and noble aspirations for themselves and for their students; Christian men and women who are teaching for the privilege of teaching—for the good they may accomplish; men and women who are prepared to teach and want to teach? Or should the child have for its "Ideal" the cigarette-smoker; the man without a job; or the fickle and light-hearted girl who knows and cares less about teaching than did the city boy about dairying, who thought that butter grew on trees? The writer knew a lady who explained to her pupils that clouds were formed by smoke, and had them laboring under this delusion until the succeeding teacher had a dispute with his geography class because of her instruction. This is not the class of teachers needed in the public schools of today. The time has come when the teacher should know more than the old method of teaching how to "read, 'rite and work 'rithmetic." Our academies and colleges have learned from experience the deficiency of the student coming from schools provided with poor teachers. Yea, the State has heard the call for better and more consecrated teachers, and is offering better salaries. The child in darkness and ignorance is looking for a light—an Ideal. The command is "Go and teach." Shall not more young college men and

women, who are prepared, hear the call for teachers and make some sacrifice that they may help in making ideal teachers and ideal schools for our State and Country? Who can count the good that one consecrated teacher can do by instilling right principles and high ideals into the minds and lives of even twenty-five boys and girls?

"The good that men do lives on forever."

THE LAST SCENE

BY J. M. ADAMS.

I.

"I wonder where Ralph will spend Thanksgiving?"

The question came from the lips of an old man. His companion turning her face toward him smiled sadly as if to say that she was on the point of asking the same question. Thus every day as the shadows of evening were falling, Mr. and Mrs. Benham would seat themselves by a comfortable fire and talk of the days they had spent so happily before the desertion of their son—a son who, like many other country boys, had grown weary of rural life and stealing from an humble home had made his way to a city far distant from the scenes of his childhood. On this night, the twenty-sixth day of November, it occurred to his parents that he had been absent for five years. It was true, and during all that time not one word had reached his father and mother relative to his condition. Without waiting for an answer to his question the old man proceeded in broken accents.

"Wife, I know you think I'm a foolish old man because I talk so much of our son, but I can not help it. Every day we talk of him, and sometimes it seems to me that our poor hearts will break. Many times I imagine I hear his merry laughter. It does me good to recall him as he used to be. He was manly and pure. That comforts me so much! I wonder if he is still that way. He never did anything that we did not want him to do, except to run away. Had he told us before he had gone that he was going to leave us, I believe he would be home now, for he always listened to us in whatever we said. When

I think of these things it makes me sad. Instead of having him here, to help and comfort us in our old age, he is away. Yet he is still loved as before. O, my wife, how could a boy treat his old mother and father so!"

The father's form was now bent low, a broken sob came from his companion. Thus were they lost in meditation. On the outside the night was calm, only disturbed by the muffled sound of falling snow flakes. The winter had made its appearance. Only once was the still silence of night broken by a passing pedestrian. At the sound of the traveller's footsteps the mother and father raised their heads as if by natural instinct, in expectation of their son's return. Then silently, in a disappointed hope, their white heads dropped as if to say, "It is not he."

They had meditated in this manner for some time. The fire was burning low. On the hearth the dying embers were throwing a soft red light into their faces. The large room was frightfully still. For some time not a sound was heard. Finally the old man again spoke out, this time his voice full of pathos.

"Do you recall, dear, the morning Ralph went away? I remember it as well as if it had been yesterday. I went down to the old oak beside the road where he used to play and wept all the morning. Then I bowed and prayed for his safety wherever he might go. I prayed that his steps might soon be turned toward the old plantation where we were waiting for him. The old gate is standing open, and his lamp burns in his room up stairs. So when he comes we will be ready for him. I would like to have said good-bye. I know he needed some loving words. If I could have said to him, 'Come home when the world is too hard on you,' I should be glad. But we have parted without a word. I hope he will soon come back home,

dear, for we need him so much." Once again they sighed, "O, that our boy were here!" and relapsed into silence. The night was still.

II.

The day had been exceedingly cold and comfortless. For over nine hours nature had sprinkled the city with a fine crisp snow, but when night came the clouds were clear. Above a quiet and sleeping world the moon and stars were vying with each other in shedding a radiant splendor. The traffic had been impeded by the heavy snowfall. The cold crisp wind nipped the faces of passing travellers. Occasionally, a sleigh sped swiftly by, filled with happy young people, faces ruddy with the glow of health. Suddenly, with numerous bells pealing forth their music into the night, a sleigh dashed around the corner. It was occupied by eight young men unconscious of anything but themselves. With nothing to mar their happiness they had completely abandoned themselves to the empty pleasures of a careless life. The team was suddenly brought to a stop in front of the Metropolitan Theatre. The party alighted, and the sound of the bells and muffled hoof-beats died away in the distance. Joined by other companions the party mingled with the crowd pressing its way into the spacious theatre.

"What is the play tonight, fellows?" asked one of the party of eight, a dark, handsome young man, as he lounged carelessly back in his seat.

"Down on the Farm," another replied.

At this the expression of the inquisitor's face might have been noticed to change slightly, as he picked up a programme and scanned it for a moment. For a brief space his features assumed an unaccustomed serious-

ness, then almost immediately they regained their former air of unconcern.

The theatre was packed. For two hours the audience was entertained by a superbly acted play. Now and then an exclamation of delight could be heard escaping from the lips of an interested observer. Not a moment was dull. At the conclusion of the second act the players were given a storm of applause and for ten minutes, during an intermission, words of praise were uttered on every side. When the curtain arose for the third and last scene, the audience, interested to the fullest extent, grew quiet.

A cry of surprise and admiration went over the whole theatre. On the stage there was represented in almost perfect similitude a country home. The gabled house with large chimneys adjacent to each end; the creeping vines over the low-thatched roof; the great oaks spreading their sinewy arms, while around their trunks the vines hung interspersed with varied blooms. The rose was growing in profusion over the yard, and the honeysuckle covered the fence on both sides of a well proportioned lawn. The arched front gate was wreathed with lilacs, indicative of a hospitable welcome to any stranger, whose journey might be delayed by the advancing night. The old well was there, situated under two great hickories. The barn was in the rear. As a background, on the right, as far as the eye could reach, there were waving fields of wheat, and on the left, an abundant amount of corn and cotton covered the virgin soil.

As this scene was observed by the dark, handsome young man in the merry party, his features were more visibly affected than before. As he looked a scene of once cherished memories passed in sad review before

him. He saw nothing else. With bowed head he was pondering. In his heart there was being waged a battle.

The play finished, the party separated. Straight to his room the young man made his way. For the first time in five years he was seriously thinking. Often when one is absent from home some representation of childhood scenes brings a veil of loneliness and casts it over the thinker. What the young man saw that night was but a faint imitation of the farm-home in which he had passed nineteen years of happy existence. Just one glance at a place so true and tender produced feelings long submerged in the breast of a gallant youth. Who could tell of the thoughts that found lodgment in his mind that night? That night! Might not some father or mother in a dear old plantation home be thinking of a wandering son? If it were so, their thoughts had reached him though far distant. In the silence of his chamber he allowed his imagination to wander over fields and dales. At one time there is wafted to him on the wings of perfect love, the complaints and sighs of wounded hearts. At another, a hardened conscience accuses him of reckless deeds and utter disregard of sacred duty. To these voices of condemnation he submitted, and unable to restrain himself he indulged in a complete review of his life in the city. No comfort was obtained from that, nor was it possible that any pleasure could be derived from meditating on such a career as he had followed. With a sense of shame characteristic of those who dishonor their loved ones, he confessed that not one had been conveyed to his parents, either by letter or friend in regard to his condition in five years.

This ignoring of those who held him always in their minds brought upon the unfaithful son greater condem-

nation. It was impossible to sleep. To one passing that little room in the early hours of morning, there would have appeared a flickering light, but without disclosing anything of the dreadful storm raging in the heart of the one within.

III.

Early the following morning the dark, handsome young man was an altogether different man. The stern voices of accusation and reproval were calmed. In the battle during the preceeding night, the demands of reason and right had been acquiesced in. Although sleep had not visited his heavy eyes, yet from the vision of home and friends he drew strength and inspiration for the course decided on. One could have observed him with quick steps going toward the station. He was going home.

Such a decision was not easily reached by that boy four hours before. In addition to the ambition that he possessed when the old plantation was lost to view, there was now a sense of absolute failure. In going home he was not at all dubious as to the course of explanation he must pursue in alleviating the shattered hopes of a fond and loving father. To intimate that he had to make a sad and humiliating confession to his parents, was enough to impede or rather destroy the good resolutions of any man less resolved than he.

The thought predominant in his mind that day was "How will father and mother treat me? Will they, can they, forgive me?" Like many wayward men he did not consider at such a crisis the unfaltering love and hope which father and mother have in their children. But in the face of all obstacles, he was convinced that there was a possibility of being welcomed home, and it loomed up

before him, growing brighter as he neared the home made desolate by his departure. In forty-eight hours the sight of loved ones would meet his anxious gaze, and in contemplation of that sacred reunion he abandoned himself.

Before a large, comfortable fire two parents were seated conversing in low tones. From their appearance one would infer that they were exceedingly interested in their subject. They were disheartened. They tried to comfort each other with words and hopes that each knew to be defective. It is said that by constant companionship two people will ultimately arrive at a stage at which all their desires seem to be mutual. For nearly half a century they had lived in the same sphere of life, and consequently knew each other perfectly. So in this, the evening of their lives, they delighted to talk of bygone days and recall the blissful moments of their happy and inimitable experiences.

With bowed heads the old people sat. The embers on the hearthstone were almost extinct. During the two preceding days, it had snowed heavily. The world of nature was still. From out the calmness of night there could be faintly heard the steps of a traveller.

The wanderer draws nearer, and nearer. How firm and manly his gait! With what rapidity the sound of his steps is echoed! The old lady at the first sound had slowly raised her head. As the advancing person drew nearer her face was illumined by a brightness resembling a heavenly radiance. With clasped hands the two old people left their seats, and without speaking a word approached the door.

Nearer the wanderer came revolving in his mind what he would say. Lifting his eyes to a little room over the

balcony he observed a light that threw its beams into the darkness. Over his head the lovely stars sparkled in the meadows of heaven. His heart beat faster. When he reached the front steps a feeling of intense joy came over him. Before he touched those sacred steps he raised his eyes to heaven and bade the stars good night. Then he ascended the steps with an exhultant bound. As if by magic hands, the door was thrown wide open and with a cry of indescribable joy he was lost in the embraces of his parents.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Here's to pleasures we have missed,
  Here's to girls we've never seen;
Here's to lips we've never kissed,
  And here's to the things that might have been.—*Ex.*

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LEE M. WHITE, Editor

The Resignation of Mr. Conn

We all sincerely regret that on account of other duties Mr. Conn cannot be in college this year. For this reason, it has been necessary for him to resign the editorship of The Student. The work that he has already done plainly shows to what a high standard he wished to bring our magazine. We are sorry to lose him. A man with his reputation as a writer and as a journalist could not help but make it the leading college magazine. Although with us but two months, he has inspired us with the unalterable ambition to place and to keep The Student upon a plane of the highest order of college journalism. We thank Mr. Conn for his help, and The Student is to be congratulated for having him as a member of its staff. We wish him, wherever he goes and whatever he does, the greatest possible success, and with this the good-will of every member of the student body.

The present editor feels a little delicacy in assuming the duties of the former editor; but knowing to what a high standard The Student has attained, with the best that is in him and with the co-operation of the students and the alumni, he will keep that place inviolate.

Inter-Collegiate Tennis

A college man cannot be called an educated man unless he has learned to live completely; and to live completely he must take interest in every form of college life. He must be as well informed in athletics as in debate; he must be versed in the handling of a baseball or a tennis racket as in refuting the argument of an opponent or the writing of a story.

The many phases of college athletics afford places for every man who desires to enter as a competitor. Athletics should take an important part in any college, and we are glad to say have taken high place in many colleges. They are such an important part in the life of a college that a man can hardly slight them without due injury to himself. Basketball, football, baseball, tennis and many other forms of college sports are open to him, who proves himself worthy of the place.

Tennis has taken, in the past few years, such an important part in college athletics that this branch cannot be slighted any longer. Every college has its team and interest in the game is high. This should be so, and we cannot but wonder why it has not been recognized before and received its own place among the leading sports. This being the case, it seems to us proper to suggest to the different colleges that there be organized in this State an inter-collegiate tennis association.

Since the Southern College championship series were held in Atlanta last spring, the demand is more urgent than ever for one to be organized. For this reason, the colleges of this State cannot hope to compete successfully with the teams from the other States unless they have tried their own strength among themselves. And, too, many of our colleges have not taken the proper interest in this sport that they should. It is to them we

especially appeal. The organization of such an association, we think, will call to notice this defect.

This state of affairs being the case, we suggest that a tournament of the different colleges be held next spring to determine the college championship of North Carolina, the representative teams of each college only to be eligible. This will cause much rivalry among the colleges and, we hope, will help to raise the standard of tennis. Skill in the game is not of such a high order that it may not be improved, and friendly rivalry will help to spur on those who wish to attain a high standard of playing.

Football—A Need

In the early nineties the trustees saw fit to abolish football. They had reason to, for the game had become too rough and when a man entered a contest, he took his life in his own hands. Those years, and many previous ones, saw the death of many a noble fellow. The game had been converted into a slugging match and fit only for "ringers" to engage in—a real sportsman could not enter. This method of playing called forth many indignant protests. The presidents of many of the leading colleges and universities severely criticised it, with the result that football at once fell into much disfavor. The lovers of the sport and the leading exponents of the game could not but recognize the demand "for cleaner football." They did reorganize the game. They made sweeping changes in many of the rules, but left unchanged its essential good points. To be more concise, ten yards must be gained instead of five as in the old manner of play. This has called for more open play and has eliminated in a marked degree the mass play, which was the cause for so much roughness and merciless slugging. The forward

pass can be used, without restriction, for gains. This, more than anything else, made open play possible.

To our mind, the main point of all the new rules restricts the "big fellows" from the team, and gives the light, fleet athlete a chance. The open play calls for fast ball, and light or comparatively light men can be depended upon. The bulky, heavy team is put to a disadvantage. It can only move as a machine, plunging here and slugging there; while the light team, with its fast backs and ends, can take advantage of every opening.

Knowing these facts to be the case, our plea is for football. Not many of the athletes have suffered injury this year; and the total number of injuries sustained do not number any more than the number received in baseball or any other contest. Hurts and bruises come to the man who fights life's battles well—ofttimes with not much glory. And who regards a broken nose or shin to the glory of playing a good game of football? To-day, we all take pride in that we once had the champion football team of the State, and for that matter, the South. Who denies that?

Since the reorganization of football, all the colleges in the Southern states, with a few exceptions, have adopted football as played under the new rules. In Georgia, Emory College is the only institution that does not play inter-collegiate football. Yet, this college allows class games. In Florida and South Carolina, the majority of the colleges have the game; in our own State, this institution and Trinity do not play. The same general truth holds good for the other states. Besides, here the class games have excited no little interest.

We do not argue that because other colleges have football we wish to have it; but because we know that we have here men who are as good athletes as may be found

in any other institution. Wake Forest can not any longer stand outside. She has taken too important a place among the colleges of the South to disregard any longer this feature of college life. Wake Forest has turned out leading men; and for that reason, we are proud of our institution. But can she still stubbornly refuse to educate her men fully; will she continue to pour into their craniums all the learning of the times without helping to make sure the foundation whereon they may build?

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

HILLIARD J. MASSEY, Editor

'Tis with pleasure that we begin a survey of the magazines which have come to our table. After a careful reading of a number of them, we note that a large per cent of the articles are essays dealing with our Southern poets. The wisdom of this is evident. This fact bespeaks the increased interest *in* and study *of* Southern literary men and women by college students. As the study of the history of one's country and the biographies of her great men tends to produce patriots, so we believe that, to an extent, the study of our poets is conducive to a generation of poets. Evidences of such study are widespread, and a firm confidence in this belief leads us to hope for greater achievements in the field of poetry and literature of all kinds within the next quarter of a century. For years the harps and lyres of our greatest Southern singers have been hushed, with none to take their places except an occasional poet who failed to make a national reputation. For half a century no Poe has breathed his weird, passionate lyrics; within the last decade or two no one has chanted the symphonies of a Lanier, sung the pæans of a Timrod, or the soul-stirring melodies of a Hayne. Such as these are no more among us. We have passed through an age whose spirit was uncongenial to poetry of the first rank. But now that age is gone. We are at the threshold of a new era in industrial progress; likewise an era, the glory of whose dawn is, we hope, but a foretaste of what is to come in the realm of poetry. Already the forerunners of such literary activity are among us.

The Vanderbilt Observer opens by giving Paul Hamilton Hayne's "Laocoon." This is fittingly followed by a well written tribute to Hayne, entitled "An Autumn Poet," by C. A. Bowen. "James Fennimore Cooper—His Recognition," is a creditable article and treats Cooper in a favorable light. "A Dream," by J. E. Berry, is among the best pieces of verse we have seen in our exchanges. "The Marrying Masqueraders" is a good short story uniquely designed and well told. "In the Light of the Aurora," by Allan F. Odell, is, in our opinion, a good story, but it hardly seems probable that a lady would expose herself to such a predicament as the writer places her in. Yet the story has good style and the dialogue shows ability. It is not of the sickening sentimental type and the last paragraph closes in harmony with the title. "The Inviolability of the Child," by J. Marvin Culbreth, offers some good practical suggestions for the solution of a problem which threatens to menace our civilization. The editorial department is good. We agree with the Exchange Editor in his views in regard to the exchange work.

Davidson College Magazine.—On the first page is a poem to Capt. John Smith. This magazine contains a number of articles on the Jamestown Exposition, most of which are good. But it seems that so much on one subject is a little out of proportion. Yet there are several excellent pieces of verse, viz. "The Traveller," "A Spring," and "Songs." "Manuel Martin's Recompense" is a story told almost entirely by the writer himself. Usually a story is better told by making the characters talk. However, the writer in this instance makes a fairly interesting story and shows narrative ability. "Destiny for Wainwright" is a story of the Exposition, and is good.

The University of Virginia Magazine is the best we have reviewed. The verse is good and the stories and essays show maturity and deliberate thought. "A Daughter of Erin" is especially good, contains fine description, a good plot, and shows ability in the writer. "Charleston, South Carolina," under the head of "Some Charming Southern Towns," is the best of its kind we have yet read. The writer's style is pleasing and easy. In the presentation of Charleston with its flowers, its aristocracy, and its large number of negroes we get a true picture of antebellum Southern life. "Even Our Friends in Adversity" is an excellent story and concretely illustrates ingratitude. "Will O' the Wisp," a farce, by Marc. Bradley, is exceptionally good and shows the devices of lovers. "The Friendly Ghosts" is a strong story. The writer makes use of Rip Van Winkle and his company of friendly spirits to dissuade the young artist from committing suicide.

The Baylor Literary.—"The Short Story in American Literature" shows study of the subject, which is the essential requisite to produce an essay. "Southern Poets" is a brief review of Timrod, Hayne and Lanier. The writer's style is good and the article is faithful to the poets. Most of the contents of the magazine are essays. Besides those mentioned above, "The American Writer as an Editor" and "Character Delineation in American Literature" are good. "Fidelity" is a fairly good story. More fiction would help the magazine.

The University of North Carolina Magazine.—"The Poetic Literature of North Carolina: A Bibliography," by Rev. Hight C. Moore, deserves special mention. It is a valuable contribution, and the repute of the writer alone commends it to the public. "The Complicity of Nero" would lead one to think of the Roman Emperor, but before one has read far one discovers it to be a love story. College magazines are noted for this class of literature. But love is common to mankind and the young college student is excusable. The writer, however, of the above-mentioned story makes it very interesting and has a fitting climax at the close. "The Mysterious Mr. Raffles" purports to be of the Sherlock Holmes Order, or of the analytic type introduced by Poe. We think that something of this kind would, in a measure, be more preferable

than so many love stories. "Why Abe Swore Off," the writer shows himself proficient in the reproduction of negro dialect. Our magazines should encourage more work of this kind. The editorials of this magazine are good. In our opinion the short story contest proposed and outlined would do much to raise the standard of college journalism.

The Trinity Archive.—This magazine opens with a good article on "The Government of North Carolina," by W. W. Stedman. The writer in a concise way gives a short history of the Constitution of our State and sums up the principles for which it stands. The presentation of the subject is short and more easily comprehended than an exhaustive history. "A Story Within a Story" is cleverly wrought and is a departure from the usual order of love stories. "Failure?" is an appropriate tribute to one of Trinity's sons. "Henry Clay's Visit to Raleigh," by Earl R. Franklin is especially good. The style is excellent and the scenes so vividly described that the reader is half conscious of being present. "The Bennett House" is an historical piece telling of the negotiations of peace which took place between General Sherman and General Johnston in said house. Such events and places should be given more attention, and we hope that more college students will contribute such articles to their magazines. "Higher Education," the second of the two pieces other than essays which this magazine contains, depicts a scene of "fruffles and frills" too common among one-year college girls—and boys, too. Most of the articles are essays. It has several good pieces of verse: more fiction would add. Nevertheless, it is a strong magazine.

In addition to the above-mentioned magazines, we have received the following: *Clemson College Chronicle, The Winthrop College Journal, Wofford College Journal, The William Jewell Student, The Hendrix College Mirror, The Acorn, The Furman Echo, The Newberry Stylus, The Emory and Henry Era, Isaqueena, The St. Mary's Muse, The Susquehanna, The Blue and Buff, The Eatonian, Southwestern University Magazine, The Concept, The Randolph-Macon Monthly,* and *Brenau Journal.*

CLIPPINGS

Old Maid (purchasing music)—"Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight'?"

Clerk—"No. It was the other clerk, I guess."—*Ex.*

WHO WOULDN'T BE A FOOTBALL HERO?

"Oh! Tom," she said on greeting me,
In tones of great alarm,—
"They said that in the game to-day,
You'd broken your right arm."

I calmed her tender, groundless fears,
With vehemence and haste,
And just to prove the arm was sound,
Slipped it around her waist.

So, nestling close beside me, she
Smiled sweetly in my face:
"That's great," said she, "not broken,
Nor even out of place." —*The Punch Bowl.*

A TOAST.

Here's to the girl I love so well,
With eyes of softest blue;
Here's to the sweetest crimson lips
Of the fairest girl—that's you.—*Ex.*

His face was pale, his visage sad,
His look was hard and stony.
"Is grim death near?" said I to him.
"No, no; I've lost my pony."—*Ex.*

He stood where the maiden stood beside
The beautiful, blushing rose,
And he lovingly bent his head and sighed,
And he hurled his mouth and nose
Among the petals so sweet, so rare,
That the maiden's lips had pressed,
And a humblebee that was resting there
Proceeded to do the rest.—*Ex.*

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

CHARLES S. BARNETTE, Editor.

—'88-'92. W. R. Powell is pastor of a church in Virginia.

—'04. B. A. Criteher is practicing law at Williamston, N. C.

—'90-'92. J. E. Dowd is Principal of Garner Graded School, Garner, N. C.

—'81-'83. J. B. H. Knight is one of the leading physicians of Williamston, N. C.

—'93. W. Harry Heck is Professor of the new Chair of Education in the University of Virginia.

—'05. M. L. Davis is one of the rising attorneys of Beaufort, N. C. He was a member of the last Legislature.

—'84-'89. G. T. Watkins is pastor of the Baptist church at Roxboro, N. C., where he is doing strong and earnest work.

—'81-'86. R. H. Whitehead is Dean of the Medical Faculty of the University of Virginia. Dr. Whitehead is widely recognized as an eminent medical authority. He was professor of the Medical Department of the University of North Carolina in 1889, but later went to the University of Virginia, where from '86-'7 he was a medical student.

—'69-'72. D. W. Bradsher is Clerk of the Superior Court of Person County. He has rendered most efficient service in this capacity, having held his present position for fourteen years without intermission, and from present prospects it seems that the people will continue to keep him there.

—'04. Phillips C. McDuffie, who graduated from the Wake Forest Law Department three years ago, and afterwards took the A.M. degree at George Washington University, and practiced law in New York City for one year, has gone now to Harvard to take a two or three-years' course in the Harvard Law School.—*Biblical Recorder.*

—'82-'86. By a unanimous vote of the congregation of the First Baptist Church, of Greensboro, Rev. J. L. White, D.D., of Beaumont, Texas, has been called to become its pastor, filling the place made vacant by the resignation some time ago of Rev. Dr. H. W. Battle, who is now pastor of the First Baptist Church of Kinston. Dr. White has accepted the call extended him, and it is with much pleasure and gratification that North Carolina Baptists will welcome him back to his native State. Dr. White is a native of Salem, N. C., and is considered one of the ablest

ministers in the Southern Baptist Church. He served as pastor of the Baptist churches of Elizabeth City, Durham and Asheville before going to Macon, Ga., a number of years ago. From Macon he went to his present charge at Beaumont, Texas.

—'88-'92. William Royall, Jr., the son of Dr. Royall of the Chair of Greek, who holds a professorship in the State's Blind Institution at Raleigh, was married on October 22d, to Miss Nina Almirall, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The following clipping is taken from the *News and Observer* of that date: "The marriage of Mr. William Royall, of Raleigh, N. C., and Miss Nina Almirall, of Brooklyn, was celebrated this evening at the home of the bride, 408 Grand Avenue. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Marie Almirall, as maid of honor. The groom was attended by F. P. Haywood, of Raleigh, as best man, and by Lewis Powell, of Wake Forest, Arthur Vernay, of New York, Leon Almirall, and J. F. Almirall, as ushers. The house was beautifully decorated with palms, ferns and smilax. The bride and groom stood under a floral bower in the front drawing-room and received the congratulations of several hundred reception guests after the ceremony. The officiating clergymen were Father Ferrell, of Hempstead, and Rev. A. J. Belford, pastor of the Church of the Nativity, Brooklyn. After the reception, Mr. and Mrs. Royall left for a bridal trip before returning to Raleigh. Among the groom's out-of-town relatives present were his mother, Mrs. W. B. Royall, Mrs. John Royall, and the Misses Powell, of Wake Forest, and Miss Kilgour, of Newark."

—'79-'83. Dr. Edwin Sinclair Alderman, who came up from the Southland five years ago to become pastor of the Warburton Avenue Church, Yonkers, is to go back to his beloved Kentucky the middle of November as pastor of the Fourth Avenue (McFerran Memorial) Church, Louisville. He presented his resignation on October 13th, and the church, knowing that his decision was irrevocable, accepted it with profound regret. Dr. Alderman was born in North Carolina, educated at Wake Forest College and the Southern Theological Seminary, and held several pastorates and the presidency of Bethel College in Kentucky. He married his wife in Louisville, and her people still live in that city. It was from Bethel College that he came to Yonkers. His pastorate with the Warburton Avenue Church has been marked by solid and enduring work, and in the activities of the Association and the State Convention he has been an influential figure. His loss, therefore, will be keenly and widely felt. On accepting his resignation his church expressed appreciation of his work in fitting resolutions. Not every pastor who makes a change has Dr. Alderman's good fortune. He is returning to old friends and to the field where he worked for many years. On this point we congratulate him.—*The Examiner.*

—'93-'98. John Charles McNeill died at the home of his father in Scotland County on November 17. In the death of Mr. McNeill, Wake Forest College loses one of her most gifted sons, and North Carolina one of her sweetest and most admired singers. All the more sad is his death owing to the fact that he was just entering the prime of manhood, being in his thirty-third year. Mr. McNeill entered Wake Forest College in 1893. He received his B.A. degree in 1897, and his M.A. degree one year later. During his college career he won many honors in his literary society, and was at one time Editor-in-Chief of this magazine. From the very first he showed an ability and style in his compositions which bespoke genius, and called forth the praise of his English Professor—praise rarely bestowed except to the deserving, and always backed by wise and judicious judgment. The student McNeill was a great lover and reader of English literature, especially of poetry. He won the Dixon Essayist's Medal, was Instructor in English, and valedictorian of his class. For the year '99-'00 he was Acting Professor of English in Mercer University at Macon, Ga. He returned home and secured license to practice law and located at Lumberton, N. C., but later moved to Laurinburg, N. C. In 1903 he represented his native county of Scotland in the Legislature. But neither law nor politics seemed to have much of an attraction for Mr. McNeill. His was a nature not to be interested by these prosaic occupations. The poet soul was restless, and wanted opportunity that it might give itself wing and utterance. After some work on local journals and contributions to some of the leading magazines of the country, the *Charlotte Observer* succeeded in winning Mr. McNeill to its editorial staff, where he spent the last three years of his life. In 1905 he won the Patterson Cup, given for the production of the best piece of literature, during the year, by a North Carolinian. In 1906 Mr. McNeill collected his poems and had them published under the title, "Songs, Merry and Sad," and at the time of his death he was arranging for publication a volume of his dialect verse under the title "Possums and Persimmons, or, Under the Persimmon Tree." Mr. McNeill's poems have been widely read and have gained for him an enviable reputation. He is thought of as the forerunner of a new awakening in North Carolina literature. Had not death cut him down so early, who can predict to what heights he would have risen?

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

H. E. PEELE, Editor

—Lights in the gymnasium!

—November,—and Thanksgiving! Are you going to see her?

—What's the matter with the tennis tournament? Can't we have it this year?

—Who would have dreamed it? There's a 'phone in the President's office!

—Miss Katherine Gwaltney, of the Baptist University for Women, spent Sunday, October 27th with her sister here.

—Miss Louise Peed was at home for a few days recently. She is attending school at Oxford Seminary.

—Where's the freshman who wanted to know why we can't have a basket ball game with B. U. W.?

—Forty-six delegates from Wake Forest attended the students Y. M. C. A. Bible Study Conference which was in session at the A. and M. College October 25th to the 27th. The delegates report an interesting and helpful meeting.

—Dr. Poteat spoke recently on Christian Education, before the Little River Association, at Dunn.

—Miss Katherine Futrell, of Scotland Neck, is visiting Miss Ruby Reid.

—Delegates from Wake Forest were present at the Baraca banquet at Raleigh on October 26th.

Professor Sledd is expected to lecture in Goldsboro soon on "Woman and Literature."

—On the evening of Wednesday, November 6th, Mr. Albert Sidney Brown, of Washington, D. C., and Miss May Lassiter, of Wake Forest, were quietly married at the home of the bride's parents. On the following afternoon they left for the Jamestown Exposition, where they were intending to spend several days. Their home will be in Washington city.

—Miss Agnes Taylor is visiting relatives in Richmond.

—The autumn Bulletin is off the press and is quite an interesting number. The leading article, half facetiously entitled "Forty Years in the Wilderness," is by Professor L. R. Mills, and will be found more than well worth reading. The Bulletin may be had by the friends of the college for the asking.

—Mr. R. V. Taylor, Jr., assistant Y. M. C. A. Secretary for the Southern States, addressed the association here on Monday, October 28th. As the result of a personal canvass among the students after this meeting, one hundred and fourteen new members were added to the Bible Study Band. This makes the total number now enrolled in this work over two hundred.

—Mr. W. Y. Pass, who was operated on for appendicitis in the latter part of October, is reported to be improving as rapidly as could be expected. He will probably be able to leave the hospital soon.

—Many students are expressing their delight that Professor J. B. Carlyle, who, for a time, was compelled to give up his connection with the Sunday school on account of frequent absences from the Hill in raising the endowment of the College, has now arranged to be here on Sunday, and again meets his old class in the small chapel. This is one of the largest classes in our Sunday school.

—The Christian spirit in the College was greatly refreshed and strengthened by the series of meetings, closing November 10th, which were conducted by Dr. William E. Hatcher, of Virginia. Dr. Hatcher is a man whose immense reserve power and earnest sincerity will make themselves felt; and immediate results are but feeble indications of the mighty influences for good set to work by his preaching.

—In the midst of our revival the College and the community were saddened by the illness and death from blood-poison of Joseph Brewer, the twelve-year-old son of Professor Charles E. Brewer. The hearts of the students go out in deepest sympathy to their beloved teacher in his bereavement and sorrow.

—On the evening of October 31st a novel and delightful Halloween entertainment was given in the college gymnasium under the supervision of Mr. J. Richard Crozier, director of athletics. With the help of an able corps of assistants Mr. Crozier had transformed the main floor of the gymnasium into an autumn forest, and in the heart of this forest, "nine miles from Pumpkinville," gathered a merry crowd of Pumpkinville picnickers. A program, which consisted of athletic feats and music was rendered; and this, as well as the refreshments which were afterwards served, was thoroughly enjoyed by every one present. Indeed so successful was the entire entertainment that the proceeds very nearly met the cost of the gymnasium's new gallery.

—The interest in football has been unusually high here this season. Every class has its team and already there have been two sharp contests on the gridiron. The first of these, a close and hard-fought battle between the sophomores and the seniors, resulted in a score of 5 to 0

in favor of the sophomores. The second was a fight between the juniors and the freshmen, and this, perhaps, was the most exciting class game that has ever been played on our athletic field. At the end of the first half the score stood 6 to 5 in favor of the freshmen; but in the second half the heavier weight of the juniors began to tell, and the final score was 6 to 10 in favor of the upper class. There's evidently an abundance of good football material at Wake Forest, and it's a shame that we can't put it into a college team.

—At the senior speaking on Friday evening, November 1st, the class of 1908 made its initial bow to the public. The first speaker was Mr. H. H. McMillan, of Scotland county, who discussed forcibly and clearly "The Defects of Civilization." He was followed by Mr. F. D. King, who spoke, with remarkable ease and grace, on "The Trend of American Life," treating the subject especially from the moral standpoint. Mr. J. Foy Justice, of Buncombe county, was the third speaker, and his subject was "Centralization, the Problem of the American Democracy." He spoke with unusual clearness and force, commanding the attention of his audience throughout. The last address of the evening was made by Mr. W. D. Little, of Union county, who spoke on "The Race Problem of the North," urging in a convincing manner that the horde of undesirable immigrants pouring into our great cities is a more serious menace to American civilization than the presence of the negro. All the addresses were well received and many expressed the opinion that this was the best Senior Speaking that they had ever attended. An informal reception in the society halls followed the orations, and there many found opportunity to make addresses of a more private nature. We trust that these, too, were well received.

—Littleton was the first victim to fall into the hands of the Wake Forest basket-ball team this season, and what our boys did for the high school kids was a plenty. To say that the visitors were outclassed doesn't express it,—indeed there's only one thing which will, and that's the score—63 to 0, seven times nine to a goose egg, in favor of Wake Forest. Couch did the star playing, but Gay and Hipps were also applauded again and again, and every man that played did himself and the old college honor. We'll have a winning team when the difficult question as to who shall compose it has been settled, —that's sure. Mr. Crozier was never so confident,—and Trinity's next.

—The first of the series of College lectures for the session was delivered on Tuesday evening, October 29th, by Dr. E. W. Sikes, of the chair of Political Science. The subject was "Francis Bacon," and Dr. Sikes spoke in his usual easy and entertaining style. Bacon's character, with its singular strength and weakness, was clearly delineated, the brilliant promise of his youth was noted, and his checkered career briefly sketched. Concluding, Dr. Sikes declared Bacon an intellectual giant, a huge Titan, who frittered away many years of his life in pursuit of objects unworthy of his great powers, and finally passed from the stage of life with the glorious promise of his early manhood unfulfilled. Dr. Sikes is one of our most popular lecturers and to hear him on an occasion like this, a rare delight.

—A very touching and impressive memorial service in honor of John Charles McNeill, the most gifted, perhaps, of all Wake Forest's sons, followed the regular chapel exercises on Saturday, November 2nd. The leading address was made by Professor Sledd, who spoke first, very

touchingly of his personal relation with Mr. McNeill, and then discussed the young singer's place in American Literature. The address was followed by two memorial poems, one composed and read by Mr. Page, assistant in the Departmment of English, the other composed by Mr. James Larkin Pearson and read by Dr. Poteat. This concluded the exercises.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXVII DECEMBER, 1907 NO. 4

IN MEMORIAM TO JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

By James Larkin Pearson.

THE RIVALS.

Rose-crowned, with lifted veil and soft glad eyes,
  She met him at the portals when he came;
For she was Life and he, full lover-wise,
  Did kiss her hand and fervent love proclaim.

And they were boon companions, Life and he,
  And fitly joined in every mood and thought;
They plighted love beneath the forest tree,
  In Nature's schoool together they were taught.

His poet-heart was wakened into song;
  Nor ever sang the nightingale so well;
Great thoughts that to Eternity belong
  From his ripe lips in perfect numbers fell.

But gaunt-eyed Death sat envious and alone,
  Perceiving how the happy pair were blest;
And she into a jealous rage was thrown,—
  With fleshless palm she smote her hollow breast.

And in that mood Death made an awful vow
  To lie in wait where Life and Poet strolled,
That she might plant her kiss upon his brow,
  Touch his warm, singing heart and leave it cold.

And even so befell the tragic deed:
  From Death's assault there was no arm to save;
And many hearts shall long in silence bleed,
  While Life stands weeping by her Poet's grave.

THE STUDENT LIFE OF JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

By Dr. Chas. E. Taylor.

I have no definite recollection of my first meeting, in the fall of 1894, with Mr. McNeill. It was probably on the day of his matriculation as a freshman,—one of those days when one receives only a blurred impression of many unfamiliar faces. The ability to differentiate comes later. In the case of Mr. McNeill this could not have been very long delayed. From the first there was something exceptional about him which gave him a place apart.

The tall, slender youth with raven locks began on the threshold of his student life to show that he was of an unusual type, both as a student and as a man.

The record shows that during his first session at Wake Forest he made in Latin, Mathematics, and English the grades, respectively, of 98, 99, and 98. These results indicated that he was a first rate student and placed him, so to speak, upon the pedestal where stand the men who are leaders of their classes.

In order to have achieved these high averages in daily recitations and on examinations the young man must have been, and, indeed, he was, an assiduous worker. But I do not think that he knew the drudgery, the wearing grind of study. His mind was quick to discern and receive; his memory was tenacious in retaining.

Because he mastered rapidly and with comparative ease his allotted tasks, the casual observer would have judged of the excellence of his work by the results rather than by the process of acquisition. For he entered with zest into all the varied interests and activities of student life. He was ready to be welcomed into the social circles

of the little college town. With insatiable appetite he availed himself of the treasures of Library and Reading-room. It may be doubted whether, during the five years of his sojourn at Wake Forest, any other student read more widely or to better purpose than he. Though not an athlete himself, he took a genuine interest in the men of muscle and nerve among his friends and rejoiced with enthusiasm in every victory of "our men."

It not infrequently happens that young students become weary in well doing and that the hopes inspired by the freshman prove delusive before he becomes a senior.

So far was this from being the case with Mr. McNeill that he not only kept up the pace which he had set for himself, but actually improved upon it. The Rolls of the college show that during his senior year he made in Physics the grade of 100; in Chemistry, 99; in Moral Philosophy, 98; in English, 100; and in Biology, 99.

After taking his degree of Bachelor of Arts, Mr. McNeill returned to Wake Forest to do the work for the Master's degree and, incidentally, to render assistance as Instructor in English.

It was during this last session (1898-9) that I was brought into closer contact and more intimate personal relations with him than had been possible before. He was one of the four men who that year pursued with me the study of Philosophy in the Senior Class of the course. In this all the great problems of metaphysics and, incidentally, many of the doctrines of the Christian and other religions were discussed.

Again and again, after the bell had rung and the others had left, Mr. McNeill would remain, propounding questions, some of which no man could answer, or advancing theories which, even when they were not plausible, at least gave evidence of an eager love of truth and an alert

understanding. And though he was often daring in speculation, he was never flippant nor casuistic, but was at all times earnest and reverent.

Every young man who reads widely and thinks for himself almost inevitably passes, sooner or later, through a period of unrest. Hitherto he has accepted opinions and beliefs on the authority, in great part, of others. Now he begins to question all things. It is, perhaps, well that this should be the case. The struggle through a period of doubt may be painful, but it is sure, when unbiased by prejudice or passion and poisoned by no malign external influences, to settle and open sounder foundations and impart more decided convictions.

I believe that while he was at the college Mr. McNeill passed through such a crisis in his intellectual and spiritual life, and that he emerged from it still anchored to all that was fundamental and essential in the beliefs of his earlier youth.

Mr. McNeill was a popular man in college, and those who knew him best liked him most. For he was charitable in his judgments, courteous in his bearing, and kind in his actions. This does not imply that he showed a weak complaisance. His nature was rich in essential manliness and I well remember occasions when his strong sense of justice put him in opposition to prevailing public opinion. Indeed, one of the most marked characteristics of the man was his sturdy Scotch independence and his indifference to adverse opinion or criticism. To this spirit, perhaps, is due the fact that he was less careful than many young men as to dress and personal appearance. This was not that he took pride in being peculiar, but simply that he considered such matters as trivial and to be brushed aside as not meriting great attention.

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To follow the career of Mr. McNeill as lawyer, professor and journalist would be to go beyond the scope of this article. All who knew him well at Wake Forest and had had opportunities for estimating his abilities believed that a successful and brilliant future lay before him. It was after only a brief experience at the bar that he became convinced that the profession was not congenial to his tastes or suited to his talents. Then for a year he filled a professor's chair in a Southern university before at last gravitating naturally into the work for which he was best fitted.

A wise Roman poet once wrote that what the gods want a man to do they make him want to do. This is only saying that in deciding upon one's lifework he is apt to recognize that his desires harmonize with his aptitudes. And Mr. McNeill's friends were happy in their belief that, in entering the field of journalism and in cultivating literature, he had found his best environment and true vocation. And the work already done by him while still a young man warrants their belief now that, had his life been spared, his pen would have won for him world-wide renown.

McNEILL THE POET

By Professor B. F. Sledd.

It was in the autumn of 1895, if I remember aright, that John Charles McNeill matriculated in my Freshman-English class. I recall how I opened my eyes in wonder over his first composition. There was that indescribable something which we call style—real, genuine, style; the writing of one who handles his pen as to the manner born. Now, style in a Freshman's composition is almost as rare as speech among the birds; so I thought it well to ask Mr. McNeill whence he had derived his inspiration. But when the tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed boy came up to my desk, the question was never asked him. His very presence had spoken for him; the man and the style were one. Men of genius have ever possessed striking personalities, and Mr. McNeill certainly bore outwardly the marks of a genius. An assistant was needed at the time in the English department, and, Freshman though he was, McNeill was at once chosen for the place. And this was the beginning of a friendship that will ever be among the treasured memories of my life. Many a night the piles of compositions were forgotten as we talked the hours away over the poets. Even then McNeill was writing verses, some of which may be found in the numbers of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT. The least mature of them will be found to possess a certain nameless charm which distinguishes them from the mere verse of college magazines.

Last night I went over McNeill's little volume once more—for the third time. On finishing it, I felt that the poet had rightly named it "Songs." Like his own favor-

ite poet, Burns, McNeill was the born singer. Nowhere did he attempt the lofty theme or the lofty utterance. His poems are always brief swallow-flights of song that dip their wings in the mingled shadow and sunshine of every-day life and skim away. The Scotch poets, from the old balladists down to Stevenson, have ever been a race of singers, and McNeill was Scotch to his finger tips.

On opening the little volume, one is at once struck with the absolute flawlessness of the workmanship. The severest critic would search in vain for ill-digested thoughts, extravagant figures, far-fetched conceits, halting metres, and bad ryhmes. Even the least successful of the verses contain what Matthew Arnold calls the poet's fluidity of utterance. Let me quote a single short poem:

SUNDOWN.

"Hills wrapped in gray, standing along the west;
Clouds, dimly lighted, gathering slowly;
The star of peace at watch above the crest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!

We know, O Lord, so little what is best;
Wingless, we move so lowly;
But in Thy calm all-knowledge let us rest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!"

Perhaps we rather regret the absence of those very extravagances and youthful imperfections that constitute the chief charm of a poet's first volume. If we take the early works of the great masters of song,—of Keats, of Shelley, of Tennyson,—we stand bewildered as in a jungle, but the very jungle proclaims the fertility of the soil. I have always feared that McNeill attained his first success too easily, too readily; that he found his way too quickly into the magazines and newspapers. If there is

anything that can put the leaden cape on the poet's fancy, it is to be compelled to write to the dead, uniform level of the American magazines.

Another excellence of McNeill's poetry—and it is his chief claim to greatness—is its haunting quality. There are phrases, lines, and measures that stick in the memory, recurring to us over and over again. Take the following:

DAWN.

"The hills again reach skyward with a smile.
Again, with waking life along its way,
The landscape marches westward mile on mile,
And Time throbs white into another day.

Though eager life must wait on livelihood,
And all our hopes be tethered to the mart,
Lacking the eagle's wild, high freedom, would
That our's might be this day the eagle's heart."

The lines illustrate, too, another quality of Mr. McNeill's poetry: Like all Scotchmen he never fails to preach a little, wherever possible,—quickly, unobtrusively, but a sermon nevertheless. And our hearts are always the better for the preaching.

And, most of all, in these sweet songs I catch the beating of a strong, manly heart; I hear the voice of one who loves home and mother and all the good old things of youth. Let me quote McNeill's one really successful sonnet:

HOME SONG.

"The little loves and sorrows are my song:
The leafy lanes and birthsteads of my sires,
Where memory broods by winter's evening fires
O'er oft-told joys and ghosts of ancient wrongs;
The little cares and carols that belong
To home-hearts, and old rustic lutes and lyres,
And spreading acres, where calm-eyed desires
Wake with the dawn, unfevered, fair, and strong.

If words of mine might lull the bairn to sleep,
And tell the meaning in a mother's eyes;
Might counsel love, and teach their eyes to weep
Who, o'er their dead, question unanswering skies,—
More worth than legions in the dust of strife,
Time, looking back at last, should count my life."

Here, as is nearly always true, the poet is his own best judge and critic.

Did time permit, I might speak of Mr. McNeill's keenness and sureness of eye and ear. Never a sight or a sound of the woods and the fields escapes him, and his nature-poetry has the happy inspiration of the born nature-lover.

* * * "an old gray stone
That humps its back up through the mold."

"Distant pastures send the bleat
Of hungry lambs at break of day."

Now, in conclusion, I must be pardoned if I refuse to attempt any estimate of Mr. McNeill's genius. It is enough that we hail him poet. Posterity will assign his rank. In the kingdom of the poets, as in the kingdom of the just, there is no first and last. Let us remember that McNeill was cut down in the flower of his manhood. It is not so much what he fulfilled as what he promised. Let us hope, too, and devoutly believe that John Charles McNeill is the morning star to the new day which is surely dawning in the Old North State.

IN MEMORIAM J. C. M.

By H. F. Page.

The silver chord falls snapped in twain,
  The golden bowl lies broken.
In this sad hour of bitter pain
  How shall our grief be spoken?

No more his rare-attuned lyre
  Will thrill to Sapphic measure;
No more his chalice bathed in fire
  Will pour to us its treasure.

Ye fates that clip the mortal thread,
  Your work is done untimely—
We gather here about our dead—
  Would he had died sublimely!

But at this hour shall every blame
  Be sunk in soul-deep sorrow;
The Art he loved shall shrieve his name
  And keep his fame to-morrow.

"We know so little what is best,
  Wingless, we move so lowly,"
In Thy all-pity grant him rest,
  O God, most holy, holy!

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

By Josiah William Bailey.

Spring Hill is the name of a community in the heart of the original Scotch settlement of North Carolina, and generations of that substantial stock have come and gone without loss of the blood or the spirit which is everywhere their glory.

In this community John Charles McNeill, the poet, was born July 26, 1874, and there he was reared.

Of the contribution of locality, of blood and of moral and intellectual atmosphere to genius we can make no proper measure. But I regard it important to the purpose of this sketch that the reader first obtain a conception of the Spring Hill region and people.

The land lies low, and the far horizon makes its moving appeal wherever the eye may fall. The fields present vistas of corn and cotton and grass, with the woods of cypress and pine and gum in the back-ground. The houses are the headquarters of wide-sweeping and well-kept farms, and the vine and fig-tree flourish near by. Throughout the settlement winds the Lumber River, wine-colored, steady, deep and swift or slow according to the season; a darksome stream, where the red-throat, the pickerel and the large-mouth bass find homes all to their liking, save for the fisher-boy who overtakes them with bob and bait. To spend a sunset hour beneath the cypress gloom hard-by; to catch the note of the far-circling fields in the stilly hour; to respond to the color of the land and heaven and horizon and the sombre quiet all around—is to realize that this is the poet's clime.

"The poet in a poet's clime was born."

The center of this community is an ancient church, school, and temperance hall, the three being within speaking distance of one another. Of the civilization of this settlement I need say no more: these are their witnesses. The church was presided over throughout three generations by two really great ministers—Daniel White, the patron-saint—if the Scotch will tolerate that term—and John Monroe, the patriarch, of the people. It is impossible to measure the impress of these men; they ministered according to the best traditions of their callings. They were the wisest, the most eloquent, and the best men their people have ever known; their chosen leaders, their spiritual fathers and daily examples. Not only did they dominate the church, the school and the lodge; their lives prevailed over all, and do prevail to this day, though they have long been gathered to their fathers.

The temperance lodge was no insignificant member of this trinity of social, intellectual, moral and spiritual springs. Here the young people were accumtomed to assemble to exercise their gifts in entertainments and debates. That there was sufficient interest to sustain the institution speaks abundantly of the moral fibre of the community, and I could produce an array of facts that would convince every other community in North Carolina that such an institution is worthy of all that it may require. I could name leaders now serving North Carolina who received here their strongest impressions and found play for their best gifts. So much for the locality.

John Charles McNeill is a lineal descendant of Daniel White and John Monroe; his grandfathers, John McNeill and Charles Livingston, emigrated from Argyleshire, Scotland, about the beginning of the nineteenth century. His grand mothers were born in America. His

father, Duncan McNeill, now enjoying a hale old age, and his mother, Euphemia Livingston, who has lived to read the poet's exquisite lines to her, are most excellent people. Their home is the typical home of a Scotch farmer and *leader*—leading man—full of light, rich in books, and periodicals and music, given to hospitality and generous of comfort, a fireside of sweet living and high thinking. Captain McNeill is himself a stalwart citizen, fond of public speaking, in which he is accomplished; devoted to the young, one time an editor and lecturer, a writer of verse, an earnest supporter of his church and party, an insatiable reader, and, personally, a most delightful companion. His wife is likewise a woman of gifts and graces worthy of her line; gentle, all-womanly, her face a delight of sweetness and her ways the ways of a mother-heart. Their godly lives adorn their confession of Jesus Christ.

John Charles, born of such parents and reared in such a community, spent his youth in the occupations of the farmer's boy. His chief taste was to "mind the cows," and he knew also the plow and the hoe; but I have heard it said that he lost many a furrow because he would read and plow at the same time. To bring the cows home at evening; to do the chores of the household; to attend school in the hours; to fish and hunt and roam the woods and swim the river and explore the swamps whenever he could—these were the other elements of his making. He is to this day a woodsman of parts, the trees and flowers and birds and beasts, their habits and wants, are known to him as by second nature, and likewise, the homely features of farm-life, the negro songs and customs, the local ne'er-do-wells, the original characters—one would infer upon a brief acquaintance with him that

they, no less than the more innocent children of nature, were his peculiar friends.

He entered school in early youth and proved an apt student. His preparation being completed in the Spring Hill and Whiteville Academies, he entered Wake Forest College, graduating therefrom in 1898 at the head of his class, in recognition of which honor he was awarded the privilege of making the Valedictory address. His poetic gifts were manifested early in his college career, and Prof. B. F. Sledd was prompt and diligent to encourage and direct him. In the college magazine his verses often appeared, and they were from the first of an order to command attention. In fact, while his poetry has gained in range, finish and abundance in the years since, the strain of his first productions may yet be traced in all his verse.

He was chosen to assist Professor Sledd as tutor in the department of English while he was taking his Bachelor's degree, and he improved the opportunity that was thus afforded to remain another year and win from Wake Forest the master's degree—the highest that the college awards—in 1899.

In 1900 he was elected Assistant Professor of English in Mercer University, of Georgia; but after a year he relinquished this post for the practice of law, having prepared for that profession at Wake Forest in 1896-1897, and received from the Supreme Court of North Carolina license to practice in 1897. He opened an office in Laurinburg—within a few miles of Spring Hill. It was my fortune to spend a day with him during this period. We were together in his office; there were clients, but their causes were obviously foreign to the genius of Mr. McNeill. The while he would be discussing some poem or reading at my request one of his own,

in would come some troubled spirit seeking his assistance in getting back a mule that had been swapped in a none too sober moment.

Nevertheless this was a fruitful period in Mr. McNeill's career—both as a poet and a lawyer. *The Century Magazine* readily accepted his verses, printed them with illustrations, and encouraged him to send others. On the other hand, clients increased, and, moreover, Mr. McNeill's fellow citizens sent him to the General Assembly of North Carolina—a member of the House. In this relation he acquitted himself well, bringing to his tasks a homely knowledge of his people and a sound common sense.

But there was no suppressing the higher call. With that fine appreciation which has made *The Carlotte Observer* notable for its young men—as well as its "Old Man"—editor J. P. Caldwell offered Mr. McNeill a place on his staff, with the freedom of the paper and the world. I have the editorial announcement to support me in the statement that Mr. McNeill was assigned to no especial post nor required to perform any particular work. His task was to write whatsoever he might be pleased to write.

We owe it to *The Charlotte Observer* that Mr. McNeill has had such freedom to exercise his gifts. His poems have come in perilous abundance; and at the same time he has done work as a reporter of public occasions that alone would have commanded for him a place on his paper. He has also produced no little prose of original character and great worth—paragraphs portraying life, humorous incidents, observations; and now and then a series of excellent fables as native to the soil and as apropos as those of Æsop.

Mr. McNeill's column of verses promptly commanded the enthusiastic praise of readers throughout the State and of the press in other States. He was hailed as a poet indeed, and at the first year's end he was unanimously awarded the Patterson Cup, in recognition of the fact that he had made the best contribution to literature in North Carolina. This cup was presented to Mr. McNeill by President Roosevelt. Within the year following he published his one volume, entitled "Songs Merry and Sad," and the first edition was promptly exhausted.

Mr. McNeill's poetic gift bears these marks: it is lyric; it is genuine; it is of the sun rather than the lamp; it is close to nature—the earth, the seasons, man and beast, home and the daily round of experiences. It is suggestive rather than descriptive, and spontaneous rather than labored. There is pathos and humor; but above either the strain of tenderness in dominant, tenderness of phrase and of feeling. One feels that he has yet to strike the greater chords, and at the same time he is convinced as he reads that he has all but done that, so nearly having attained it, that at any moment the larger gift may be ours.

Such songs as "Oh, Ask Me Not," "A Christmas Hymn," "When I Go Home," "Harvest," and "Vision," are tokens of a rich vein of the genuine gold; while the poems, "October," "Sundown," "If I Could Glimpse Him," "Alcestis," "The Bride," "Oblivion," "The Caged Mockingbird," "Dawn," "Paul Jones," as I have intimated, though they have not yet elevated Mr. McNeill above the rank of the minor poets, they carry a charm, they work upon the imagination with a power, they afford a subtle joy that bespeaks the noblest promise.

Since writing the foregoing sketch, *The South Atlantic Quarterly* has appeared containing a critical ap-

preciation of the poems of Mr. McNeill, by Edward K. Graham, Professor of English Literature in the University of North Carolina. He declares that Mr. McNeill is the first "North Carolina poet to win the ear of the whole State"; and speaks of his volume as "The most poetic collection by a North Carolinian that has yet appeared." He adds, "At a time when poetry has lost the appeal of passion, it is peculiarly grateful to come into the warm confidence of emotion always gentle, intimate, and manly, and in its best moments, infinitely tender." Professor Graham's conclusion, on the whole, is implied in his final sentence: "Conviction of great poetic power we seldom feel in reading the volume, but the presence of the divine gift of poetry we are always sensible of—the gift to minister to some need of the spirit—as when a simple heart-song speaks the heart of all mankind."

Thus the scholar's critical insight confirms the public taste which had already chosen Mr. McNeill as the favorite writer of all this region.

While the copy of this sketch was still in the hands of the printer the death of Mr. McNeill occurred, after a lingering illness, at his home near Riverton, Scotland County, N. C., October 17, 1907.

NORTH CAROLINA MOURNS THE DEATH OF A POET

By Edward L. Conn.

John Charles McNeill is dead, and North Carolina mourns the death of a true poet. But no sarcophagus can hold captive the spirit of an immortal, and the soul of McNeill with its golden lute-notes will sing to many generations to come. His sensitive spirit was super-refined in the crucible of human suffering; his gentle heart was purified by the fire of experience, kindling within him a glow of sympathy that was reflected in all his singings, and a flame of human kindness that was both light and warmth to sorrow-shadowed and adverse-stricken hearts. When McNeill was moved to give expression to his emotions in verse, that expression was as sweet, as tender, as beautiful as the soft-stirring music of hope and comfort harped by celestial minstrel. He walked uneven paths, or no paths. Imagination's prodigal son, a dreamer, stirred by the wander-lust, moving restlessly from the lowlands close to the heaving bosom of the Atlantic, through the countless mingling glories of the interior to the everlasting mountains, where innumerable, awful forms lift their mighty heads toward heaven. He built on his heart an altar of love, and upon it offered to the Nature which gave him life the unblemished offspring of his genius.

Time will impartially place a just estimate upon the worth of his work, and critics will search and weigh the treasury of his mind. I knew John Charles McNeill as a man and loved him with the passionate fondness of a friend. Many years ago the infinite charm of his manner and the attraction of that personality, whose inherent goodness and grace and glory were the delight and inspiration of those who knew him well, drew me to him. His voice was music and thrilled; sad are those

friends who had made of his friendship a part of their own life, and who will hear his voice no more. But in his verses are comfort and good cheer, and he would not have them troubled.

Three months ago I saw McNeill last. We had met in the mountains that he loved so well and knew so intimately. They were decked in their midsummer splendors, and the exhilerating air, clear, sparkling water, flowers, birds, beasts and people, and the freedom and abandon of all did McNeill's heart good. To him it was a place of Edenic loveliness and completeness.

The press dispatches said his health was improved, and he returned east. But as he descended the eastern slopes of the Blue Ridge the gales that swept down upon him told him an eternal farewell; for Death was dropping a shadowy veil across his fine features; the lute-like voice was more nearly attuned to those which form the choirs invisible; and the lambent gleam in his shining eyes was a reflex of things that mortal eyes see not. McNeill was leaving the passes of the world and he realized it. He uttered no words of complaint, scarcely did he confess regret, nor found he fault with fate, or destiny, or God. Autumn transformed the hills and the vales and the lowlands and spread an indescribable beauty over the myriad places that were loved by McNeill, so that his ascending soul might view them in their utmost glory as he entered the avenues of the Unknown. But Winter will learn that he is gone, and will shroud the earth in mourning raiment.

An alumnus of Wake Forest, this college had a peculiar pride in McNeill's achievements. Lawyer, journalist, scholar, poet, gentleman: he was human and was not without flaw; but he was a man without an enemy. He was born to be loved, and he had the joy to know, years before his lamented and untimely death, that he had won the affections of the people of his native State.

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

By Dr. Archibald Henderson, of the University of North Carolina.

The loss to the State of North Carolina in the recent death of John Charles McNeill is incalculable. Had I never met or known McNeill I should say the same thing. The South will feel his loss more keenly as time goes on. I believe that the verse of John Charles McNeill, aside from its notable merits as genuine poetry, has been unrivalled as an inspiring influence in the remarkable resurgence of literature which promises to give North Carolina in the near future a prominence of national moment. It would be incorrect to speak of the present era as the renaissance of literature in North Carolina. It is not a rebirth, but more properly a new, a virgin birth. Young men and women, informed with the spirit of scholarship, touched with passion for the beautiful, endowed with the divine fire itself, have risen up in our midst. The extent and value of their achieving is not yet either told or foretold. Almost at the same time throughout the State, many voices have found utterance. The younger generation is beginning to feel the magic pulse of the Zeitgeist, to shake off the stifling incubus of materialism, and to give voice at last to the sentiment and passion that is in their hearts.

Were I to symbolize North Carolina in a piece of splendid sculpture, I should image no Rip Van Winkle, musty with traditions and prejudices of the past, awaking from an ante-bellum dream. It should be represented by no man of middle age, fatigued with the heat and labor of the day, struggling up a steep acclivity to the precarious pinnacle of materialistic success. It

should be symbolized as a youth, just stretching his limbs in readiness for the part he is so soon to play in the spiritual life of the nation. The head should not be hung in shame for imputed backwardness or rebelliousness in the past, but held high; the eyes uplifted, the face transfigured by the light of the ideal, and wearing an expression which gladly says Yea to all the Universe. And the face of this statue should be the face of John Charles McNeill.

I could not, even though my heart bade, nor would I wholly, even though language might not fail me, express all that I feel and have felt over the death of John Charles McNeill. Liking, friendship, love are all so strange, so unique, so different from one another that the world has fallen into the slovenly habit of confusing the terms. I can not say that I "liked" McNeill or that he had my "friendship"; the world is already too full of people who never get beyond mere "liking," and who never mention "friends" save to boast of their number and importance in the world. But I can say that McNeill had my love, and that I was drawn towards him as to few men of my own age that I have ever known. There was about him the simplicity and the charm, if not of innocence, certainly of native gentleness. He had something of the primal, I might almost say the primeval, joy of life in his make-up. Here was a genius without the Weltschmerz, a poet lacking that devitalizing note of poignant melancholy which sounds throughout the poetry of the modern era, from Burns to Maeterlinck, from Heine to George Meredith. There was no tear engraved upon his armorial bearings. His was not that baffling and artificial simplicity, which in our day is the last refuge of complexity. He loved simple things —the pine-rosin which a tiny girl gathered and sent him

all the way to Charlotte to chew, a homely and human story about some old darkey, a superstition about planting something or other in the dark of the moon, a bit of folk-lore lost to the tumultuous world of street cars, but still very vital in the life of people who live close to the heart of Nature. McNeill, in all he said and did, was racy of the soil. The modern world had not robbed him of his primitive glamour, and his native wood-notes wild poured forth in a stream of wonderful richness, in total disregard of the noise and blatant clamor of modern populations.

The old tag, "Human nature, is the same the world over," expresses one of the greatest errors ever compressed in a phrase. Human nature is different everywhere, by reason of the mere inequality of its distribution. Our phrase, "He's just like folks," is a high compliment; it means that the subject has a great deal of human nature in his composition. McNeill was charged to overflowing with human nature. His humor was unfailing. The things that stuck in his mind were not clever epigrams or brilliant bits of repartee. He loved to remember stories of large and genial humor, exhibiting some comical betrayal of human nature, illuminating some fine phase of human feeling. His spirit was sweet and gentle—beyond words. Harshness or bitterness seemed never to have touched him. Incidents that might well have grated harshly upon the sensibilities of any man left him unmarked and unprejudiced. He turned unpleasantness away with an easy and genial smile.

The conceit of men of talent, and of genius—artists, musicians, litterateurs—is proverbial. I have observed traces of it even in the greatest men of genius I have ever met. McNeill was utterly lacking, as much as I can con-

ceive it possible for any one to be, in all conceit or false pride. Coventry Patmore has said that true genius is never aware of itself. McNeill discussed his own poetry with perfect detachment. If there was any quality which he utterly lacked, it was self-consciousness. He discussed his own poetry as though it were the work of some one else. "Here's a little thing of mine," he would say, "that was copied from Maine to Florida. There's absolutely nothing in it. Why any one should have thought it funny is simply more than I can understand." And with equal lack of the faintest trace of embarrassment, vanity or *mauvaise honte,* he could say, "Here's another little poem of mine I am very fond of. I think it is one of the best I have done." And with a note of genuine pride, he would say, "Let me read you this one. The old man likes it"; and then, in that rich, mellow voice, he would give music and color to the beauty of his lines. I shall never forget the pleasure he once gave a New England woman—a person of fine sensibilities and herself a writer of verse. She was rapturously enthusiastic over his recital of his simple dialect poems, "Wire Grass," "Po' Baby," and "Spring."

As a lover of nature, McNeill was without an equal in sincerity and faith. As a student of nature, he was in no sense remarkable in the academic signification. He neither knew nor cared to know the sesquipedalian Latin name of some favorite little flower; he did not pretend to the chemical secrets of the soil survey; technical obfuscations of any sort were not for him. He knew nature not as a botanist but as a poet, not as a scientific naturalist but as a nature lover. Like Walt Whitman, rather than like John Burroughs, he was skilled, through close acquaintance and interested observation, in many curious and half-forgotten secrets of nature and her creatures

which do not find their way into the text-book. I never saw him without thinking of Whitman's poem about the student in astronomy who fled from the lecturer out into the night, there to lie down and look up at the stars in worshipful wonder and adoration.

I shall never forget a reading McNeill once gave us here at Chapel Hill—a running fire of dialect verse, humorous commentary, negro anecdotes, and folk-lore tales. It was, without exception, the most successful so-called "reading"—story-telling in prose and poetry were a fitter term of description—that I have ever known. With curious interest I glanced around for a moment to observe the utter absorption in McNeill's personality and its expression. There was not one person in that audience not wholly oblivious of surroundings, of self, of all else save McNeill, whose fine face lit up with a humorous glow, and his mellow, resonant voice with its subtle note of appeal, held them bound as by some mystic spell of sorcery. And McNeill often told me afterwards that the audience that night, for inspiration and perfect sympathy, was without a parallel in his experience.

I have never been able to rid myself of the feeling that John Charles McNeill has not been accurately or discriminatingly praised for some certain things he did supremely well. "Songs Merry and Sad" threatened to suppress the fact that McNeill was pre-eminently a poet of the common life, a singer of the farm, the field, the home. Many things which I believed to be fundamentally characteristic of McNeill as poet found no place in this collection. Things which I had learned to love and to expect from him—the negro, and Scotch dialect poems, certain fancies about Spring, half-remembered, even poetically divined sketches of early home and beloved countryside—of these there were only traces. Indeed,

in spite of the versatility displayed and wide range covered, I could not but feel the minimization, if not actual suppression, of that phase of McNeill's art which most appealed to me. Those who know McNeill's poetry only as revealed in "Songs, Merry and Sad," may be betrayed into ranging him alongside Mifflin, Moody, Arthur, Stringer, John Vance Cheney and Charles Hanson Towne, for comparison. Wider acquaintance with his poetry, I am inclined to think, would reveal that he is far more akin to Maurice Thompson, Frank L. Stanton, and James Whitcomb Riley. Dozens of poems not included in "Songs, Merry and Sad"—and, of those included, "When I Go Home," "Barefooted" and "Before Bedtime"—at once call to mind the specific features of Riley as revealed in such poems as "Thinkin' Back" and "Wet Weather Talk." There is the same large sense of lazy, rural ease, the chuckling air of boyish freedom, the vivid pictures of the simple pleasures, occupations, and discussions of farm life. I have often felt, in reading many of McNeill's fugitive lines in *The Charlotte Observer* that he had a humorous, quaint, backwoods sense of homely values not unlike the same qualities in the short poems of Frank L. Stanton. I do not mean that the mode of expression was necessarily the same; the feelings played upon, the sentiments evoked were identical. There was at times, in McNeill's verse, the careless or carefree instinct of truantry as we find it on occasions in the prose of writers so diverse as Robert Louis Stevenson, Owen Wister, and Harry Stillwell Edwards. McNeill expressed for me the individual and significant note of the rural South, much as Joel Chandler Harris may be said to express it in his own fashion. The natural feeling, the simple ideals of McNeill—frankness, loyalty, love, honor, courage—were irresistibly appealing in their

mere numerical limitation. Lacking any trace of the sectional, McNeill had a fine sense for local color and the genius of place. And yet there was no hint in his poetry of that strained and artificial idealism which mars much that has been written in the South.

In his brief and homely realism, his fancy so quaint and simple, McNeill was a master. Though it is not, I feel, the most apt illustration that might be found, the little poem, "Before Bedtime," suits my purpose for the moment in expressing that fine fidelity to fact, that pedestrian realism which is given only to spirits nursed on reality to achieve.

"The cat sleeps in a chimney jamb
With ashes in her fur,
An' Tige, from the yuther side,
He keeps his eye on her.

The jar o' curds is on the hearth,
An' I'm the one to turn it.
I'll crawl in bed an' go to sleep
When maw begins to churn it.

Paw bends to read his almanax
An' study out the weather,
An' bud has got a gourd o' grease
To ile his harness leather.

Sis looks an' looks into the fire,
Half-squintin' through her lashes,
An' I jis watch my tater where
It shoots smoke through the ashes."

For imaginative power of evocation of a familiar scene utterly simple and without any glamour of interest save that of fond association, this poem is illustrative of one of the things McNeill could do supremely well.

In his poems of nature, McNeill carries me back, less to Burns with his spirits cry of poignant pain, than to Wordsworth with his brooding quiet. There is even a

faint note of æstheticism now and then, notably in the Carmanesque *Protest;* like a true modern poet, McNeill is fired to revolt against this materialistic age, this twilight of the gods of poetry. McNeill's admiration for the *Marpessa* of Stephen Phillips was immense; and I have felt at times that he would have liked to owe something to Swinburne. The philosophic didacticism of Bryant, the almost scientific moodiness of Poe find no answering note in the poetry of McNeill. Indeed, he is content to observe with rare accuracy, letting Nature speak its message to you in its own most potent of tongues. McNeill was essentially an observer, not an intrepreter of Nature's moods. Instead of explaining, he re-created Nature, and was strong enough to hold his tongue and let Nature speak for herself. What need for words, either of interpretation, inspiration or regret, in face of the mute eloquence of such a picture:

"A soaking sedge,
A faded field, a leafless hill and hedge,

Low clouds and rain,
And loneliness and languor worse than pain.

Mottled with moss,
Each gravestone holds to heaven a patient cross.

Shrill streaks of light
Two sycamores' clean-limbed, funeral white,

And low between,
The sombre cedar and the ivy green.

Upon the stone
Of each in turn who called this land his own

The gray rain beats
And wraps the wet world in its flying sheets,

And at my eaves
A slow wind, ghostlike, comes and grieves and grieves.

And how worshipful in its submissive calm and adorative contemplation is that brief poem, *Sundown,* which always calls up for me the most exquisite æsthetic moment of my life—a post-sunset creation of God in sky, crescent moon, earth and mountain I once saw, or rather lived, in the Appalachians—a recollection that moves me profoundly even as I write:

"Hills wrapped in gray, standing along the west;
Clouds, dimly lighted, gathering slowly;
The star of peace at watch above the crest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!

We know, O Lord, so little what is best;
Wingless, we move so lowly;
But in Thy calm all-knowledge let us rest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!"

If McNeill had lived, and had regained his health, I am convinced that his poetry would have shown a finish, a dexterity of workmanship, a refinement of poetic craftsmanship of which he was fully capable on occasion. How often he delighted with a happy line, a transient imaging of a faniful concept, or a crystallization in one fine phrase of the spiritual content of his thought! He has told me many times that his future aim was towards greater perfection of phrase, clearer delineation of motive. In introducing him before our Modern Literature Club I pronounced him the most authentic poet North Carolina has yet produced. It is my definite conviction that McNeill is not fully known through "Songs, Merry and Sad" for those traits which are most signally characteristic of his temperament, for those qualities in which he was most individual. But by this I do not mean the faintest detraction from the many and varied merits of "Songs, Merry and Sad." In fact, I was glad to learn from McNeill himself that the poem in this vol-

ume which I rated highest was also his own preference, the one in which he felt his purpose and art best expressed. This poem, judged by Richard Watson Gilder to be worthy of Byron himself, is *Oh, Ask Me Not.* We feel ourselves in the presence of the abandon of youth, the genuine heart's cry of "The world well lost for love."

"Love, should I set my heart upon a crown,
  Squander my years, and gain it,
What recompense of pleasure could I own?
  For youth's red drops would stain it.

Much have I thought on what our lives may mean,
  And what their best endeavor,
Seeing we may not come again to glean,
  But, losing, lose forever.

Seeing how zealots, making choice of pain,
  From home and country parted,
Have thought it life to leave their fellows slain,
  Their women broken-hearted.

How teasing truth a thousand faces claims
  As in a broken mirror,
And what a father died for in the flames
  His own son scorns as error;

How even they whose hearts were sweet with song
  Must quaff oblivion's potion,
And, soon or late, their sails be lost along
  The all-surrounding ocean.

Oh, ask me not the haven of our ships,
  Nor what flag floats above you!
I hold you close, I kiss your sweet, sweet lips,
  And love you, love you, love you!

McNeill once told me that while he regarded the central situation of "The Bride" the most potently significant, the most fraught with meaning that can be conceived, he always felt that he had not fully measured up to the opportunity and the situation. Perhaps it may

be true that our reserves are often more eloquent than our confidences. The office of poetry is not to exhaust possibilities. The selection of that moment of inexpressible meaning in life was in itself a stroke of genius.

"The little white bride is left alone
With him, her lord; the guests have gone;
  The festal hall is dim.
No jesting now, nor answering mirth.
The hush of sleep falls on the earth
  And leaves her here with him.

Why should there be, O little white bride,
When the world has left you by his side,
  A tear to brim your eyes?
Some old love-face that comes again,
Some old love-moment, sweet with pain
  Of passionate memories?

Does your heart yearn back with last regret
For the fairy meads of mignonette
  And the fairy-haunted wood,
That you had not withheld from love,
A little while, the freedom of
  Your happy maidenhood?

Or is it but a nameless fear,
A wordless joy, that calls the tear
  In dumb appeal to rise,
When, looking on him where he stands,
You yield up all into his hands,
  Pleading into his eyes?

For days that laugh or nights that weep
You two strike oars across the deep
  With life's tide at the brim;
And all time's beauty, all love's grace,
Beams, little bride, upon your face
  Here, looking up at him."

If there is any one poem which best expresses the real sweetness, the high seriousness of McNeill's character, and the finer nature of his poetic muse, I should say that

it was "To Melvin Gardner: Suicide." It is instinct with the quintessental traits of McNeill both as poet and man. To dilate the imagination and to move the heart is ample *raison d' etre* for any poem.

"A flight of doves, with wanton wings,
  Flash white against the sky.
In the leafy copse an oriole sings,
  And a robin sings hard by.
Sun and shadow are out on the hills;
The swallow has followed the daffodils;
In leaf and blade, life throbs and thrills
  Through the wild, warm heart of May.

To have seen the sun come back, to have seen
  Children again at play,
To have heard the thrush where the woods are green,
  Welcome the new-born day,
To have felt the soft grass cool to the feet,
To have smelt earth's incense, heavenly sweet,
To have shared the laughter along the street,
  And, then, to have died in May!

A thousand roses will blossom red,
  A thousand hearts be gay,
For the summer lingers just ahead
  And June is on her way;
The bee must bestir him to fill his cells,
The moon and the stars will weave new spells
Of love and the music of marriage bells—
  And, oh, to be dead in May!

In Avery and McNeill the State has sustained losses not to be filled perhaps in a generation. Avery's hold upon the public was truly astounding; his audience was almost incredibly large; and I have often wondered how many people there were in the world who always turned first of all to the column marked Idle Comments in *The Charlotte Observer*. Avery expressed in prose of simple pathos and universal sentiment the piquancy, poetry, and romance of every-day life, the humour and the glam-

our of *tous les jours*. He dwelt lovingly upon the little touching incidents daily entering into the life of man-in-the-street. His views of quiet and delicate humour finds its analogue in Owen Wister. Avery always impressed me as an American Charles Lamb of journalism, with a tremendous infusion of sentiment. His appeal to the popular heart seemed to arise from his power of expressing those sentiments of tender and romantic content which this garish twentieth century has not yet quite succeeded in destroying here in the South.

In his own way, individual, unique, McNeill likewise expressed sentiment—strong, manly, sincere. His instrument was the finer of the two, and his triumph lay in his reserve. Strength and sweetness are the most fundamental note in the symphony of his art. His heart was genuine and true. His mood was never distorted by hopeless regret, futile despair, or catch-penny pessimism. His sentiment rang out clear and true—free from all taint of modern morbidity. Sentimentality had no place in his make-up. Gentleness not softness, real feeling and not imaginative emotionalism, informed his verse. And his ideal of art was fine and noble. Such a phrase as "his widowed sea" in *Paul Jones* is worth a dozen poems of the minor singers of to-day, and left the impression of potential greatness. I earnestly hope that the manuscript of the volume of poems McNeill read to me last spring will soon find its way to publication. Then we shall have even more convincing evidence that there has passed from our midst—and left us profoundly sorrowing, yet not before we have learned to admire and to love him, a fine and gentle spirit who was not only a talent *in esse* but a genius *in futuro*—John Charles McNeill.

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

By J. P. Caldwell, Editor of the Charlotte Observer.

John Charles McNeill has embarked upon that unknown sea that rolls round all the world. We pretend to no shock of surprise. For long the mark of death has been written in his face and those who loved him most have not mis-read it. But reflect as we may upon the fact, seek as we may to accustom ourselves to the thought of his absence, it is new and cruel and the philosophy of life is invoked in vain for alleviation of the pain of it all. The public knew him through the exquisite verse he gave it and through which ran his soul, and admired him; but to those who were in intimate personal contact with him he attached himself with the tenderest ties of affection, suggested by something else than his mere intellectual qualities. There was never a sweeter spirit. His presence meant sunshine. He was uniform of mood, the mood ever delightful, and one who knew him to-day knew him yesterday, to-morrow, always. This was the man in person. Plain, simple, natural. He could not have pretended if he had wanted to; the beauty of his character was its perfect naturalness. He was amiable almost to a fault, and under this roof, where men are judged by each other, where friendships are cemented and characteristics discerned, no harsh words of his, no unkindly criticism by him of any human being can be recalled. It was a golden heart. He compelled affection; without trying to find his way into the hearts of people, he won irresistibly whoever came within the circle of his acquaintanceship. He was so near the heart of the writer that it is difficult at this moment to write of him conservatively, and it is not singular that

the proper words do not come when one stands in the presence of a great grief. It is the opprobrium of life that now as ever, while friends fall around us, the inexorable demand of duty compels us and we must go our usual ways, employ our common words and meet the great world with smiling faces, though our hearts be as heavy as lead.

North Carolina was good to this young man; it weighed him at his worth; he was conscious of this and was grateful for it—saying always that he was overestimated and appraised for more than he was. Such was his modesty. The intelligent, discriminating public knew him better than he knew himself. We think it is not an exaggeration to say that he was the greatest genius our State has yet produced; that no one of our people has written such poetry as he. He would have combatted quickly the expression of this judgment, yet it is submitted in confidence to the deliberate consideration of those who have followed him, and there is the added test that he had ready access to the columns of the first magazines of the country.

He died before his time. He died when his genius had budded and was just coming into flower. There is no guessing what he might have accomplished. Nothing could apply better than the words written of another:

"Touched by his hand, the wayside weed
Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed
Beside the stream
Is clothed with beauty; gorse and grass
And heather, where his footsteps pass,
The brighter seem.

And then to die so young and leave
Unfinished what he might achieve!
Yet better sure
Is this, than wandering up and down
An old man in a country town,
Infirm and poor."

"To die so young!" That seems to be the tragedy of the case.

Forever while those who knew and loved him—and we are many—live, he will be mourned and missed. Dear fellow! He lacked in his last nights the blessed boon of sleep, and there could be no more appropriate conclusion of this lame and impotent tribute than in the reproduction of his invocation to that elusive goddess, one of the latest as it was one of the sweetest things he ever wrote:

TO SLEEP.

"Wherein have I displeased thee, fickle Sleep,
O sweetheart Sleep, that thou so far away
Hast wandered and hast made so long thy stay?
I perish for some spell to call and keep
Thee near me, that thy gentle arts may steep
My brain with calm, from dusk till dawn of day!
The night's long hours are blind and love delay,
But, with thee, I would bless them that they creep.

Once, night by night, as love's own self wast thou;
Over my boyhood's couch didst loose the powers
Born of the opiate breath of autumn flowers,
And with thine own cool hand assuaged my brow:
Wherefore, I pray thee, keep not from me now,
For I am summer, and thou art her showers."

UNUTTERABLE

By H. F. Page.

The twilight of a second Sabbath eve
  Dies slowly from thy tomb.
Dim pines that moan, dusk-shapes that grieve
  Bend spectral in the gloom.

Heaven lowers dark above without a star.
  The chill October rain
Sobs ceaselessly 'mid gusts that jar
  The night with throes of pain.

Spray-beatings these from off the sunless shore
  Of sorrow's troubled deep,
O'er whose far silence, evermore
  Grief broods, but can not weep!

Note.—Written the second Sunday after the death of Mr. McNeill.—Editor.

AN INARTICULATE OBITUARY

By R. L. Gray, in Raleigh News and Observer.

The man who writes these lines knew John Charles McNeill. He not only knew what he wrote but he saw him write. He has even written about the same things McNeill did—and wondered afterwards why he did not write them as he did. Yet the quality that baffled perception, that astonished with its simplicity and amazed with its insight, was so near akin to genius as to leave to his friends no door to envy. McNeill, who was so generous in praise—and so fond of it—commanded affection as well as admiration because he was in a class to himself in what he did and because, in what he was, he was in the great class that puts on no airs, that is easily made glad, and is not ashamed to laugh.

Knowing the man, the fact that he is dead makes one want to throw up his hands and surrender with a shrug. Some one asked me to write something about him. I replied that I should not write a line, in the face of the fact. Yet the line has been written, obscure as it is, and from the heart.

If you would know the heart of McNeill—and it is worth knowing—read his songs. In them you will find much that is commonplace. In them you will find—occasionally—the record of a man who was driving a talent. But among them, you will find, also, much that is golden, much that is fixed with the transient quality of genius, much to make the heart to beat and to cause the soul to wonder. When McNeill wrote things at his best, they were so exquisite, so well fashioned in the mould of perfection, that those who know the instilled fatalism of the East were more than half prepared for

the catastrophe. The gods are jealous of their own. One felt that, in the expression of himself, McNeill was endangering the life that he so well loved, and the life that so instinctively loved him.

All that does not matter much to the people who did not know McNeill—long, bluff, hearty Scotchman, perpetuating in his openness and merriment some tragic Irish strain. By the people at large it was as a poet that he must be judged and not as the man who lived poetry even when he did not write it. I remember his going to a circus and being lost in the contemplation of a man and the gnu! I remember him again, the details of a political speaking in his head, traveling with a politician along a dusty September road and falling into silence as we rode and livened the way with jests. And I remember so vividly reading afterwards what we had seen without knowing it:

> "And in deserted churchyard places
> Dwarf apples smile with sunburnt faces."

I remember again, on one of the hills that look out towards the infinity of other hills, pausing with him a moment or so before we struck the trail back to the train and the writing of a "story" on the back of a seat, and to have seen later:

> "Hills, wrapped in gray, standing along the west:
> Clouds, dimly lighted, gathering slowly.
> The star of peace at watch above the crest—
> Oh, holy, holy, holy!
> We know, O Lord, so little what is best;
> Wingless, we move so lowly:
> But in thy calm all-knowledge let us rest—
> Oh, holy, holy, holy!"

He, living, knew that "names and knowledge, idle breed of breath, and cant and creed, the progeny of strife:

"Shrink trembling from the cold, clear eye of death,
And learn too late why dying lips can smile:
That goodness is the only creed worth while."

We know, also, how:

"The Sun swings farther toward his love, the South,
To kiss her glowing mouth;
And Death, who steals among thy purpling bowers,
Is deeply hid in flowers."

We know, also, that "beneath thy queen's attire, woven of blood and fire, beneath the golden glory of thy charm—

"Thy mother heart beats warm,
And if, mayhap, a wandering child of thee,
Weary of land and sea,
Should turn him homeward from his dreamer's quest
To sob upon thy breast,

Thine arm would fold him tenderly, to prove,
How thine eyes brimmed with love,
And thy dear hand, with all a mother's care,
Would rest upon his hair."

Nor would one forget, "down on the Lumber River" where * * * "all the swamp lies hushed about, you sunburnt boys"; that never did he cease to share—

"Your hardships and your joys,
Robust, rough-spoken, gentle-hearted,
Sunburnt boys!"

We might explain it all by saying that McNeill was a poet and that poets die young. That does not compensate, for he was so much more than a poet. He had the love of the naturalist for nature—and for men. He was of no cult, no creed, no class. There was that in his great, simple heart, in his magnificent impertinence, in his out-spoken love that was all-compelling. Women he adored, with a frankness that was the ultimate of reverence. To men he was not ashamed to express affection.

For life he was not afraid to admit his passion. In him was the mixture of joy and sadness that seems to mark the resentment of the poet against the passing of life. In him, too, was the true poet's contempt of all except feeling. He could come without a coat to town and borrow one to cover his dress garments when he gave away the Patterson Cup—from a keeper of a haberdashery whom he had never seen before. He was the first to hear the birds in the springtime, and there was no bird he could not imitate. With men he was wholesome and clean and robust; with women he was romantic and tender and obeisant. To his work he bowed as before a Goddess—who could not be appeased.

I remember how for a moment he thought he had gained her favor when he gave to me the words of that exquisite lyric, "Love, should I set my heart upon a crown," and I have thought since that there he wrote most truly of himself—gay, loving and sad, stirred with ambition, seeking truth and dazzled away from the search with the joy and beauty that he distilled impartially from the smoke of a city or the early dews of country life:

"How teasing truth a thousand faces claims,
  As in a broken mirror,
And what a father died for in the flames
  His own son scorns as error;

How even they whose hearts were sweet with song
  Must quaff oblivion's potion,
And soon or late their sails be lost along
  The all-surrounding ocean:

Oh, ask me not the haven of our ships,
  Nor what flag floats above you!
I hold you close, I kiss your sweet, sweet lips,
  And love you, love you, love you!"

I quote from memory and McNeill wrote better poems. He gave more promise in three years of work than the literature of the State has evidenced in three generations. What he sang, sang itself; and when he tried to sing otherwise he played a broken lute. In his untimely death—in his irritating death—the State loses one who was beginning to show that the song of its cotton mills was the outer expression of the song in the hearts of a people who loved truth and were drunk, if inarticulate, with beauty. He was the spokesman for the silent rhymes of rough lives and soft hearts. There was a touch of Burns about him, and just a hint of Byron. Those in the State who have a brief for a literature that is mostly made out of hope have in his death a quarrel with fate.

But those who knew the poetry of his character, as distinguished from the melody of his lines have,—in the moment of pity and of sorrow for the passing of a man who had wooed and won the favor of life like a precocious lover—a grief that is forced to embrace hope in lieu of understanding.

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL—SOME REMINISCENCES

By H. F. Page.

When I entered college in 1897, Mr. McNeill was in his senior year, and was also serving as Instructor in the Department of English. While a freshman, therefore, it was my privilege to come in touch with him both as fellow student and also as teacher. This twofold acquaintance I shall always remember as one of the rare privileges of my life.

At the opening of the session I first met him in the old dormitory. Here our associations began. His room was second door opposite mine on the fourth floor. Naturally we were thrown very much together during the year, and an opportunity was thus afforded me for catching glimpses of his personality from a standpoint especially interesting, as every old student of the college who is acquainted with life in the dormitory is aware.

That he was a favorite among his fellow students I, at once, recognized. His congeniality and fine sense of humor attracted every one. Unassuming, modest, magnetic in manner, he moved among us with that rare personal bearing, in the presence of which every one feels at perfect ease. His fellow students knew and recognized his genius, but, if I mistake not, they appreciated the charms of his personality more. His most wonderful capacity for association completely ignored the ordinary lines of separation in college life. To put it in colloquial phrase he was, in the truest sense, "one of all the boys."

These elements, found so happily blended in the character of Mr. McNeill, are nevertheless associated oft-times with peculiar susceptibility to danger, and sometimes it

is the case, and most pathetically so, that the very free-heartedness of a noble nature, unsuspectingly at first, yields up the strategic point to its own security. This some of us who were with Mr. McNeill in college saw, but not as we see it now, ten years after.

Before his class Mr. McNeill lost nothing of his magnetic manner. It was rather intensified; especially so when presenting one of his favorite authors. He was naturally more sympathetic than critical in his discussions. He felt the inner beauty and soul of poetry and endeavored to imbue the mind of the student with something of the same appreciation. Most vividly I recall his interpretations of Poe, whose ideals in poetic form enter so largely into his own work. Poe was his model in form, Burns his ideal in sentiment. Since *Songs, Merry and Sad* have been given to us, I have come to look upon this little volume of lyric gems as a natural seqnel to those class room lectures to which it was my delightful privilege to listen.

His manner as a teacher was simple, direct, forcefnl. His veiu of qnaint, elusive humor appeared here at greatest advantage. Tactfully and yet without the least indication of studied effort he held the attention of his class. His low, rich voice—marvelously musical—possessed a holding power such as is rarely met. To me this was the most remarkable of his personal charms. It was a voice wonderfully deep, luringly mellow, with soft minor modulations—such a voice as we naturally associate with the poet. And many times since his death to others, doubtless, as well as to myself, has recurred the lament of Tennyson—

> "O, for * * * the sound of a voice that is still!"

To members of his class Mr. McNeill was always ready to give help. And he gave it with such freedom and

ease of manner that it seemed more a pleasure than a task. I remember how, one evening after I had handed in a composition, he came into my room to go over it with me and offer most helpful criticisms and suggestions. This is only one of the many instances of assistance for which I am indebted to him as a student. And doubtless many others, who were members of his classes that year and the year following, oft-times since his death, have in like manner recalled his gentle, painstaking attitude toward their blundering efforts, and have blessed his memory as teacher.

After he left Wake Forest, we met but two or three times. During our last talk together, incidentally our conversation turned on the unaccomplished in Southern literature. He said that the life of our people is a sincere life, remarkable not so much for the grandeur of its themes as for their variety and richness, especially in the lyrical vein.

This was his first vision of his kingdom as a poet. That he was true to the vision the work he has left with us is sufficient indication. What other visions might have been his to glimpse and to bring ultimately into realization, had he remained with us, we can only vaguely conjecture. If it be true that the songs he has given us are only the prelude to a richer depth of melody and harmony which fate has so untimely shut away from us, how great is our loss! Other singers will arise to sing, but however sweet the melody of their music, still over all will forever brood the melancholy of this unfinished symphony. Yet we will hope that somewhere in a realm where mortal frailties are forgiven—forgotten, his poet-soul, glory-rapt, stands in the presence of

"A beauty that ne'er was on land or sea,"

and that we, too, ere long shall behold—with him.

SUNBURNT BOYS

By J. C. M.

[Published by the kind permission of the printers, Stone & Barringer.]

Down on the Lumber River,
  Where the eddies ripple cool,
Your boat, I know, glides stealthily
  About some shady pool.
The summer's heats have lulled asleep
  The fish-hawk's chattering noise,
And all the swamp lies hushed about
  You sunburnt boys.

You see the minnow's waves that rock
  The cradled lily leaves.
From a far field some farmer's song,
  Singing among his sheaves,
Comes mellow to you where you sit,
  Each man with boatman's poise,
There, in the shimmering water-lights,
  You sunburnt boys.

I know your haunts: each quarly bole
  That guards the water-side,
Each tuft of flags and rushes where
  The river reptiles hide,
Each dimpling nook wherein the bass
  His eager life employs
Until he dies—the captive of
  You sunburnt boys.

You will not—will you?—soon forget
  When I was one of you,
Nor love me less that time has borne
  My craft to currents new;
Nor shall I ever cease to share
  Your hardships and your joys,
Robust, rough-spoken, gentle-hearted
  Sunburnt boys!

THE SUNBURNT BOYS

BY ONE OF THE SUNBURNT BOYS.

O, Lumbee River, haunts of nature and sunburnt boys, come and mourn with us! Our companion has departed. Not our scholar, not our poet, but our robust, rough spoken, gentle-hearted Sunburnt Boy,—the boy who was reared with us in the neighborhood of Riverton, in his much-loved home, which looks out towards the lands of the rising sun and now sheds its tears among the tranquil waters of the Lumbee River. Our friend, our loved one, our brother, has gone to the blessed lands of the hereafter. Is it so? Is it possible that a Christmas has passed without his presence and his voice?

Oh! but summer is drawing near. The birds will soon be heard as they sing in the trees that shade his country home as though they make the music for his pen. The lazy Lawrence will soon be seen on the house tops and across the furrowed land. The trout will begin to make their beds among the roots of the old cypress tree that juts out over deep water at Cypress Bend. The white spot on the minnow's head will soon be seen as he glides lazily amid the bonnets. Here is the fishing pole, and here is the bait-gourd, here is the broken handled hoe that digs the earth-worms, but can it be true that the owner has resigned his place among us boys for a happier home on high? Oh! that memory might fail us and his name might be heard no more, but joy is mingled with our sorrows and what pleasure it gives to know that although he has departed, yet he lives in his songs, merry to some but sad to us. In his poem, "Sunburnt Boys," he asks us not to forget him. How can he be forgotten?

His place has been established, never to be taken away. Lumbee River, you will not forget your son. The pines of the forest will ever grieve for the absent one, and sunburnt boys, who will be our leader?

But what of this? Wherein does this concern others than the sunburnt boys and neighborhood in which we were reared? Let us draw our thoughts from the sad present and the blighted pleasures of the future and glance backward to some of the incidents of his merry youth, and see if we were not indeed a group of jolly sunburnt boys.

As the spring would draw near and the frost would give way to a cold and chilling dew, we would shed our shoes and stockings as a snake deserts his skin. The first warm days in March was the time set to take our first plunge in the Lumbee. From that time on until the last of September the old paths along the banks were made fresh, after the winter's snow, by the sunburnt boys. The budding of the hickory and the nightly shrieks of the whippoorwill reminded us that the time had come to set our hooks at night for the "horny tribe," as we called the cat-fish. We were not considered tough each spring until we had taken a barefoot race across the broom straw stubble, where it had been burnt and had just begun to sprout up again. But most of the summer, while we were not "holding off the calf," fixing up the pig pen, or plowing a mule, was spent in our boats on the surface of the old Lumbee's waters. The best boat we had was *The Wild Irishman*, made by Charles himself. In the water we were a group of ambitious youths, each one trying to out-do his fellows in running, jumping, diving, swimming, "ducking," and rowing. In each of these contests we had to give way to the long strides of Charles, the nimble leap of Charles's

limbs, the long, deep plunges of Charles's diving, the rapid strokes of Charles's swimming and rowing.

But wherein did the poet differ from the rest of us sunburnt boys? He expressed in words what we, too, saw and felt but could not tell. When he went to the field to plow he always carried a little pocket edition of Shakespeare or some other favorite writer with him, and in this way did he take advantage of the shade of the persimmon trees at the farther end of the field. He had a quiet disposition and sometimes, while we realized his presence, yet to him he was all alone. In the woods he always kept his eyes open to the beauties of nature and taught us boys to be students of nature. But we can understand this more fully by reading his songs.

On his return from college after his first year we felt a little distant when we saw his fair face; he was the first of us to go to college, and had won the gold medal, which he wore. We felt that he would not be the same Charles after he had been made assistant in English his first year; but our clouded brows soon became wreathed in smiles when we saw him go to the closet under the staircase and pull out his old last summer's trousers and sunshade hat. His first question was, "How's the river, boys? How's the river?"

His greatest pleasure was to see the fair complexion made by the dense shade of the campus at old Wake Forest College turn to the tan of his sunburnt companions. Thus he was the same Charles throughout his short life.

With all honors possible bestowed upon him at Wake Forest, and during his brilliant career of literary achievement, he was always one of us; even last summer he was just a grown-up, blue-eyed, curly-headed, sunburnt boy.

And oh, the consolation in knowing that he came back to us to die in his own little room next to the roof. Five or six of the boys had the sad pleasure of being with him during his last illness, and as they sat by his bed he would say, "Pull back the curtains, boys, so that I may see the wind in the trees and glimpse the last rays of the autumn sundown."

Charles, your presence will ever be with us, even when we are old men you will be young, for you did not live to be old.

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL AS THE COLLEGE JOURNALIST

For one to fully realize what interest Mr. McNeill took in college journalism, let him search the pages of THE STUDENT, published during the time he was in college. As editor of THE STUDENT for two years, he displayed wonderful talent as an editorial writer. His editorials are written well and concisely—many of them on current events. These show truly the man's independent spirit and his well taken and sane view-points.

Below we give extracts from three of his editorials and two of his poems, which were published in THE STUDENT:

LEGENDARY LORE IN NORTH CAROLINA

[Published in November, 1898.]

Cherished tradition is the cradle of patriotism; it is more inspiring even than a glorious history, because it is more alive. We love the decaying old homestead with its memories of childhood more than a glaring, newly-painted residence. So we love the country where our fathers lived and hugged their foolish superstitions and met with their wonderful adventures more than the country where they stood up stiff and lifeless, covered with dates and statistics, as they do in history. Tradition gives us the inner life of the people.

North Carolina is by no means poor in legendary lore. In the east there is a nest of stories about Virginia Dare, and about Bluebeard and his fellows; in the west the doings of the remarkable schoolmaster Ney, of the far-famed moonshiners, and of certain cave-dwellers are familiar in every household. The tour of Lafayette through the State is well known in a historical way, but every year we are losing the little incidents which would make that tour live forever at our firesides. We have legends of the Indians, of the Croatans, of the heterogeneous immigrants who first settled North Carolina, of the Regular period, of the Revolution, of the ways of slavery, and of the Civil War.

EXTRACT FROM EDITORIAL PUBLISHED IN THE STUDENT. JUNE, 1898

[In answering the taunts of Dr. Broughton against base-ball, Mr. McNeill replied in an editorial, an extract of which is given.]

Speaking of college base-ball: * * * The ball-player is no more responsible for the gambling than is the farmer who makes corn responsible for the drunkard.

* * * Some kind of physical exercise is needed in college. Pale-faced, haggard students, with sunken chests and knock-knees, whose hollow voices remind one of the well-known hymn, "Hark from the tomb the doleful sound," are not the men to hand on to posterity the sturdy manhood of the Anglo-Saxon race. Their brains like their bodies will soon be infected with the dry rot: and after this dry rot is allowed to proceed for four years, it is unlikely that the refreshing showers of active life will ever be able to moisten and restore it to fertility. But unpleasant exercise is impossible: men will not indulge in it, and if they would, the laws of hygiene pronounce it not conducive to health. On the other hand, brutal exercise should be allowed to sleep with the dark ages. The golden mean, a game both pleasant and gentlemanly, is base-ball. And so the Faculty of Wake Forest College, as well as those of nine-tenths of other American colleges, in the light of their thorough knowledge of the situation, not only permit ball playing, but encourage it in every way they can.

Why, then, are there so many self-constituted dictators on a subject which most of them imperfectly understand? There are two answers: First, it is a peculiarity of human nature that men talk more loudly about things of which they have only a smattering knowledge than about those which they have thoroughly investigated. The great Sunday school speaker is he who goes to Sunday school only when he is to speak; the eloquent adviser of farmers is the city-bred man. The second answer is better given by illustration. Some still night, for example, kick your dog and make him yelp. Every cur in the community will at once respond, the alarm will spread, and during the remainder of the night the baying of watchdogs will come and go like the ebb and flow of a tide. Or if Smith's rooster happens to crow, each neighboring rooster will pass it on, until there is crowing from Greenland to Cape Horn. So everything is quiet on this base-ball question, when Dr. Broughton, eagerly seeking for something to say, wanders far from his subject in order to attack athletics, and by so doing gives rise to phenomena similar to those above described. Do not understand this as a reflection upon the opponents of base-ball. They are sincere gentlemen. It is merely a little observation that may be of interest to the evolutionist.

In one case, at least, physical activity and Christian character dwell together—in our present ball team.

DULL AND HYPOCRITICAL PREACHERS

[Published in the October Number, 1898.]

Preachers enjoy many privileges which are denied to laymen, and rightly so. They fill in a measure the position of both prophet and priest—God's representative to us and our representative to God—the highest position attainable by man. And for that reason they should

as far as possible be men of tact and talent, and always profoundly religious. Our colleges furnish them free tuition, and our boards of education lend them money in order to have an educated clergy. But this, in common with most other charities, suffers abuse. While many seemingly dull students turn out useful and able men, still it is sometimes true that hopeless dullards place themselves upon the hands of the colleges to be dragged along for a year or two, and are then turned out as leaders among men. The name given them by the shrewd small boy, "softies," indicates the amount of their influence on the world. But there is a far greater abuse than this, where hypocrites sail under the colors of the church merely for the financial and other advantages they get from such a course. You find the names of ministerial students on our college registers who are now teachers, lawyers, dentists, and the like. "Will a man rob God?" Indeed, it seems so.

But what is the remedy for this evil? To destroy the tares is to destroy more or less of the full-grained wheat. It would be unwise, unbenevolent, and unchristian to refuse aid to sincere ministerial students on account of the hypocrites for whom they are in no wise responsible. The churches must look out for themselves, and not attribute perfection to all who wear "preacher coats." They must be careful in calling pastors; get only consecrated, reasonably gifted men, and so force all others out of the ministry. When a congregation can say of their pastor that he is a good man but a poor preacher, or a fine preacher but a hypocirte, that congregation is in a bad way. Every pastor ought to be both a thoroughly good man and a reasonably good preacher. A dullard is repulsive to intelligent men; and a hypocrite is, as Bacon says, "a coward toward men, but brave toward God." Deliver us from both!

YOUTH FAREWELL

[Published in December Student, 1887.]

Farewell, my boyhood days!
    Sadly we part.
Time bears to unknown ways
    My trembling heart;
And as we swiftly fly,
I strain with dimming eye
In vain to trace
The fading features of thy face.
    Sadly we part.

Full many a joyous time
    Had we together,
In autumn's dreamy clime,
In summer's sultry weather.

How often hoped, how often built in air,
And climbed to fame upon a golden stair!
But now 'tis o'er,
Thou com'st no more; no more
We'll be together.

Would we might meet again,
Thou youth once mine!
To follow in the ways of men,
To roam in open field or fen,
Thy hand in mine,
Far better than alone to soar
From height to height forevermore,
O youth once mine!

But could we ever stay
Here side by side,
Romping like birds in May
Far, far and wide,
No smiling heaven could draw my heart
With thee and thy glad self to part.
Therefore, dead youth, calmly to-day,
But sadly, we part.

SPIRITS OF YULE

[Published in the January Student, 1898.]

Druid of the mystic days,
I see thee in the light
That shimmers from the Yule-tide blaze
This holy night!

A thousand years reach out to thee
Their white and glossy hands,
And bind a thousand realms to thee
With golden bands.

Far over the silent, frost-white fields,
And forest wild and bare,
From where the sounding ocean yields
Its secrets rare,

Through earth and air and steel-gray sky,
Thine unheard voice hath spread,—
A voice comes from lands unknown,—
Voice of the dead.

O Spirit of the Beautiful,
  Dwell with mankind!
Let us be once undutiful,
  Let us be blind!

In all this cold and naked life
  Grant us, we pray, one night
To see again the young world wrapt
  In dreamland light!

Bring us the childhood of the past!
  Bring us its mystery!
Dethrone proud Science, crush his crown
  Of harsh reality!

Winds from the wide, still northern plains,
  Sing wild, wild and strong!
Flame from the dying hearth, sing thou
  A quiet song!

Druid of the sacred oak and mystic mistletoe,
  Come near at Christmastide,
And while the world is clothed in snow,
  With us abide.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

LEE M. WHITE, Editor

John Charles McNeill

In the death of Mr. McNeill, North Carolina and the South has lost one of her most brilliant men of letters. The "Robert Burns of the Old North State" is with us no more. Wake Forest weeps for her son whom she is justly proud to claim. Every lover of the beautiful, of poetry, of nature, feels his loss keenly, for his pen

> "Singing the songs of the field and the fen
> As sang the lark; as sang the wren,
> Dreaming of songs still yet unsung
> Lo! The silence falls on heart and tongue."

Mr. McNeill, as year by year passed away, commanded a larger band of followers, and then to have been taken at the time when he was coming into his own. But yet we have, if not his presence, his own words to comfort us. As expressed so beautifully by one of our North Carolina poets:

> "As leaf by leaf I sadly turn
> These pages o'er,
> A sweeter thought than e'er I've caught
> From them before
> Rises to comfort me.
>
> Are these not broken lispings of
> A richer theme
> Toward which thy soul, frail-bound,
> Didst yearn and dream
> Till one should set it free?"

Mr. McNeill's genius is remarkable for its versatility. Herein he surpasses his contemporaries. His dialect poems, his serious, and quaint humorous stanzas and couplets have each to themselves a distinct charm. Throughout all his poems there runs that native grace and freedom of expression, that "something" which only the born poet possesses. Even the most casual reader can but notice what a completeness of workmanship his poems are. His was a natural perfection and grace of expression which even our Poe would have praised.

His favorite poet, Burns, seemed to be his ideal as regards his less serious stanzas. As regards his other verses, there is in them that seriousness which probably his love for Poe had engendered, and yet, there are some of his poems which only his master hand could have fashioned.

Strongly embodied in his poetry is the love of life, its many beauties, its sorrows. These show more truly than anything else the man's heart attuned to the very clearest note of accord with Nature and her God. His soul was full to overflowing with life.

> "To have seen the sun come back, to have
> Seen children again at play—
> To have heard the thrush when the woods are green
> Welcome the new-born day,
> To have felt the soft grass cool to the feet,
> To have smelt earth's incense, heavenly sweet,
> To have shared the laughter along the street."

Yet, in the short time in which he lived he seems to have drunk deep of the well of life. But somewhere, with all these blessings, there lurked in him that premonition, that intangible fancy that it would not be long.

> "Green moss will creep
> Along the shady graves where we shall sleep.
>
> Each year will bring
> Another brood of birds to nest and sing.

At dawn will go
New ploughmen to the fields we used to know.

Night will call home
The hunter from the hills we loved to roam.

She will not ask,
The milkmaid, singing softly at her task,

Nor will she care
To know if I were brave or you were fair.

No one will think
What chalice life had offered us to drink.

When from our clay
The sun comes back to kiss the snow away."

Would that he had lived so that he could have more fully realized his own high ambition!

"Would that I might live a thousand careless years,
To drink each cup of pleasure thou canst give,
And learn some time within far-distant days
To sing in thy great name a worthy song."

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

BY THE FACULTY EDITOR.

I have been requested by the Editors to add a word to what has already been written in praise of the talented young poet to whom this issue of THE STUDENT is dedicated. What I write must be in the form of personal reminiscence; to others has been accorded the privilege of critical judgment.

Mr. McNeill entered the Modern Language Department at the beginning of the third year of his college course and remained in this work for three years, completing the advanced courses in French and German. His work in the first year classes was characterized by thorough conscientiousness and scholarly care and exactness. Without difficulty he won and retained throughout the first place.

The testing-time, however, for all students of language is in the advanced classes, where mastery of detail must be combined with true literary appreciation in order to gain the highest success. It is just at this point that most students fail, and again it is just at this point that the faithful teacher experiences either the humiliation of wasted energy or the unspeakable pleasure of seeing his labors adequately rewarded.

I can never think of Mr. McNeill's participation in advanced Modern Language work without being reminded of the fine words put by Moliere in the mouth of one of his characters: "There is pleasure, you must grant, in working for persons who are capable of appreciating the delicacies of an art, who are fully conscious of the beauties of a work, and by intelligent approbations reward you for your toil. Yes, the most delightful reward possible to receive for what you have done is to see your work adequately recognized and fostered by praise that does you honor. There is nothing, in my opinion, which pays you better than that for all your trouble, and intelligent applause is truly the most exquisite joy."

Two instances are sufficient to illustrate what I wish to say in this connection. During the year that Mr. McNeill was a member of my Advanced French Class, I made bold to introduce a play that had just appeared with great eclat upon the stage of Paris,—I mean Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*. It was with some degree of trepidation that I awaited the result of this innovation. But it was not long in declaring itself. McNeill, with the instinct of genius, was immediately filled with enthusiasm for the beauties and the splendid theatrical effects of the piece; to this enlightened leader the whole class responded in ready sympathy, and the study of the modern French drama was during that year (pardon the alliteration) a succession of successes.

Encouraged by such results, I ventured an experiment (a thing I rarely do) in my advanced German the next year. I introduced for trial a little prose idyll—Rosegger's *Waldschulmeister,* a pretty, but, I thought, somewhat overrated story. The result was as I had expected. As far as McNeill was concerned the piece fell flat. He could hardly summon up enough interest to fittingly prepare the daily reading-lesson. Sincerely thankful when this book was finished, I introduced the class at once into the study of Heine's poems. McNeill became a transformed man; not satisfied with the volume of extracts, he bought a copy of Heine's Complete Poems, and for two months the volume was scarcely out of his hand. His whole heart went out into the sweet and tender lyrics of the great German writer, and poet with poet it was love at first sight.

This is not the occasion for me to speak of the close bonds of friendship that drew me to John Charles McNeill—of his genial smile, his helpful sympathy, his abundant store of the most delicious humor, fresh, sparkling, and inexhaustible as an ever bubbling fountain. It is fitting to state, in conclusion, that no man ever loved his Alma Mater more than he, and it is a question whether it was the college or THE STUDENT that was uppermost in his thoughts. Throughout his college course he was a constant contributor to its pages, and during his editorship (a position with which he was honored for two years) he gave to the magazine the best that was in him—the magnificent outflow of youthful genius.

At the time when the Editors contemplated the Lee Memorial Issue last session, Mr. McNeill was requested to contribute a poem. To this request he readily com-

plied and wrote the little poem which appeared at the beginning of that number—a poem full of devotion to Lee and yet mentioning with praise that other great American, Lincoln, whom the South honors as well as the North. Accompanying this poem was the following characteristic letter, which I transcribe almost in full:

Dec. 7, 1906.

This replies to your request received to-day. I am a poor judge of my stuff, and I rely on you to "kill" these verses if they will not hold their own with the other material in THE STUDENT. I am pleased to know of your enthusiasm and that you are all trying to give the magazine a new toe-hold. When I write in it I should like to do respectable work, for I take pride in the fact (I think it is a fact) that I am the only boy who was ever an editor of THE STUDENT two years in succession.

Believe me,

Cordially yours,

JOHN C. MCNEILL.

We, the editors of THE STUDENT, wish to thank our contributors for the articles which they have so kindly written for us. For the words of encouragement and interest, we are indebted to many.

We hope that this memorial of our poet will be a fitting tribute to his memory for those who loved and admired him, for those who will yet come to love him.

NOTICE.—THE STUDENT was unavoidably delayed on account of the impossibility of securing the contributions by the date we usually go to press. Knowing that the work of this memorial can be done but once, we have waited.

We wish to say that an article from Mr. R. C. Lawrence, in the course of preparation now, will be published in the next number. Mr. Lawrence has been delayed in the completion of his article.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

HILLIARD J. MASSEY, Editor

Prompted by the suggestion of a friend, we wish to call attention to the dearth of stories dealing with phases of college life. This is not confined to a few magazines alone, but we may say to the majority. While most of the college publications show a high standard in the material they put out, still it seems that the contributors might submit stories of real college life; stories which exhibit the spirit and trend of the institutions which they represent, instead of so many love stories and dry essays. We ourselves plead guilty to this charge, and offer no apology. But we hope to see more work permeated with college spirit and enthusiasm.

The first of the November magazines that we notice is *The Clemson College Chronicle.* It opens with a fairly good poem, followed by "The Cigarette," a first-class story. The plot is good and well arranged; the characters are portrayed in a life-like manner, and the writer makes them talk, which adds considerably to a story. It is a detective story—a form which is hard to handle. "The Development of Electrical Power in the Piedmont" is an article showing the development of future possibilities in this favored section of North and South Carolina. "Cupid Conquers" is a love story. This is the second and last installment of the story, the first part having come out in the October issue. It is an excellent piece of work. Enough of adventure and excitement are put in to make it interesting. The writer, by using the well-known tact of many story-tellers, closes the first part at a point where the reader is anxious to get the rest of the story. We think it better to have the whole story in one number, unless exceedingly long. "The New South" is an old subject and one often used, but 'tis well "to harp on such a moulder'd string," for the South is rapidly coming to her own again, and we should speak and write of it. "A Freak of Nature" seems incredible until the physicist explains it. The editorial columns are of medium length and fairly well conducted.

The Wesleyan.—This greets our eyes with pictures of the editors. The magazine is well proportioned, but a number of the pieces are too short. We find some good verse and two good stories. "The Princess and the Fool" shows ability, but from the beginning one suspects that the Fool will turn out to be the Prince. And so it happens. 'Tis made too evident at the start. "Why She Changed Her Mind" tells how a brother converted his sister from her "stuck-up" ways.

The Concept comes as a welcome visitor. Some one has remarked that girls are more apt at writing verse than boys. After reading two excellent poems in *The Concept* by Kate Drayton Simons, we have about reached the same conclusion. In our opinion, they are the best we have yet seen in our exchanges. The music and easy flow of language claims the attention. Rarely we see such productions from a student's pen. Some other good verse is thrown in at intervals. "Converse Commencement Debate" is very good, but we think it not appropriate in a magazine. Yet in this instance it adds something to the publication. "A Thanksgiving Blessing" and "In Case o' Sickness" are stories worthy of some mention. "The Wit of a Page" is the best in the magazine. As a whole, *The Concept* is good.

Randolph-Macon Monthly next claims our attention. "The Turning Point" is a good story, but the author seems to have an indefinite idea as to how it will turn out. In fact, one fails to catch the purpose. "The Railroad Rate Case in North Carolina" shows some study of the question. "The Iron Maiden" is told from the viewpoint of the first person. It is rare that a story can be interestingly presented in this form, and should not often be attempted unless one is a master in the craft. But in this case the writer succeeds well. Narrative ability is displayed. The style is good, and the hideousness and terror remind one of Poe's sanguinary productions. "Renunciation" is a pleasing poem. We have seen the same theme treated under the title of "Mother." But the poem betrays no lack of originality. "Letter from a Self-Made College Man to His Son" is short, and the writer takes the right view of the situation. The editorials are strong, clear, and cogent. The magazine is one of the best.

The William Jewell Student.—We read this with pleasure and pronounce it among the best on our table. It seems that the editor wants short stories, etc., for the magazine. If we may offer a suggestion, our criticism would be lack of long articles. The quality of the contributions is exceptionally good, and quantity would place it in the front ranks. "De Superlative Dinnah," written in negro dialect, makes one's mouth water for "'possum and taters." More such productions should be encouraged. "The 'Crescent City': Its Historical Importance" gives a short sketch of New Orleans which is entertaining. "Things Are Not Always What They Seem" is an amusing short story and presents the young man in a ludicrous predicament. "Fifty Years' Getherin's" is typical of the "Wild and Woolly West," and has a flavor of cowboy life. "The Strong Men Believe in Cause and Effect" is better than the usual articles of its kind.

We acknowledge receipt of the following magazines, a large number of which are excellent: *The Mercerian, The Eatonian, The Hendrix*

College Mirror, The Central Collegian, Wofford College Journal, The Palmetto, The Newberry Stylus, Isaqueena, Davidson College Magazine, The Trinity Archive, The Guilford Collegian, State Normal Magazine, The Red and White, The Howard Collegian, Southwestern University Magazine, The Winthrop College Journal, The College Message, The University of Virginia Magazine, The Black and Gold, The Susquehanna, The Acorn, Pine and Thistle, Vanderbilt Observer, Brenau Journal, The University Magazine, The Cosmos, Ouachita Riffles, The Philomathean Monthly, The Index, The St. Mary's Muse, Chimes, The X-Ray, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Emory and Henry Era, and *The Furman Echo.*

CLIPPINGS

"A fluff, a frill,
A smile, a thrill,
A ring, a look,
She's now a cook."—*Ex.*

?

Sweetest thing in all the world,
Just the dearest little girl,
Is she?

Sweetest thing in all the land,
Just the dearest little man,
Is he?

Sweetest couple would they make,
If the man she'll only take,
Will she? —*E. K. A., in The Concept.*

"'Non paratus,' freshie dixit,
Cum a sad and doleful look,
'Omne rectum,' Prof. respondit,
'Nihil,' scripsit in his book.—*Ex.*

Don't let her little brother see
You kiss your dear farewell,
For all philosophers agree
'Tis the little things that tell.—*Ex.*

TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

I'd rather be a Could Be,
If I can not be an Are;
For a Could Be is a May Be
With a chance of touching far.

I had rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been, by far;
For a Might Be is a Hasn't Been,
But a Has was once an Are.

Also an Are is Is and Am;
A Was was all of these;
So I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Hasn't, if you please.—*Ex.*

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

CHARLES S. BARNETTE, Editor.

—Rev. Caleb A. Ridley, of Live Oak, Fla., who is a Western North Carolina man and a Wake Forest man, has been called to the First Baptist Church, Beaumont, Texas, to succeed Dr. J. L. White, who comes to our First Church at Greensboro. Mr. Ridley is only thirty-four years old and has been greatly blessed of God in his work. At Live Oak, where he has been for three years, he has built an elegant house of worship, added four hundred to the membership, and otherwise strengthened and built up the work. A great opportunity is opened to him in Beaumont. —*Biblical Recorder.*

—'89-'91. Zeb. B. Sanders is practicing law at Albemarle, N. C., and is meeting with much success.

—H. W. Brickhouse is at LaFayette, Colorado, and likes the place.

—E. Delke Pierce is at Anderson, S. C., in the graded school.

—'79-'84. W. B. Pope, of McMinnville, Ore., Corresponding Secretary of the Oregon Baptist State Convention, has a glad and thankful heart. Soon after he left the State Secretaryship in Colorado for a similar work in Oregon, he was seriously injured in a railroad wreck. The recent session of the Colorado Convention sent to him a love token which amounted to $200. He renews his subscription to *The Word and Way* and says: "The subscribers get a great deal more than their money's worth in direct returns." His Oregon brethren have delighted his heart. Dependent upon crutch and cane indoors, and a wheel-chair outdoors, he has done his best. The first time in the history of the organized work in Oregon the Convention closed the year with a balance instead of a deficit. The campaign was conducted from Pope's sick room, but it was successful. His brethren honor him. He is gaining in strength, but he needs rest and special treatment. God is blessing him and his Oregon brethren.—*The Word and Way.*

—'89-'92. The Accredited Press Gallery Correspondents of Washington, D. C., at their meeting on November 30th, elected Thos. J. Pence to the Standing Committee of Correspondents which shall serve during the 60th Congress as the body to manage the galleries in conjunction with Speaker of the House and the Committee on Rules of the Senate. This is the first time a Southern man has been so honored. Mr. Pence represents the Raleigh *News and Observer* in Washington, and is an able newspaper correspondent.

—'50-'55. Prof. A. J. Emerson, D.D., famous at William Jewell College, an alumnus of Wake Forest College, and Mrs. Bettie A. Calhun, formerly of Liberty, N. C., were united in marriage in Denver, Col., November 6, 1907. We congratulate these two excellent people. Their present address is 3631 West ——— Avenue, Denver, Col.

—In the November issue of *Modern Language Notes*, Dr. Joseph Quincy Adams, of the Department of English in Cornell University, corrects an error repeated by one authority on English from another. The error is the attribution of a poem, "What Thing is Love?" by Robert Greene, to the Earl of Oxford.

—'88-'91. Mr. John A. Oates announces in the *North Carolina Baptist* for November 27 that he has sold that paper to the Biblical Recorder Publishing Co. He has been editor of *The Baptist* for fifteen years, and turns over to *The Recorder* a constituency of 7,400 subscribers. He is Chairman of the Anti-Saloon League of the State, and will give much of his time to the further promotion of the cause of temperance, which already owes so much to his unselfish labors. He will continue the general printing business of the N. C. Baptist Publishing Co. in Fayetteville. He was lately elected President of the Fayetteville Chamber of Commerce.

—'07. Mr. Herbert L. Wiggs of Atlanta and Miss Torrey of Philadelphia were married at the home of the bride's father, Rev. R. A. Torrey, on the 18th of December, 1907.

—'86-'89. Dr. John E. White, pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Atlanta, on the invitation of the University of Virginia, preached three sermons there the last of October. His address on the occasion of the farewell banquet in honor of John Temple Graves in Atlanta seems to have been the chief address, and was printed in full in one of the Atlanta papers. Dr. White speaks of two Wake Foresters in the University of Virginia: "Our two Wake Forest men are in strong evidence by President Alderman's side. Dr. R. H. Whitehead, known around Wake Forest as 'Dick Whitehead,' is dean of the Medical Faculty. Prof. Harry Heck is full Professor of the new chair of Education. He not only teaches his classes, but does educational extension work by lectures over the country. Of him I heard the highest praise." He adds, "The University authorities treated me with distinguished courtesy."

—Postmaster Willis G. Briggs of Raleigh attended the recent Convention of the Postmasters of Georgia at Macon, and made an address on the "Relation of the Postmaster to the Community." Mr. Briggs was the moving spirit in the notable Raleigh convention of October last.

—'83-'87. Prof. J. B. Carlyle, of the Chair of Latin, was unanimously elected President of the Baptist State Convention at its meeting in Wilmington this month to succeed Mr. W. N. Jones ('75-'79), the

retiring President. Prof. Carlyle justly deserves this mark of recognition from the Baptists of the State for the noble service which he has rendered *Wake Forest College* and Baptist education in the State during the past twelve months. In that time, alone and unaided, he has raised $112,500 to be added to the present endowment of Wake Forest College. This was a great undertaking, and one requiring unceasing labor in its accomplishment. But Professor Carlyle undertook it with his characteristic zeal and vigor, raising $112,500 in the time specified by the Carnegie Education Board upon which condition it will donate $37,500 to the endowment, making Wake Forest College $150,000 better off to-day than it was twelve months ago.

—In the Cambridge correspondence to *The News and Observer*, dated November 16, 1907, we notice the names of three Wake Forest men who were admitted to the Carolina Club at its last meeting. They are B. W. Parham ('00), P. C. McDuffie ('04), and G. R. Edwards ('07). In speaking of the meeting of the club the correspondence goes on to say: "A more hearty, enthusiastic patriotic gathering of sons loyal to their mother State than that which met in No. 304 Carnegie Hall on November 2d would be hard to find. It was the first meeting of the year. Hundreds of miles from home, these young fellows met on a common ground; they were all Carolinians. A stranger dropping among them would not have realized that he was in staid old New England, for their minds and hearts and tongues were all intent on things "down home." Nearly all of them graduates of Southern colleges, they naturally turned to those good old days of college life—of ball games between rival colleges and especially of some great Thanksgiving game in which Carolina had walloped Virginia. Another striking illustration of the spirit that prevails among the Carolinians at Harvard which is forcibly brought out at their meetings is the interest in the future of the South, especially the Carolinas. These fellows are talking about what they intend to do when they go back home, for they are all going back. In a few more years there will not only be a Carolina Club at Harvard, but there will also be a Harvard Club in Carolina. The Carolina Club has never been so large, nor has such a hearty, fraternal spirit prevailed among its members as at present. It may and does justly claim to be one of the strongest State clubs at Harvard."

—'74-'77. The following tribute to the judicial ability of Judge Erastus B. Jones is taken from *The Fayetteville Observer*, and is headed "Judicial Philosopher":

"Judge E. B. Jones, who has been holding the fall terms of Cumberland Superior Court, closed his final term for this county on his present round yesterday, and left on the noon train for his home in Winston for a few days rest before going to Columbus and Robeson counties to hold his final courts in the district.

"There is no gainsaying the fact that Judge Jones is an original and interesting character, and withal a gentleman of engaging and delightful qualities of mind and heart. He is a man of marked individuality; a good natured man and kind-hearted judge, who administers justice tempered with mercy.

"Tall and stalwart of form, broad shouldered, with strong, rugged and clear-cut features, a large and massive head, crowned with a full shock of hair once black, but now silvered with grey, in the meridian splendor of a vigorous and healthy manhood, Judge Jones, both in person and bearing suggests the rugged hills and mountains among which he was born and reared and has lived. His manner and presence are suggestive of the pure and invigorating breezes which fan the hilltops and mountains of his native home, and there is combined in his unique personality at once the acumen of the able lawyer, the poise of a sound jurist, the ripe wisdom of a true philosopher, and the ready wit of a native-born humorist.

"Without sacrificing the judicial dignity, his Honor is always quick to see the humor that is apt to characterize the most solemn judicial proceeding, and is himself sometimes the unconscious author of humorous incidents connected with the trial of a case. There is nothing dull about a term of criminal court when Judge Jones presides. His charge to the grand jury is full without tedium, and delivered with a force and emphasis that leaves nothing to doubt. One admirer who heard his charge for the first time pronounced it "a fine judicial sermon," and later assured his Honor of his firm conviction that any judge who could talk to a grand jury like that stood a good chance of heaven when he died.

"Speaking of his Honor's wit: In the trial of a white man charged with whipping his wife, at a recent term of court in another county, the man came into court with his wife, an attractive and modest-looking little woman, and informed the Court that he and his wife had "made it up" and that he wished to "draw" the case, as they call a *nolle prosequi* in this particular county. Now, if the gallant Judge may be said to have a pet aversion, it is the man who maltreats the gentler sex, especially the wife-beater. Rightly suspecting the whipping was not the mild affair represented by the defendant, a big strapping fellow, the wife, with evident reluctance, was required to go on the stand and testify to a most cruel and brutal whipping at the hands of the husband. Whereupon his Honor remarked to the defendant, 'My friend, you have "drawed" just twelve months on the public roads.'

"In the rush of business at this week's court in Fayetteville, two regular juries were constantly in requisition to dispatch the business of the court. At one time both juries were out, one on a hog-stealing case and the other on a fighting and shooting scrape at Hope Mills, which proved to be quite a bloody affair. Another case was called, and no jury

in the box. The Sheriff enquired of his Honor if he should call another jury. 'Where is the other jury?' asked the Court, with rising irritation, forgetting for the moment that both juries were busy with cases. 'Considering the Hope Mills case, your Honor,' responded the Sheriff. 'O,' called back the Judge, with returning good humor, 'I had forgotten the battle of Hope Mills.'

"It is such flashes of wit and choice bits of humor as these that constantly brighten and cheer the pathway of those who have to do with courts of justice presided over by Judge Erastus B. Jones. And who shall say that even the guilticst convict does not go to his punishment with a lighter heart and perchance a fixed purpose of future amendment, in the soothing reflection that the sentence of the law was imposed upon him by a just Judge whose heart was too full of sunshine and good nature to hold aught in malice against any man, most of all a poor unfortunate who is 'down and out.'"

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

H. E. PEELE, Editor

—December!

—Snow!!

—Examinations!!!

—Here's to the holidays!

—Mr. Edward Conn is now associate editor of *The News and Observer.*

—Mr. J. B. Farmer, of *The Biblical Recorder,* conducted chapel exercises on November 27th.

—Miss Minnie Gwaltney, the head nurse in our College Hospital, was called home during the early part of the month by the death of her father, Rev. W. R. Gwaltney.

—Mr. Livingston Johnson, Secretary of the State Mission Board, paid us his annual visit on the first Sunday in December.

—The following Y. M. C. A. officers have been elected for the ensuing year: C. J. Jackson, President; N. A. Melton, Vice-President; R. L. McMillan, Recording Secretary; J. D. Carroll, Corresponding Secretary; J. M. Adams, Treasurer.

—Rev. R. P. Walker, of Lenoir, an alumnus of this college, visited his home here recently and was greeting his old friends among the boys. He led the prayer services in chapel on Friday morning, December 13th.

—The second of the series of college lectures was delivered by Dr. Raper, of the University of North Carolina, in the early part of December. His subject was

The Schoolmaster's Doctrine of Economics, and his lecture, both interesting and instructive.

—The one hundred and fifty thousand dollar increase in the endowment of Wake Forest College is a fact, the raising of it is history, and Prof. J. B. Carlyle, who was unanimously elected President of the Baptist State Convention at Wilmington, and who has been styled, in the happy phrase of *The Biblical Recorder,* the Prince of endowment agents, is the man of the hour. Thunderous applause greeted his first appearance in chapel after his return from the Convention, and for many days he was kept busy answering the questions of eager enquirers who wanted to know how the thing was done. Often disappointed but never discouraged, Profcessor Carlyle gave himself heart and soul to this endowment movement, and, as usual, he has brought things to pass. Now that victory has crowned his efforts all the difficulties encountered and the obstacles overcome but add to the weight of the glory of his triumph. Let those who love Wake Forest and rejoice in the promise that the future holds for the old college never, in days to come, forget to give honor to him to whom highest honor is due.

—Nowhere was the news of success in raising the endowment fund received with greater and more genuine enthusiasm than among the students of the college itself. Eagerly and impatiently the boys waited to hear from the Convention, and when at last the telegram announcing victory was read before the student body in Memorial Hall, cheer after cheer rang through the building. It was cheering that meant something, too,—cheering which sprang from the same enthusiasm and love for the college that had already expressed itself in dollars.

—The most delightful entertainment afforded us in many months was that presented by Mr. Albert Arm-

strong, who appeared, on November 26th, before an appreciative audience in Memorial Hall in his illustrated lecture, or rather, picture-play, *Lorna Doone*. As each picture was thrown upon the screen the lecturer, standing in the shadow, so effectively impersonated the characters represented that one continually found himself forgetting that it was the lecturer and not the pictured characters who spoke. Should Mr. Armstrong visit us again we think that he would be given a larger audience.

—On the evening of the 7th Mrs. Sledd delightfully entertained a number of friends in her home. Several musical selections were rendered, Mr. Hubert Poteat, Miss Ruby Reid, Miss Bessie Dunn and Mrs. Sledd each contributing one or more selections to the program. After the music delicious refreshments were served and then followed games without number and fun without measure. Indeed the entire evening was one of unalloyed pleasure to all who were present. The guests were Misses Hallie Powers, Lulie Dickson, Ruby Reid, Bessie Dunn, Lula Dunn, Ada Lee Timberlake, Mattie Gill, Mrs. J. L. Allen, Mrs. J. R. Crozier, Mrs. John Brewer; and Messrs. Hubert Poteat, W. H. Vann, George Marshall, John Brewer, Will Furman, Leslie Hardy, C. M. Oliver, Lee Weathers, Lee White.

—The class contests in football are over and the laurels rest with the team of the junior class. It is safe to say, however, that there has been played on our athletic field no such exciting series of games for a class championship in several years. The final struggle was between the juniors and the sophomores, and these two teams met one another when each had a brilliant victory to its credit. In the first game between these teams there was no score. At one time, indeed, the juniors were within a bare inch of a touch-down, but just at the

critical moment the sophomore line grew as rigid as rock and would not be moved. The second game looked, in the beginning, as though it would be a repetition of the first; but somehow, before the first half was over, "Buck" McMillan got around the sophomores' end, and close by his side was Leggett. The goal was hardly less than forty yards distant, however, and no one dreamed of a touch-down yet. There were two or three sophomores in the way. But none of these sophomores ever got hold of Buck for a fair tackle. Leggett's splendid interference put every one of them out of the way, and the juniors scored. The sophs fought hard in the second half, but their confidence was gone. Again and again Collins was hurled against their line for a gain, and at the end the score stood 18 to 0 in favor of the juniors.

—On November 27th, at the old Purefoy Hotel, the junior team celebrated their football victory with a banquet, to which several young ladies of the Hill were invited. The company were received by Mrs. Crozier and Mrs. Sledd, and the evening was spent in feasting and merry-making. Toasts were proposed, responses were made, and speeches were called for. Indeed, overflowing good humor and sparkling wit characterized the entire occasion. A few weeks later the sophomore team was given a smoker by Mr. Will Duffy, the President of their class, and here, too, we are informed, the fun was fast and furious.

—So far as basket-ball is concerned, Wake Forest is certainly far and away beyond anything in the State. Having seen our boys pile up 63 to 0 on Littleton and watched them do Trinity Park to the tune of 57 to 8, we were anxious for them to get hold of a real team. So we sent them to Trinity, and in due season came the message bearing the news of Trinity's downfall. She was

beaten by a score of 20 to 11. Then came Guilford's turn, and once more the welcome news of victory came to us, the score, this time, being 18 to 15. Then, at last, to our delight, Trinity paid us a visit. It was a glorious game. Trinity had the evident advantage in weight and height, but Wake Forest outplayed her. That's all there is to it. Once more the score stood 20 to 11 in Wake Forest's favor. Guilford, however, gave us the snappiest, fastest game that has ever been played on the floor of the Wake Forest Gymnasium, when she came to try her fortune here. But despite fast and spectacular playing, Guilford suffered the common fate, and left us with another victory to add to our list—29 to 10 was the score. Thus during the fall Wake Forest has played six games and won them all! "Here's to Wake Forest!" May she find other worlds to conquer in the coming year.

—Following the game with Trinity the visiting team were invited to a smoker, which was given in their honor by Mr. J. W. Bailey. Our own team and a few outside fellows were present to help in making the occasion pleasant for the visitors, and pleasant indeed, we trust, did it prove. When refreshments had been served and when all were seated and comfortably smoking, Mr. Bailey, the host, took full charge of the proceedings. After a few kindly words of greeting and welcome to his Trinity friends and guests, he called on Dr. Poteat for a patriotic,—a call to which Dr. Poteat responded with his usual dignity and felicity of expression. There then followed speeches from the coach and from the captain of the visiting team, and to these Captain Couch, of our team, responded. With toasts and speeches the evening passed all too quickly, and our boys bade their Trinity friends good-bye with sincere regret.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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IN SLUMBER LAND

BY WILL E. MARSHALL, '10.

The printed words grow dim before my eyes;
Down slips the book and undisturb'd lies;
The fire, erstwhile so bright, now slowly dies
And leaves me wandering in Slumber Land.

King Sand Man rules, and with a gentle hand
He sways the golden scepter o'er the land,
But every night he fills with magic sand
The eyes of mortal man, from Slumber Land.

I see a shady park and enter there,
And by a fountain sits a maiden fair,
With dimpled cheeks and waving golden hair—
So fair she is!—that lass in Slumber Land.

Now, sweetheart, will you make a guess or two
At who the maiden is I see? Please do!—
Well, then, I'll have to tell you—it is *you*,
And only you, this lass of Slumber Land.

WHY UNCLE HENRY WAS LATE

By R. L. McMillan, '09.

The sun was well up above the tree tops. All the hands had gone to the field and the trace-chains could hardly be heard dangling against the hames as the hindmost ones turned their mules from the road, backed them up to the plows and, leaping to the ground, prepared for another's day work of "bedding up" cotton land. Even wall-eyed Jacob, the slowest darkey "unhung," had finished currying "Gray Bob" and slowly headed him toward the black bottom; still nothing was to be seen of Uncle Henry. Uncle Henry was tending only twenty acres with club-footed Mike, but he was usually in the field by sun-up, and had a round or two plowed before the other hands had even "caught out." In a few minutes, however, I saw him turn the corner of Walter's garden and start down the road in his usual " 'possum rack." I thought I would see what was the matter with the old darkey, not that I was afraid he would get behind with his work, as he was far ahead of any one in the neighborhood, but to find out the reason for Uncle Henry's getting to the lot after sun-up.

As he walked toward the buggy shelter where I was standing, he looked a little more grum than usual and I heard him "mumbling" something to himself about going to work without any breakfast.

"Good morning, Uncle Henry, you're a little late about getting out to work. What's the matter?" I said to the old man.

"Lawd! Mr. Archie, if you'd er seed whut I'se seed and er heard whut I'se heard, you'd think eberthing 'us de madder!"

"There must be something wrong sure enough. Has an owl got your other dominec rooster, or did the red pig die, or what?"

"'Taint nuffin 'bout pigs ur roosters, but I seed some strange sights and nebber slep' nary wink las' night."

"Well, tell me about it."

"You knows Joe and Sam Purcel, whut works fur Mr. Ed. McNair, de ole man Steben's boys? Dey hab been atter me ter go huntin' wid um some ub deze nights, 'case dey knows Tip can't be beat fur 'possums. Well, dey come ober ter my house las' night and 'lowed I knowed de woods and mus' go wid um. I tole de boys dat tus no time ter hunt, here in de fus' o' March; but dey persisted, and so I drawed out my ole shoes, put um on and started, dough I wus mighty stiff fum plowing in dat new groun'."

"It wus ur fine night and we cetched two mis'able fat 'possums back o' Mr. Bill McGirt's new groun'. 'Bout 12 o'clock it started to rainin', so we went in dat ole house back o' Mr. Smithie's fiel', side de 'long bay,' and 'lowed dat we'd wait fur Tip ter tree, fur he struck ur hot coon trail under one o' dem 'simmon trees. One de boys started ur fire in de ole fire-place and den we stretched out on de floor and 'fo' I knowed anything I wus fas' asleep.

"I don't know zactly, but I spose I wus 'sleep 'bout ur hour when I wus woke up by de fire ur fryin and ur frizzin lack ur pan o' water wus throwed on it. When I looked up de room was dark and I seed Joe and Sam make ur leap clean out de door and slam it berhin' um. Den I seed ur man jump fum de lof', walk ter de door widout makin' no noise and fasten it. But while he wus walkin' ter de door I run back ter de end o' de house and got berhind some boxes and barrels, 'case I knowed dere wus no way ter git out, bein' dere wus jist one door. Den

I seed dat man walk ter de fireplace where I wus lyin', and when he seed I won't dere he took ur fit. He rolled over, he twisted 'roun', he kicked de wall, wussin ur man hittin' it wid ur axe. Den I couldn't see nuffin. I thought den dat he wus gone, and it made me feel good. I squat still in de corner fur 'bout ur hour and den thought I'd git up, look 'roun ur leetle and see ef I couldn't git out. But Lawd, Mr. Archie"—at this Uncle Henry shivered violently and looked around in every direction—"when I riz to my knees I felt ur han' colder'n ice press on my bres' and mash me down flat o' my back. I looked up an' I seed dat man, and he had no head on his shoulders. I spose I fainted. I dunno dough, fur dey says a man gits white when dey faints. an' I couldn't look nowheres but where dat man's head ought'er been. I lay plum still, hopin' dat he wud fer-git I wus dere er think I wus ur pile ur ole clothes, but ebber time I riz up ur leetle he would shove me back down wid dat cole han' o' hissun. Mr. Archie, I wus tryin' ter pray, fur I knowed 't'ns some sort o' spirit had me.

"I dunno how long he held me dere wid bofe o' us sayin' nuffin, but adder ur pow'ful long time I heard Mr. Jack McGirt's bell ring fur 5 o'clock. Mr. Archie, you needun be ur laughin', fur its de Lawd's truth an', more un dat, hants don't take no foolery, an' one ull sho git you yit."

"I was only laughing, Uncle Henry," said I, "because you only had a bad dream. If it had been a 'hant' it would have said why it was holding you."

"I h'een't said yit dat it didn't say nuffin. Jis' atter I heard dat bell ring I axed it, 'Please, Mr. Hant, I h'een't dun you no harm and I will take back dem taters I got fum Mr. Archie's tater hill.' Den de hant said, sorter half-way singin' and in ur mournful voice:

"'You hunts me on Monday night, you hunts me on Tuesday night, you hunts me on ebber night in de week and Saddy till after 12 o'clock. Dese poor ole coons and 'possums don' hab no rest.'

"Den I axed it es solemcholly es possible, 'Is I been huntin' you ebber night?' 'case I knowed 't'us ur spirit takin' up fur coons and 'possums. Den hit tole me dat it wus de ghost o' Ike McLean, ur nigger who 'us shot one Saddy night 'bout 2 o'clock atter comin' in fum coon huntin'—you know Ike dat got killed las' Jinnywar 'us three yer ago. It tole me dat it would spend ur hundred yeers wawnin' folks 'bout killin' all de coons and 'possums and den—'t'ood go ter hell. Den it let me up ('tus good sun-up) and tole me ter go, not eat no breckus and ter be shore not nebber ag'in hunt out o' season er on Saddy night."

At this, Uncle Henry, with a deep sigh, took his bridle off the wooden stob and, with his head bowed, walked toward the lot as in deep meditation. In a few minutes he came from the lot leading his mule and I actually saw tears trickling down the old man's cheeks. My feelings were touched at this sight, as I had never before seen Uncle Henry shed tears. I knew there was no use to offer the old darkey any breakfast, but yet I didn't think that he could hold out till noon without something to eat after being up all night, besides being frightened almost to death. He was the first to speak:

"Mr. Archie, der you reckin' Mr. Alexander wants ter buy Tip yit?" At this he broke down in sobs.

"Uncle Henry," I said, "there's no use in your selling Tip. That thing don't care if you hunt in the fall and winter when everybody else hunts."

He finally decided to keep his old dog, which he loved as one of his children, but the last words I heard him say as he led his mule off were, "I shore ain't ur gwine ter hunt on Saddy night ur out o' season."

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS

By H. W. Baldwin, '09.

The life of a truly great man, though his visible form has departed from the earth, is an inspiration forever to those that live. Such a man was Alexander H. Stephens. While I may not be warranted in saying that he was the greatest of Georgia statesmen, the popular verdict will sustain me in the assertion that to no one of her sons is that State more indebted for her glory at home and abroad.

Mr. Stephens's father was a poor man and owned only a small farm which, upon his death, was sold, and the proceeds were invested as a patrimony for his children. Of the estate Mr. Stephens's share amounted to four hundred dollars, but, despite his financial embarrassments, he succeeded in graduating with honor at the University of Georgia. He entered college with the intention of becoming a minister, but at the end of his sophomore year he changed his mind and chose the law as his profession. Several years afterwards, when he had achieved eminence at the bar and had gained money enough to be independent, he returned to the scene of his birth and purchased the old homestead, of which he was the proud possessor until his death. He named his home Liberty Hall—and appropriately, too, for all who frequented it were at perfect liberty to use its many luxuries and conveniences. Shaded by a large grove of grand oaks it was for many years the Mecca toward which all, the rich and poor, the high and low, bent their steps; some to learn wisdom at his feet, and others to get needed rest and food. He always kept a tramp's room, and at his hospitable board, on the same day, could often be seen

the proud, aristocratic Toombs, and the poor, despised wanderer, both, in for different ways, enjoying their sojourn at "little Aleck's."

Mr. Stephens's services to his country, his abilities as a lawyer, a historian, and the wonderful influence he exerted all during his life in political circles, have already been recorded in the Hall of Fame and are known to all hero-worshippers. But perhaps it might be interesting to mention some of the common-place events of his life which give us an insight into his noble character.

Mr. Stephens was a sincere sympathizer with the human family, his hands at all times being full of objects of charity and his means taxed to their utmost to keep up with them. Boys and girls at schools and colleges were paying their tuition or board or both with monthly checks he sent them. People of nearly every class, white and colored, the sick, the poor, the indebted, and frequently the unworthy were drawing from his treasury all he could possibly spare without himself going into debt, and indeed, he sometimes borrowed money to avoid disappointing his expectant beneficiaries.

Mr. Stephens always desired to do what others wanted him to do, and it was one of his strict rules to answer all his correspondents. This rule proceeded from no selfish policy, but from an unselfish desire to comply with the wishes of others. This disposition, widely known, filled his mail with letters from all kinds of people and on all kinds of subjects. No matter how pressed he was with work, no correspondent, however humble, however inquisitive, however cheeky, however idle and trifling his subject, was ever intentionally ignored, but, sooner or later, was very sure to get not merely a formal but a substantial answer to his letter.

A crank in Texas, who verily believed he had invented or discovered perpetual motion, wrote him at great length, giving confidentially the details of the secret and asking a loan of $60 to have it patented. The fellow was educated and his grammar and diction faultless, but he was evidently crazy. No one else would have acknowledged such a letter, but Mr. Stephens went into a laborious reply, seriously attempting to convince him that his scheme was impossible and that any money thus spent would be a loss to them both. The letter was taken up verbatim and answered specifically, for which he was doubtless pronounced a fool, if not roundly cursed, by the demented Texan.

It was one of Mr. Stephens's peculiarities that he was willing to try almost any sort of medicine or remedy, no matter by whom suggested. When he fell, in May, 1882, on the steps of the capitol at Washington, and after nine weeks of suffering in bed, he began, under the skillful hand of Dr. Walsh, to recover, an old Irish woman who had called to get some help for her son, advised him to use St. Jacob's oil on his lame ankle. He sent out at once for a bottle and had his servant, Aleck, to apply the fluid freely. When the Doctor called again and learned what had been done he said there was danger of erysipilas resulting from the application, and advised its discontinuance, but Mr. Stephens never seemed to realize that he had acted improperly in taking the old woman's advice. It is probable that if she had called again that day she would have reversed Dr. Walsh, for Mr. Stephens himself was prone to review and often changed or discarded his doctor's prescriptions.

A rubber of whist two or three times daily was one of his highest sources of pleasure—one of the essentials, almost, of his existence. He had mastered the science

of the game, and in the title of "Whist," written by him in Johnson's Encyclopedia, many of the finest players say the subject is ably and completely treated. His reputation as a player attracted many votaries of the game from all classes of people to his rooms in Washington to try their hand with him. If good players, they were never released until they promised to call and play again; and this was true regardless of their personality in other respects. An old postal detective, for instance, often dropped in to play and was as often re-invited solely because of the smart game he could play, for he was very rude, and, as he had spent much of his life watching swindlers and thieves, he had forgotten there were any honest people in the world and seemed to think that an honest game at cards, even where there was no money at stake, was an impossibility. His insinuations of cheating were frequent and would have been taken as insulting but for his gray hairs and knowledge of his mode of life, which not only freed his remarks from any sting but made them laughable.

Mr. Stephens's estimate of the refining possibilities of whist was exalted. Two sisters of charity called on him and asked for a contribution to some hospital. He gave them money and some other things they designated as useful, and when they rose to leave the room, it occurred to him that he had several decks of cards to spare, which he found and offered them. They silently hesitated, whereupon he pronounced a disquisition on whist—as if cards were made for no other game—which not only put to flight their doubts but also induced them to accept the donation with an expression of thanks.

One of the finest traits in the character of Mr. Stephens was the extreme pride he took in the good standing and rugged honesty of his family. He was ever sympa-

thetic and affectionate to the humblest member, however distantly related to him. He greatly loved his half-brother, Linton Stephens, whose senior he was by eleven years. Mr. Stephens had become quite prominent and was making considerable money when Linton was large enough to attend school. He took great pains in having him properly prepared for college, and while Linton was at the University of Georgia, it was Mr. Stephens's custom to write him almost daily letters for the purpose of encouraging him in the pursuit of knowledge and aiding him in his more difficult studies. After his graduation, when he was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia and had won an enviable reputation on the bench, no one looked upon his advancement with as much pride as did his brother Aleck.

After the death of Judge Linton Stephens, the friend whom Mr. Stephens leaned on and loved most was Col. Richard Malcolm Johnson. Although he often quoted approvingly—

> "But still keep something to yourself,
> Ye scarcely tell to any,"

yet his periods of depression and the cause of them, concealed from all the rest of the world, were freely unbosomed to "Dick," the name he always gave to the Colonel. Often did he pause, suddenly, in the midst of important work, as if in despair, lay it aside and dictate and mail a letter to the Colonel, always beginning it with "My Dear Dick" and summoning him to come at once to see him. And when the glorious old Colonel would come his presence was a panacea for all of Mr. Stephens's woes. Never was one of these visits permitted to come to an end without the Colonel's having first been prevailed upon to read one or more of his "Dukesborough Tales" and take a hand in as many games of whist as possible.

Mr. Stephens was always very tender-hearted and was fond of pets. He had a blind dog, named Pluck, from his readiness to fight any and all other canines. He would often tell the poor blind brute, "Be sorry for poor, sick master," and old Pluck would put up a most dismal howl, which the great statesman loved to hear. This would cause him to laugh and make him remark upon the sagacity of his "wonderful dog." When Mr. Stephens dined, Pluck would sit by his chair and take bits of ham, chicken, and even cake from the hands of his master. This old dog also had a very sore and bad-smelling back, caused by an infection of the mange. The kind-hearted master daily washed the offensive back and applied to it any remedy suggested as a cure by his countless visitors.

Mr. Stephens was very fond of literature and read every new novel, all of which were sent to him by admiring friends. It required only three or four hours for him to peruse one of these and then he could tell more about it than the average person who had taken a week to read such a book. He would often read after retiring at night, which he always did at midnight, though he did not always go to sleep. Often sick and racked with pain, he never slept more than three to five hours.

On being asked what he regarded the highest encomium ever paid him, Mr. Stephens replied: "About six months ago a friend of mine from the East paid me a visit of a week's duration. He and I had served together in Congress before the war. While at my home he would make daily trips to our little town for exercise and to talk to our people. Upon each return he had to relate some compliment he had heard some of my kind friends pass upon me. Once when he returned he informed me that he had been talking to a very old, gray-haired negro. He had asked the old darkey if he knew

Mr. Stephens. The old fellow made this reply: 'Know who? Marse Aleck? Yas, sar, dat I does know Marse Aleck.' 'Well,' said the Northerner, 'what do you think of him?' 'What does I think of him. Of course I thinks well of him.' 'I do not mean it that way, my good man,' said the visitor. 'I wish to know what kind of a man my friend Stephens is.' 'Oh!' said the humble darkey, 'I understand you now. It is dess dis way about Marse Aleck: he shore is the best man in the world.' After a brief pause, the old man continued thus: 'I will tell you how he is: Marse Aleck is just naturally better to dogs than other people is to folks.'" That was what the man, praised and flattered at home and abroad, regarded as the highest compliment ever paid him.

By some who never knew him aright and by others of the class who find spots on the sun, Mr. Stephens has sometimes been rated as a demagogue—meaning one "who controls the multitude by deceitful arts, a panderer to public prejudices." Applied to him in this sense the epithet is a slander. It is true he mingled with the poor and lowly on equal terms socially to a greater extent than any other of our public men; and, to the falsely proud, might seem, in so doing, to be acting a part. And it might be that he did, in a literal but harmless sense, act a part in so doing. In the same manner, it may, without irreverence, be said that the Saviour, when, having applied His hands to the blind man's eyes, He asked him if he could see aught, acted a part. Omniscient, He knew before asking the question and better than the blind man knew, how much he could see. But the question was asked anyhow to show the unfortunate creature that his case was of interest to the Divine Questioner, and to impart a hope he had never known before. As already intimated, it is certainly true that in this

association with the common people, "the groveling herd," Mr. Stephens was not only sincere and at home, but also derived enjoyment from it. This enjoyment was not stimulated or lessened according as it was indulged before or after an election wherein he was a candidate nor according as it was within or beyond the territory of his constituents. At all times, at all places, among all classes, he was one and the same affable, kindly, sympathetic gentlemen. He thus drank in human nature, and no doubt by this knowledge was enabled the better to lead the people. It may be even that, for the people's good, he, knowing the popular current so well, conformed to it for awhile until the opportune moment arrived and then diverted it from the wrong to the right channel. Henry Grady, who ardently admired him, said, in substance, that this was a species of pardonable, even enviable, finesse, peculiar only to Aleck Stephens. There were times, however, as in 1860, for instance, when it became necessary, for duty's sake, for him to face the popular current point blank. On one of these occasions he said: "I fear nothing upon the earth, nothing above the earth, and nothing under the earth, except to do wrong."

His religious belief was a subject he seldom discussed and seldomer himself introduced. In reply to a letter received in 1882 from a lady friend asking him for an expression of his religious faith, he said that he still clung to the "faith of his fathers" and tried to live every day with reference to both God and man as though he knew it would be the last day of his life. To a preacher who told him when he was extremely sick that he would ask his church to pray for his recovery, he responded: "You may tell them to pray that God's will be done, and that I am neither hopeful nor despondent."

This sketch will be appropriately closed by a quotation from one of his most ardent friends: "As a statesman his image will repose in future ages in Fame's temple in the same niche with that of Calhoun and of Clay; as a philanthropist, his life long devotedness to the true interests and glory of the people of Georgia and of the whole Union, and his countless deeds for suffering humanity, have justly won him the appellation of the Great Commoner; as a historian, his constitutional views of the War between the States will rank him as the Thucydides of the South; as a philosopher and as a scholar his name will ever be honored in Georgia and throughout the common country."

LOVE'S ROSARY

By R. E. Walker, '09.

I.

The lowing kine stood huddled at the gate,
And bleating sheep were ambling down the lane,

While questing swallows darted near the earth,
And weary farmers hastened, homeward-bound.

For darkness falling from the skyward peaks
Was hiding all the valley-land away.

Lonely and sad, in a village of strangers I stood,
Disheartened and spiritless, tired of the struggle and strain,

A man neither loving nor loved, I hated my life.
Anon I heard the sound of revelry,

And madly, blindly hastened to its source
To spend the hours in feigned happiness.

II.

"In maiden meditation fancy free"
I saw her move,—the goddess of my dreams,

Then all night long I nursed my restless heart,
And sleepless eyes beheld her heavenly face,

Till on his wing the lark my folly mocked,
And Morning called me from my pleasure-pain.

Now under the shade of the murmuring elm we sit,
Forgetting in silence the beauties of riotous May.

A whisper of love—a vow of devotion and trust—
A blush on her cheek,—and the elm kept murmuring on.

Never a word, but only a woman's tear,—
Her eyes, those depthless wells of innocent trust,

Modestly spoke of her trusting love. In joy
I seized her lily-white hand: I kissed it once—

I kissed it twice—and yet another time:
Her rosy lips no mortal might profane.

Love was blind, I thought her all divine;
But only a maid with a maiden's heart she was.

Teasing, testing, misunderstood, her sway
She lost; and I my confidence and hope.

"Going away? it really can not be,"
She says and stands so close,—so very close,

I hear the laboring of her tender heart;
Her sad brown eyes with tearful lids look up,

And pleading seem to say, "Don't leave me so."
Alas! O cursed day! O haughty heart!

III.

In vain regret my summerless years go by,
And pensive moods have settled o'er my soul.

When shadows hasten toward the Morning-land,
And on the air some plaintive song is borne,

I love to think her angel spirit near,—
I hear, "Unwillingly I left you so."

PATRICK'S RUSE

By Rudolph Shad, '10.

There had been a serious wreck up the road which had delayed my train eighteen hours, and all hope of reaching Moultriville in time of catching the weekly steamer was abandoned. However, from a drummer I learned that a little schooner left Moultriville every second Saturday for Marvin's Point, a little village down the sound about seventy-five miles, so after all I might be able to keep my engagement with several friends from New York and take the fishing trip.

Immediately upon reaching Moultriville I hastened with my fishing tackle and suit-case to the dock, where a citizen told me the *Molly O* was accustomed to "tie up" while in port. I finally arrived at the river and came all out of breath to the right pier, but to my consternation nothing in the way of a sailing craft was in sight. Over at the end of the pier I saw several men sitting around in the sun. I approached them and enquired as to the length of time I would have to wait before the next boat.

"Well, ye'll have to drop yer anchor till day after tomorrow, friend, unless you can get Fred Wiggins's cat-boat," said an old grizzly looking "tar" as he raised up on one arm and took his plug of tobacco out. "You say you want to go to Marvin's Point. Well, I'll garuntee that if you try to make the trip in that cat-boat ye'll be a month in gitting thar. Have a seat and take a chew."

Seeing that my fishing trip was knocked "sky high," and that I would have to wait several hours before a train left for Savannah, I decided that talking to these old sailors, the habitual loafers on the water-front of a

seaport town, would be more interesting than walking around the narrow and dirty streets. So I put my suit-case down, found a seat on an empty snuff box and lighted my pipe. "How large a boat is the *Molly O*," I asked, more to start up the conversation than for information.

"She is a two-masted schooner. Pretty rickerty and wornout now, but in her day she was the fastest craft that ever carried a yard of canvas. Did you ever hear of Patrick Teel and the trick he played on the Govermint Inspector?"

I told him that I had not and expressed my desire to hear the story, whereupon he puckered up his mouth in the shape of an "O" and with very little exertion sent his quid several yards on the bay.

"Twas along in the seventies that Caleb over thar and me shipped in the *Molly O* with Skipper Patrick Teel for a trip down to the West Indies. We was loaded with furniture and with a stiff south breeze made the trip in six weeks."

"Coming back we brought a cargo of timber as far as Yankton, and thar we swapped it fer a hundred and fifty barrels of booze, which we was to deliver to a firm up the river above here at Parkton. The bargain was a good one fer us providin' that we dodged the custom house officers here, and this was what Pat, our skipper, dreaded most. 'Niver you mind,' says he, '*The Molly O* has an Oirish name and a Oirish skipper and the devil may take me if Saint Patrick let's his namesake get caught by that soft-shelled crab Pearson.'

"We had fine weather up the coast till we got to the mouth of the bay, when a gale come up and we had to anchor 'inshore' fer a whole day. Now, when Pat saw this he swore and he cussed, fer instead of comin' up the

bay and passin' Moultriville in the night time, as he had planned, he would have to take chances in the broad day light. But Pat was an Irishman from head to foot, and he said that he was going to land that booze in Parkton or bust, so we put out the sails and started up the bay at a merry clip. All went well till we got opposite of this very pier. A row boat put out from shore with Pearson on board. We dropped anchor and all hands went to cussin' except Pat, who with a face all grins, stated serenely that all would come out right.

"When the row boat was about half way out to ours, Pat went over to the cabin and got a ten gallon can of kerosene oil, which he poured into the hold of the boat over the barrels. Then he gave a low whistle, and from a coil of rope came 'Miss Mame,' Pat's big, pet, black snake, champion rat catcher on the coast. He picked the snake up, put her in the hole on the top barrel and fastened the hatch down. Then he went back to the cabin and waited fer Pearson, who was comin' up the gang-plank. But before he went into the cabin he told us to run and yell like the Philistines did when Sampson was beatin' their brains out with a cow horn, just as soon as he whistled.

"Then Pearson come struttin' up the deck and asked what cargo we had. Pat told him that he had a hundred and fifty barrels of kerosene on board fer Parkton. 'Haul up some of your kerosene,' says the little cuss. 'I'll bet you've got liquor on this boat, and if you have you might as well open up your pocket-books.'

"'All right,' says Pat, very polite, 'You kin search this ship from one end to the other, and if you find anything stronger than kerosene I'll eat my hat. Haul out a barrel for inspection, Caleb.'

"I started for the hatch and opened it. Pearson come

right behind me to see the thing well done, and just as he got to the mouth of the hole, Pat whistled. Up came the head of 'Miss Mame' with mouth wide open, tryin' to git out kerosene fumes and get in more fresh air all at the same time. Pearson's hat raised up some three inches and fell off as he fetched a yell and started asprintin' down the deck, with 'Miss Mame' right behind him, mistakin' him fer Pat. Me and the German cook went up the mast quicker'n monkies, squallin' like somethin' was tearin' out our innards, and Pat he jumped up on the rail and bellowed like a Jersey bull as Pearson shot by. The Governmint's officer never looked back but once, and when he saw that five-foot of snake flesh was gainin' on him he dove clean over the rail into his boat, and the last time we saw him he was hittin' it up the wharf fer his office.

"Pat, when he saw Pearson make his high dive, could not keep the laugh back, but busted out, lost his balance and fell into fifty foot of water. He came up a blowin' and laughin,' and when we hauled him up the side of the boat, he called to the cook and told him to fish out a barrel of that Parkton booze and celebrate, fer 'Oirland and Saint Patrick could not be beat.' "

THE BURIED TREASURE OF THE SHENANDOAH

By Arthur D. Gore.

One pleasant morning when people were crowding into town to buy the toys and fancy goods for Christmas, a poor little, old gray-haired man among them attracted my attention, and I ceased my bundle-wrapping and string-breaking, and stood gazing at him as if he had been the pole-star and my eyes compasses.

His garments were a ragged overcoat, an old hat with part of the crown torn out, a pair of blue Denims trousers, whose legs lacked about six inches or more of reaching his wornout brogans, and a collarless shirt, resembling in texture that of his trousers.

It was an awfully cold morning and the north wind howled around the corners,—I mean the corners of his overcoat,—and presumably the poor old gentleman had suffered greatly from the cold, as his hands were partly benumbed and his face was as red as a duck's foot.

What little sympathy I had climbed up into my throat and lodged there, while to keep the light from hurting my eyes, I squinted them and peeped through my brows. Shortly I gained courage to step forward, and as was my business, to say, "May I sell you something this morning?" He looked up at me and said, "Let me see some of your tobacco."

"Good," I replied, "follow me, and we will soon see how much I may wrap for you."

And soon we did, and in addition to the tobacco was an equal amount of coffee and morphine. Now what was I to do, cut the price to one-half, because he looked so needy, or retain the regular selling price because he exercised such poor judgment in purchasing? Is he an

opium fiend and tobacco user and a coffee drinker too? Who is to blame if he is? Besides, what is it to me even though these should constitute his food? All these questions presented themselves.

The amount purchased was one and a half dollars. When his tottering hand fumbled after his purse, and I saw this amount emptied it—"oh, I made a mistake in the price! I intended telling you the price was half this amount—it's Christmas now!" I said. With a half-delighted look and quick glance of the eye, he said, "None of these things are for me, and thank God they do not belong to me. I would rather be penniless (and so I am) than be addicted to all these habits; although, when I tell you that I served four *long* years in the Civil War and am conscious of killing several poor fellows. You may say you prefer being a cigarette fog, opium fiend, tobacco user, and under the relentless power of other innumerable evils, than be conscious you had ever slain your fellow-man, and think me out of my wits because I don't say so too.

"I say I am penniless—well really I am, yet I have ten thousand dollars in gold and silver at home now—"

"How is that Uncle—pardon me, what is your name?—how is that; I don't understand you?" I broke in before he could finish his sentence.

"Gats McGee is my name," he replied.

"Well, Uncle Gats, tell me what the trouble is." With no hesitation, he said, "Son, you've read in your history all about how the 'Feds' tried to pen General 'Stonewall,' haven't you?"

"O, yes, sir! Yes, sir!" I replied.

"And about how old Phil Sheridan patterned after Sherman, and how he burnt and destroyed everything in the Shenandoah Valley?"

"O, yes, Uncle Gats, all about it!" I said, "and you were in the Confederate ranks all through the Civil War, were you?"

"Yes, son, right there! and in that Valley is where I found that gold too," he said, looking up at me shyly, "and here is how it was:

"You know when old Phil began his 'rat-killin',' the poor folks 'scatted' and the rich folks buried their money or forgot it when they left. 'Twas just before Early surprised Sheridan at Cedar Creek, sometime in October—October weather was rough then too—when Early sent me and two other men out from camp, ten miles ahead, to act as spies, one cold night.

"We were about two miles apart, and accidentally I came to a beautiful, deserted residence, and being very cold, I stopped and hitched my horse there, plundered around awhile, and decided I would go a little farther on to warm myself a little while the horse was resting. Before going far I saw a bright light in a thicket not far ahead. My hair stood on end! I cautiously approached! No noise was heard! No person was seen aywhere around it! I decided it was a scheme to catch spies, therefore, without venturing nearer, I turned back; before going far, though, I decided I would see what it was any way. This time I went up real close, and there lay by the fire the largest, blackest dog I have ever seen. He seemed to be soundly sleeping, and do you guess I woke him? No, sir!

"I returned to the building, mounted my horse and galloped away. Two days afterwards we were ordered to act as spies again, and with this experience in mind I pursued the same trail and halted at this same residence, plundered the old building and barns, and then rambled out to the brush-heaps where I had seen the dog. 'Twas

getting late, and I decided to camp in the yard and sleep in one of the barns that night, and through curiosity I went out in search of the fire and dog again, and there it was precisely as I had seen it before! I tell you my heart did do some fluttering!—and my heels hit the ground at intervals of about ten feet till I lay panting under my horse's feet like a 'double-header' climbing the Rocky Mountains.

"Next day I returned to the camp and just swelled for a chance to tell it. The following night, while we were all arranged in rows by a log-heap fire, some of them playing cards, some telling jokes, and others writing, I began my brief experience. An old sailor named Ben listened very attentively while I was relating my mysterious experience. When I had finished, he waited a chance, touched me on the elbow, and said, 'See here, Gats, that black dog was guarding hidden money. If you say so, and if you can locate the place again, we will slip there, and I am quite sure we will find it.'

"I agreed, but next day was our success at Cedar Creek, and oh, poor old Ben was killed! However, I got a chance and went there one evening by myself. I found an old spade in the tool-room at the old residence, and hastened to the guarded spot. It was between two tall pines, surrounded by low bushes and grass. I knelt down, but I could not kneel so low but that it seemed as if I were being looked at, and besides, my heart felt as if it were in my old hat. But carefully removing the pine-straw and dead leaves, and uprooting little flowers, which seemed to laugh in secret at my folly, I began digging away.

"Not many spadefulls had I taken out before I discovered that the ground had been previously disturbed. This thought and this fact made the dirt fly.

"Not many more strokes before, 'tink,' and I had struck an old pot; another, and its lid was upset; another, and out came the old thing, brimful of Confederate notes and the ten thousand I mentioned in the beginning.

"I hurried away with it to the old barn and there, underneath some shucks, I hid it till we left those parts.

"That money I have until this day, and if ever I can find its owner, he shall certainly have it, for my conscience will not let me use it. It has been forty years since and I have never been able yet to find the owner."

"Well, Uncle Gats," I said, "an old Virginia gentleman told me not longer than a week ago that he left some money in that same valley, and when the war ended he went to get it and it was gone; what then if you got it?"

"Oh, I'll see him! I'll see him! where is he?" Uncle Gats exclaimed.

"He was in here a minute ago—yonder he goes now!" I said.

"Say there! wait a minute, I want to speak to you!" yelled Uncle Gats, and out of doors he scrambled with all his might. His first words to his new man were, "I have been told you came from Virginia and once were a very wealthy citizen there, but through fear of Phil Sheridan and his men you fled, leaving everything behind; if you are the man, I hope I have good news for you."

The reply was, "Yes, I left ten thousand dollars, with other valuable bills and notes buried between two tall pines about a quarter of a mile from my home; I went back after the war was over and it was not where I left it, and to save me, I can't conceive any plan by which any one could have gotten it; did you ever hear of any one finding it?"

"Yes, I found it! and to-day you shall have it all back again—every cent!" replied Uncle Gats.

I overheard this conversation between them, and saw Uncle Gats leave with the Virginia gentleman. Two weeks later, Uncle Gats returned, with new and better clothes on. This time he came to thank me for reducing the price of those goods he bought, and as he tremblingly took my hand, he shed tears, and in his hesitating speech said, "While my hands once held ten thousand dollars, and my heart a conscience which condemned it, now they hold thrice that amount, and my heart is free from its burden." Clenching my hand for a moment harder than before, then suddenly letting it go, he snatched from his pocket a small roll and threw it down at my feet, and immediately disappeared in the crowded streets. On the inside of this little bundle was fifty—well you can guess—and on the outside was written—

"Farewell son, farewell!"

THE SINGER AND THE SONG

By M. J. H.

A vagrant youth without a star
  To guide me o'er the barren waste—
No rose its petals sweet to ope',
  No joys of life my lips might taste—

A flight of song, a little air,
  A ballad soft and low,
Then sang a maiden wondrous fair
  On a morning long ago.

On zephyrs wafted swift along,
  Through verdant ways resounding,
Came echoes of the little song
  That set my heart rebounding.

Diverging paths before me lay—
  Their devious course to cover—
No father, mother there to stay
  My erring feet—no lover—

Then hope came back, a vision new,
  The singer, sweetly, lowly,
Passed on before my 'tranced view
  With features pure and holy.

Transient minds may soon forget
  Kind deeds, and even wrong;
But fresh in memory lingers yet
  The singer and the song.

A TYPICAL TEXAN

By C. D. Creasman.

I.

Sam Laredo, better known as "Comanche Sam" because of his high cheek bones and black hair, which gave him somewhat the appearance of an Indian, was a typical Texan. He had grown up as a rancher among the hills near Waco; and though hardly more than grown he had already become famous as a rough-rider and a "crack shot."

But like many other young men of the "Lone Star State," he was lured to Galveston by the disaster which befell that unhappy city in 1900 and by the hope of advancing his fortune in the rush of the reconstruction of the town. He knew no trade, and about the only employment for such as he was that of a day laborer at the wages of one dollar per day. Accordingly he soon found himself in the employment of Egan & Smith, a large contracting company with headquarters at New York, at the above named wages. In such circumstances his dream of wealth and ease soon vanished, and his longing to return to his native hills was equalled only by his determination not to go back to them a failure. So he plodded on for several months, though with little hope of advancement.

The work on the city administration building, where he had been employed for some time, was almost finished and he knew that there would be a change soon. It was not long in coming. One Saturday night the General Superintendent, who had become attached to Sam because he was a faithful worker, called him into his office and said:

"Well, Sam, work is getting slim, you know. The rush is over and we must drop a hundred men to-night. Smith has your name on the discharged list and of course you're out of a job. I hate to fire you, but I must obey orders."

Sam looked vacantly at him a minute and said:

"Well, I hate to leave you too, and if you've got anything anywhere in town I can do I'll take it as a great favor if you will let me do it. Hunting a job is poor business the way things are closing down."

"Yes, this is the wrong town for working men," said the Superintendent, meditatively. "Mr. Cottery had the biggest business here except Egan & Smith, and I heard yesterday that he had been closed out. You see everybody made a rush for this place after the flood and everything has been overdone. But, by the way, Sam, if you have a pretty good nerve I might put you down on the Durkee job as night watchman. We had a good man down there, but he had a fight last night with those Spanish scoundrels who run the Bank Saloon and came so near getting killed that he notified me this morning that his place was vacant."

Sam jumped at the chance of employment and replied:

"Good. Night-watching around a Spanish settlement isn't as safe as being at home, but if you'll give me the job I'll try to manage it."

Be there to-night at six o'clock, then," said the Superintendent. "You'd better be well armed, too."

Sam left the office in good spirits. He had a venturesome nature and his fancy pictured something exciting in guarding the big Durkee docks. Still, when he reflected a little he knew that he was up against something which might require head work. He went to his room, put two six-shooters in his pockets, put on a large overcoat and started for the Bank Saloon.

This bar-room was a wooden shack, built on the water's edge and run by three desperate Spaniards who kept a grocery store and pawn-shop in the same room. Already it had a bad record. Its keepers, a father and two sons, were suspected of foul play by the authorities in several recent murders and mysterious disappearances of men, but as yet no clue had been discovered which would lead to their prosecution. Their den was next to one of the Durkee docks and just behind the office of Egan & Smith, and was visited regularly by a number of the company's men. Sam had been there more than once with friends (though he refused to drink with them), and was well acquainted with the Spaniards; so he thought that the wise thing to do would be to go down and tell them that he had taken the night watchman's place for the company. A frown passed over the old man's face as he broke the news to him.

"Pretty dangerous work for a kid like you," he said. Some of these men around here will put your light out if you aren't careful."

Sam knew who "these men" would be, but he determined to have peace if possible, so he said:

"That's just why I wanted to tell you about it. I want you to use your influence to keep things quiet."

"O, I don't suppose I have any influence," said the bar-keeper, and turned away, pretending to be busy. Sam knew by his manner that he certainly wouldn't use it for him if he had any. He walked across to the cigar stand and talked a few minutes with the old man's daughter. She was a beautiful little black-eyed brunette about fifteen. With her quick Spanish intuition she had marked Sam and rather liked him.

"Yes, the company has shifted me to night work on the docks," he said.

"Don't you stay there a single night," replied the girl with meaning in her voice.

"Why?" asked Sam.

"Just let 'why' alone, and let me warn you not to go on duty at the docks to-night," she replied. "You know what happened there last night and I know some folks that are mighty mad because that night watchman put up a fight and foiled their purpose. There'll be something doing there before day-light and the farther you are away the better it will be for you."

Sam saw her father looking savagely at them and thought he had better go. It was about time for him to go to work, so he went to the docks and looked the situation over. Then he sat down on an old box just above the upper dock and ate supper. While he was eating the whistle blew and soon the workmen had all disappeared and he was left alone.

II.

Darkness soon came. The moon was inclining toward the west and would be down by twelve o'clock. A strong wind was blowing from the Gulf and high, scattered clouds were flying before it. Sam kindled a fire and was ready for the night's work. For an hour or two he walked leisurely around and through the docks. Then the chillness of the night wind drove him to his fire. He sat down and began gazing intently into the fire, little heeding the time or thinking of his situation; he thought musingly on scenes of his boyhood, youthful visions, etc. So oblivious was he to his surroundings that a small stick, breaking under pressure of a foot, started him and he sprang to his feet. The moon was down, the clouds hung black and heavy overhead and the darkness was as that

"Night in which the bounds of Heaven and earth were lost."

"Hello," said a friendly voice in the dark.

"Who are you?" asked Sam.

Don Pezendro stepped into the light of the fire, followed by his brother Carl.

"It's a good thing I'm not your boss, for I should fire you for sleeping on duty," said Don, jokingly.

Sam flashed his eyes up at the window of Egan & Smith's office, but seeing that the light was out and no one had been watching him, he felt easy and said,

"I wasn't asleep if I did jump like it, but—"

"Have a drink," interrupted Don, extending a bottle.

Sam's habit of abstinence stood him in good stead and furnished an excuse for refusal. Don put the bottle back into his pocket, untouched, and began a friendly chat, while Carl sauntered over toward one of the tool houses. Soon Sam overheard a rattling at a lock. He walked over toward the tool house followed closely by Don, still talking as fast as he could. When they were within ten paces of Carl a sudden flash leaped from one of Sam's pistols and Carl Pezendro was minus a mustache. In an instant the Spaniards were facing dangerous weapons.

"I understand you," said Sam coolly, "and you better understand me when I tell you to disappear as quickly as you can and don't come about these docks again before daylight."

Without a word they turned and were gone. If Sam had listened carefully he might have heard something muttered about "later on." He went to his fire and sat down.

"Let's see, what was I thinking about?" he thought; and his mind was soon roaming again. Not long, however, for he was called back to reality by a girlish voice speaking his name.

"What is it?" he answered.

"Come here," said the voice.

Sam knew it was Maria, and went to her in the darkness.

"For Heaven's sake, man," she pleaded, "don't sit by that fire. If you do you won't be alive in ten minutes."

"What are you doing here at this time of night?" asked Sam. "It must be two o'clock."

"Never mind that," replied the girl. "I saw what happened just now, and if you count your life worth anything don't sit there by that fire and furnish a target for riflemen. I must be gone"—and she disappeared.

Sam saw what a fool he had been and smiled as he thought of the girl who had saved his life.

"I'll leave the fire just because she asked me to," he said, and turning, he went to the box where he had eaten his supper. The wind was chilly, and in spite of his big overcoat he soon felt uncomfortable. He was soon to have something to do, however, which would make it warm enough for him. Two rifle shots, fired in quick succession just behind the saloon attracted his attention. He started toward the saloon, but a second thought warned him not to go. He waited, and soon three men came cautiously into the light of the fire. He knew that the battle was on, and as soon as they were well in sight he fired. The old man groaned and fell, and at the same instant two rifle balls whizzed passed Sam. He dropped to the ground and a dozen or more other shots passed over him in quick succession. Then there was a pause; and quick as a flash Sam was on his feet. He fired, and jumped quickly to one side. Don Pezendro fell and Carl sent a bullet in the direction of the flash of Sam's pistol. At the next instant he staggered and fell. Sam waited till all the men were still and then ap-

proached them. The old man and Don were past help. Carl had a hole in his breast but was conscious. He begged for mercy. Sam took off his overcoat and, placing it by the fire, he put the dying man on it, made him as comfortable as possible and started to the police station.

"Bring the wagon as soon as possible," he told the officer who talked with him, and hurried back to the scene of the tragedy.

Carl was sinking, but Sam gave him some whiskey which he found in the old man's pocket. He looked at the bottle and said,

"Where did you get it?"

"From your father," Sam replied.

"It's all right then, but I didn't want to drink any of that which Don offered you awhile ago—but I guess it doesn't make any difference now." As he drank the whiskey Sam guessed why he didn't want Don's. Soon revived he looked at Sam and said:

"I guess I may as well tell you some things," and he revealed a series of crimes which he and his father and brother had committed that made even the stout heart of the Texan shudder. When he was through he closed his eyes for a moment and Sam thought he was gone; but he opened them again and said:

"I know I have no right to ask a favor of you, Sam, but I don't believe you will deny me though you know I am your enemy. Won't you promise me that you will take care of Maria? She's just a child and she's an orphan. She's better than—"

But he couldn't finish the sentence. In a minute he was dead. The patrol wagon arrived just here and the three men were taken to the station. Sam stood alone in the glow of his fire, and as the sound of the wagon

died away there came a stillness which seemed to petrify the darkness around him, and as he realized that he was alone, for the first time in his life dread seized him and he was afraid. But a footfall startled him and in an instant he pointed both of his pistols toward it.

"Don't," cried a girlish voice.

He lowered, and Maria ran toward him. She looked into his eyes like one helpless and dependent.

"Sam, you won't let them hurt me, will you? I know dad and the boys were bad, but I wasn't to blame for that. What am I to do?"—and she burst into tears. Sam drew her to him and held her in his strong arms till her tears were passed.

III.

The "Bank Saloon" was searched next day, and Sam was able, by the confession of Carl (which he carefully kept secret), to direct the officers, who wondered at his skill in revealing some of the darkest deeds in the history of Galveston. Egan & Smith's General Superintendent sent for Sam that afternoon.

"Sam," he said, "I've got good news for you. I've been talking to Smith about you and he has authorized me to give you regular work at three dollars a day for at least a year."

"I don't know how to express my gratitude," said Sam, falteringly. "You have been my friend in need, and if I could I'd take you up. But I've just been sworn in as a captain of the city police force and can't well resign."

"Accept my congratulations," said the Superintendent, rising and taking him warmly by the hand. "One hundred dollars a month beats anything the company can do for you."

THE DAY OF LIFE

By John H. Nanney.

Fair breaks the day of mortal life,
  No mist nor clouds appear;
There is no trouble and no strife,
  No conflict and no fear.

Ere long the sun shows clear and bright,
  The storm-cloud rises high;
The pilgrim rushes on with might,
  Aware that danger's nigh.

And now I hear the vesper bell,
  The darkness gathers fast;
The traveler speaks his last farewell,
  And finds his rest at last.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

By Edgar H. Stillwell.

"Mamma, what makes you look so sad to-day?"

Little Miriam was leaning against the chair in which her mother was sitting. She had just come in from playing with her five-year-old playmate, Lylie Carr, and, noticing that her mother's face wore a look of marked sadness—even bitterness—had run up to where Mrs. Ray sat, mending some threadbare garments, and putting her arms around her mother's neck, asked her why she looked so sad.

Mrs. Ray laid down her sewing, a vest which she had been "patching" for Wallace, her husband. It was of him and his wretched condition she had been thinking when her four-year-old daughter interrupted her with the above question. If Wallace would only give up drinking, how happy she would be once more! She thought of how happy they had been before he began going to the saloon. But now how different it all was! How changed was Wallace! How unlike his former self! He had once been a temperate man, a devoted husband and a loving father.

Nellie Elsworth—for this was Mrs. Ray's maiden name—and Wallace Ray had married while both were quite young—he being nineteen and she only sixteen. Nellie had not dreamed of his becoming a drunkard. True, a few years before they were married, it was said that Wallace had once been guilty of "taking on a little too much," but he had long since quit, and, on the day of their engagement, had promised Nellie never to touch strong drink again. But he had not been married two years before the temptation became too strong for him.

The saloon was only a short distance from his place of business and some of his old friends would beg him to take a "social glass" with them. At first he had steadily refused, but they as steadily insisted right on from day to day, every time occasion would offer. Finally, he saw so much drinking going on in that part of the town where he resided that the evil lost part of its horror, from real contact. It became an old thing. People drank as a matter of course. "Every business man," he was told by his saloon friends, "took a dram occasionally. There was no harm in that. He would not get drunk; no one would ever know. He would be more social, more popular, a more influential business man." Wallace had at last consented to take a "dram." This, as usual, led to a second drink. Soon he drank more freely, and ere long found himself within the cruel clutches—the relentless grasp—of the hell-born Demon, Alcohol. Had not "evil associations corrupted good morals"? Had not *contact* brought about *contamination?* Had not the words of Pope come true?

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As to be hated needs but to be seen;
> But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Nellie saw his downward course and noted the change. She begged him to stop. He promised time and again, but as often broke his promise. He was beginning to lose self-confidence. Each time after it was all over and reaction from the effects of the stimulant set in, he would resolve that never again so long as he lived would he touch another drop of whiskey. But alas! when the *spell* came again—the thirst for drink—he could not summon up enough will-power to resist the mighty craving within and consequently would succumb to the temptation.

The saloon was on the street which he traveled in going to and coming from his work. Sometimes he remained at the saloon till late at night. Nellie always sat up and awaited his coming. She always greeted him at the door with a fondness he could not help noting. He always found, no matter how late the hour, that she had kept his supper warm.

For the past month Wallace had spent all of his income—which had grown small of late—for drink. He was losing influence as a man of business. Nellie saw him plunging deeper and deeper into the mire. His property was all going for drink. He became an unsafe man to deal with. He could no longer keep a promise. He was most of his time in a state of intoxication. Nellie observed all these things and shuddered to think of what must be the result. Moreover, the meal in the barrel was almost gone, the last stick of wood was on the hearth, the merchant had sent in his bill for the last month and Wallace was unable to pay. What was to be done? Mrs. Ray saw that, unless Wallace should stop spending everything for drink, they would be compelled soon to sell house and home in order to pay off their indebtedness and "keep the wolf from the door." This last thought brought tears to her eyes. How *could* she bear to give up *home?*

Last night Wallace had returned late—later than usual. His step on the porch was unsteady, and, as he entered, Nellie knew he had been to the saloon. She greeted him as usual, but he said very little. Indeed he rarely ever spoke when he was drinking. Once or twice he had scolded Nellie, but she always answered him with kind and sympathetic words. Wallace loved his wife dearly and his little daughter, Miriam, he almost worshipped, but with all of their pleadings, he could not resist the inclination to drink.

Next morning, without tasting his breakfast, Wallace had gone to his place of business. Nellie had been thinking all day of their wretched condition. How long would it be until the sheriff would come and sell all they had to satisfy their debts? Then what would become of her and Miriam?

Thoughts like these had been running through Nellie's mind when Miriam came and looked up into her face and inquired in tender, sympathizing words:

"Mamma, why are you so sad?"

Mrs. Ray looked down on the sweet little up-turned face, glowing with all the health and beauty of childhood, and saw there the sum total of all her future hopes and joys. She answered Miriam in a sort of evasive way, not wishing to bring a cloud of sorrow into her little girl's happy, care-free life.

"Oh, nothing, darling. I was only thinking."

"Thinking of *what?*"—This in a rather anxious voice, for the little girl was becoming much concerned.

"Of papa"—tenderly.

"Oh!—But, mamma," persisted little Miriam, "won't you tell me why you have been crying?"

The trial had come. She had expected it. Mrs. Ray dreaded to tell her cheerful little daughter, into whose life had never come any sorrow or sadness, as yet, of her secret trouble and of how her husband was killing himself drinking, but she concluded that one time was as good as another, since Miriam must of necessity know it before long anyhow. So she began slowly, her voice trembling slightly under the pain of disclosure:

"I was just thinking, dear, of what will become of us if we have to sell our home. The saloon man gets all of papa's money and we are not only out of food, but we are heavily in debt. Your papa has no money to pay

the merchant for our last month's living. We are in debt for food, clothing, and fuel—perhaps even for whiskey! Your papa is not making any money now, because —because (her courage was almost failing her) he is drunk most of the time and people do not trust him. Oh, Miriam, if papa would only stop going to the saloon! I do so wish they would destroy the saloon and then maybe Wallace would not be tempted to drink."

Although little Miriam was only four years old, still these words from her mother carried a world of meaning to her, and she left the room, her tender young heart almost broken, determined to go see papa and beg him not to drink any more. It was late, now, in the evening. She often went out to the gate to meet her papa as he returned, but this time she failed to see him coming. She opened the gate leading into the street and started off in the direction of the saloon, in the hope that she would meet him in a little while. On she went until her little legs were tired. She had wandered into the middle of the street. While standing there, she saw a runaway team coming down the road at full speed. She turned to flee home, but had barely started back when the horses dashed her to the ground and continued on their mad course. Several men saw her and ran to the spot. On picking her up, they found that her head was badly bruised and was bleeding freely. She was unconscious. They quickly carried her home, and, at the same time, called a physician to her side. A messenger was quickly dispatched to her father, telling him of the accident.

The messenger found Miriam's father at the saloon and told him of the occurrence. Wallace at first looked at the man in a sort of wild, half-incredulous way. Then when the man told him to hurry home, that his little

daughter was dying, or perhaps *dead,* he came to himself and rushed out of the saloon and down the street as fast as a half-drunken, terror-stricken man could go. When he entered the room where Miriam was lying on the bed, he saw Nellie on her knees by the side of her daughter and the doctor bending over her. The child's eyes were closed. She was barely breathing. There was the feeblest sign of pulsation. The first question that Wallace Ray asked was,

"Oh, Nellie! Nellie! is she dead? Speak to me, Miriam! Speak to papa once more!"

The doctor quieted him by telling him that his little daughter was not dead, and that there was a slight chance for recovery; but told him she must be kept very quiet. This partially relieved him and then he began to inquire why Miriam was so far from home when the horses and wagon ran over her. Nellie told him all. How Miriam had started to meet him at the gate, but not seeing him, had, she supposed, wandered off up the street, hoping to see him. Wallace remembered how his little girl would often stand at the gate and watch for his coming, and he remembered with what gladness she would greet him each time. Then the thought came to him, "Had I not stopped at the saloon this evening my little darling would not have been hurt!" Oh! the anguish of that moment! What noble resolves were being made in the mind of that grief-stricken father! What earnest, pitiful, and pathetic prayers were going up from the bosom of that loving mother!

It was with difficulty that the father and mother were induced to leave the bedside of their daughter. The physician said that the room must be kept very quiet. All night little Miriam was unconscious, lingering between life and death. Once or twice she had moved in a rest-

less way, partly opening her eyes, then she had relapsed into her former state. The suspense was almost killing father and mother. Towards daylight Miriam showed signs of life and consciousness. She opened her eyes and moved her lips as if to speak. The doctor leaned over and heard the faint sound, "Papa." Just then her father came in and she recognized him as he bent over her couch. A marked change came over her face and her eyes brightened as she looked up into her papa's tear-stained countenance. He bent lower to catch her words:

"You—won't—go to the sa—oon any more—will you, pa—pa? I do—don't want you to. An' you won't—drunk no more? Mam—a says it is a bad place. She told me all—'bout the s'oon man gettin—you' mon—ey and— 'bout the sher—iff coming to sell our—home—and—"

This was more than Wallace Ray could bear and, bursting into tears, he sank down upon his knees beside the bed and, taking Miriam's hand, began:

"No, darling! never, *never,* will I go to that wretched place again! I will *never* drink another drop of whiskey!"

The doctor interfered here, saying that it was not safe to allow the patient to talk. It would not do for her to get excited. So father and mother were again induced to leave the sick room. The physician remained. Soon Miriam dropped off to sleep and when, at last, the sunlight came streaming in at the open window and the doctor was taking his leave for a little while, she was still sleeping.

Several days went by and little Miriam still lingered. However, at the end of two weeks, there were marked signs of improvement. At the end of the third week, she

was considerably better and soon was able to sit in her small rocker for a few hours at a time.

As for Wallace Ray, he was steadily keeping his promise, only too glad to know that the life of his little daughter had been spared. He had firmly resolved that nothing could ever induce him to go to the saloon again. He would "fight it out till the last," before he would touch another drop of whiskey.

Years have gone by and little Miriam has grown to be a beautiful and accomplished young woman, the joy and pride of her parents. Wallace Ray has steadily kept his vow and has prospered, until now he is one of the most successful and prominent business men in his county. Nellie is no longer sad, but father, mother, and daughter are happy and their little home is almost a paradise. Wallace often thinks of the time when he frequented the liquor shop and of his downward course. He thinks, too, of his little Miriam wandering off alone in search of him and of her accident, and each time he thanks God for His dear wife and loving daughter, through whose influence he was rescued from a terrible fate. Surely Miriam's accident was a "blessing in disguise."

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL

By Edgar H. Stillwell.

Alone to-night in silence still—
  No one to comfort, soothe;
I think of a cottage under the hill,
  Close by a streamlet smooth.

Within its walls—O happy days!—
  My Love's sweet childhood run;
But ne'er again thou'lt call us there
  To merry Christmas fun.

"Memories of childhood! stay! O stay!
  Ye were so sweet and wild!"
And oft' I wish—vain wish, I know—
  Once more to— be a child!

My heart knew not bereavement then,
  My soul was *ever* glad;
Into my childish life ne'er came
  One moment dark or sad.

Childhood hours are happy hours,
  And youthful days are sweet;
But e'er we've *inland* journeyed far,
  Some sorrow *must* we meet.

O my heart's Flower! thou art withered!
  O my Angel!—"mine no more—
O the dreary, dreary" Yuletide!
  How the winds do sigh and roar!

Sighing—Oh! so sadly sighing!
  While my heart, within me dying,
Answers ever to the echo
  With a sad but sweet refrain.

Yet no *night* was e'er so gloomy,
  And no darkness e'er so drear,
But the glorious sun could change it,
  Bringing comfort, hope, and cheer.

Soon these dreary days will vanish,
  Soon this *Old* Year steal away—
Then my Angel Love will meet me
  At the door of—*New* Year's Day!

Then grim Sorrow—Night of Sighing—
  Will have changed to Peace and Love,
While deathless Day his love-light sheds
  On *her* and *me* above!

THE STRANDS OF FATE

By A. W. Bynum, '09.

"Mamie, I do object to your going with Tim Bloomington, and I ask as a favor that you drop him. I ask you this not because he is an enemy of mine, for it is far from me to have you entangle yourself in any of my personal disagreements, but because I feel that he is not a companion worthy of your association. I have asked you to do this before, but it seems as though it has only been to make you accept his companionship more frequently. Now this is final; you must choose between us, and the one you choose, the other must be struck from your life, no more to call you friend, or to seek your companionship."

"Dick, why be so disagreeable? You leave to-morrow to take up your duties as a man; why not let our last afternoon be a pleasant one? I can't make you any such promise as that, for Blanche Bloomington is my best friend, and you know what the result of such a step would be; and besides, Dick, I have no desire to have you select my friends for me, and I do say that I will go with Tim whenever I wish."

The sun had long since kissed the golden tree-tops, and was now rubbing its nose against mother earth. The world seemed wrapped in solitude, and all nature was taking its rest. Even the wind went whispering through the tree-tops, lest it should disturb nature's dream. Only the occasional dip of Dick's oars could be heard.

"Dick, will you take me home? It is nearly time for tea"! exclaimed Mamie.

Slowly the boat swung around, and with it turned the fates of its occupants. Dick bent to the oars with that tireless stroke that helped "Old Eli" win her victories, backed by those muscles of steel that ripped Harvard's line so often, and caused gridiron champions to quaver. The boat sprang as though with life, nestling in the crest of a wave only to embrace another.

The landing was soon reached. They walked slowly home in silence. Both were in deep meditation: she thinking if she had not made a mistake; he planning his future and vowing that he would make her feel the wrong that she had done him. That wealth should not be his ambition, but fame. When at the gate he hardly touched her fingers, she dared to look once more into his face. There she saw no more the carelessness of youth, but the stern and resolute countenance of a man.

* * * * * * *

Frequently there came messages to Mucksville of the success that Dick was winning. He was now recognized as the leading young attorney of New York. But Dick had been home but once; then Mamie was away.

* * * * * * *

Tim Bloomington alighted from the train. It had been years since he had gone, and he did look as though dame fortune had smiled kindly on him. Of course the little town of Mucksville was glad to see him, but some shook their heads, remembering him as a youth.

Of course Tim and Mamie resumed their rides and strolls, but whenever she went out sailing, she would go alone. This she seemed to hold sacred.

One afternoon, while strolling by the water's side, Mamie noticed the troubled expression on Tim's face, and believed she knew its cause. Neither had spoken frequently, hence the conversation had lagged into si-

lence. At last Tim broke the silence. "Mamie, I have a serious subject to talk to you about. You know, undoubtedly, that I love you better than life itself. I have added an immense fortune to the one my father left me; these without you lose all their comfort. I ask you, Mamie, to help me enjoy it; to fill my life with sunshine, and my heart with happiness."

"Six years have now passed, and I have waited for his return. I shall wait, for he is mine. I know he loved me, and I love him, but I realized its depth too late; as the years have unfolded its joys and its sorrows, the roots of love have gone deeper, until now in my heart there is love but for one, and that one, is Dick. Tim, I hope I haven't hurt you, for I assure you that it is a grief to me, but I could not be happy with you, for without Dick my life is miserable; therefore the net of fate that has bound me so tightly would only entangle you, and make two lives miserable. Tim, you must realize the circumstances; hence I know you can not but admit that I am acting wisely."

* * * * * * *

"I have won renown, and fortune is now extending its hand to me, but the victories that I win give me no joy, but a passion to achieve greater. I find no pleasure in society; life itself is but an empty cup in which I look for solitude. There is a vacant place which I can not fill; in it I would have Mamie. God, how many long nights have I tossed on my bed thinking of her! How often in the court-room a vision of her has come to inspire me with more eloquence and a greater ambition! These, all I have won for her, but she knows it not. I wonder if she still cares for me. I will go to her, and lay my heart at her feet; offer her my life, my all, and

only ask her love in return. She shall share my sorrows and my joys alike."

* * * * * * *

From eight-forty-one there alighted a man heavily cloaked; none recognized him; hence the curiosity of Mucksville was greatly aroused. His actions showed that he was no stranger to the place, for as soon as he handed his checks to one of the negro porters he hurried away. If the bystanders could have seen behind the large muff that the stranger wore, and his hat had been removed, they would have seen a look of recognition as he glanced into each of their faces. But his face was one of determination, and his look was one of joy. In the massive locks that crowned his brow could be seen strands of sorrow, but these only made his countenance seem more placid. As he approached the Dwiston Mansion his steps quickened, as he spied the two silvery heads nestling on each other behind the huge columns of the veranda; he, springing up the steps, enfolded the two in his arms, while they covered him with caresses. The citizens of Mucksville now knew that no stranger was in their midst, but their own "Dick."

Early next morning Dick walked down to the sound, there being but few sails as yet in sight. While standing gazing upon the waters, as they hurled the little crafts about, there came a longing to once more feel the lunge of the boat and hear the creak of the sail. The impulse was so great that he sprang into one of the boats that was handy, pulled her around into the wind and ran up his sail. A brisk wind caught it, and the little boat danced over the water as though with glee. Dick's nerves tingled, and his last sail seemed as yesterday.

Slowly he was overtaking a boat. Why he steered to-

ward her he himself did not know. As he drew nearer he observed its occupant to be a woman, and soon made out the features of Mamie. She had not yet seen him, for the wind now had her busy with her boat. He drew closer, and then as close as he dared for the safety of the boats. Suddenly she looked up; recognizing him, sprang up and cried, "Oh, Dick"! But that moment was fatal. The stiff wind that was blowing now caught the unsteered boat and hurled it over. Dick, who was now close, sprang from his boat and caught her hand as she started down the second time; turning only to see that his boat was also claimed by the winds.

Ages seemed to pass as Dick battled with the waves for his loved one and a place of safety for her. The shore seemed to move farther as he swam toward it. Onward he battled, she realizing the effort that he was putting forth to save their lives, and felt his great muscles quiver as he made each stroke. Nearer he carried her toward the shore, until only a few more hundred yards and they would be safe. She now saw his eyes bulging and his strokes, that had been growing weaker, now ceased, and slowly they sank. But Dick hadn't given up yet. With almost superhuman strength he now struck out afresh. Reaching the shallows, he took her in his arms and walked ashore, putting her down gently, and stepping back, cried, "Mamie, my love!" and fell. The strain of the double burden had been too much for him. Even his Herculean heart could not stand the strain, and with a smile and a gasp, he was no more.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

STAFF EDITORS:

DR. J. H. GORRELL, Faculty Editor.

EUZELIAN SOCIETY.	PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.
LEE M. WHITE.....Editor	H. E. PEELE.....Editor
H. J. MASSEY.....Associate Editor	C. S. BARNETT.....Associate Editor

LEE B. WEATHERS, Business Manager.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

LEE M. WHITE, Editor

The American Teacher

In a recent address at Harvard University Mr. Owen Wister, the novelist, made the startling statement that "no American University possesses a single teacher of the first rank." On account of this rather unexpected view, and too, on account of Mr. Wister's being a good citizen of the United States, we are surprised. Surprised? Mr. Wister in his lecture must have forgotten—it is evident that he was too modest to admit it—that to make such a statement, he necessarily must be recognized as an authority "of the first rank" on this subject, which seems to be *his* specialty. Doubtless some famous University of either Germany or England will be glad to confer on him an honorable degree—of some sort—in appreciation of his most able services of reform among this country's seats of learning.

It can not be denied that there are men who compose the faculties of the different Universities and Colleges who are finished scholars in their several branches, but who are poor teachers. It is an obvious fact that too many of these have been after a degree more than anything else—whether his specialty be doodle-bugs or butterflies. Among this class of men it is more the fashion to lecture than to teach, and thereby little is learned.

Yet, there are men who are teachers "of the first rank"; men who have put aside all selfish ambition and who have given their lives to the sole purpose of instruction. These men have the highest respect of their pupils, because they have imparted to them many of the gleanings from their laboratories of knowledge. Such men as these are first-rate teachers.

But the painful fact can not be put aside that there is no American who is an authority of the first rank, except in this one instance: Professor Henry James, of the Chair of Moral Philosophy of Harvard University is recognized as an authority. Herein is Mr. Wister correct. Nevertheless, for authorities on the different branches of learning, we have to go to foreign countries. Take such men as Professor Munsterburg, Bernard Shaw, the great English critic, and the late Lord Kelvin, and many others who could be mentioned. As far as authorities on subjects of learning, Mr. Wister is undisputedly right; but as regards "no teachers of the first rank," he is unquestionably wrong in his views.

Society Work

If one should happen in the library on any afternoon, he would not find ten students at work on debates or matters pertaining to the literary societies. All last fall there was less work in the societies than there has been since any of us first matriculated. It is deplorable. The societies furnish a man with an education outside of the regular drill in text-books. Many a one has come here and paid more attention to his duties in them than he did to his college work, and wherever he is or whatever he is doing, there is a good report of his success. Well and good. But it must not be misunderstood that this editorial is meant to discourage the work which our professors as-

sign—far from that. Let it be understood, though, that it is our desire to point out to our instructors that the work is rather heavy. The majority of the men are weighted down every week with quizzes, which makes the work tiresome and straining.

We must not be understood as writing in a spirit of criticism of college work. Yet may it not be that, in the very natural desire to cover as much ground as is possible in the various departments of the college, some of our professors are demanding more of the students than can be done without neglecting society work—thus involuntarily injuring in no slight degree the Literary Societies? Yet we know that they are all at heart thoroughly interested in the societies, for when the college wins an inter-collegiate debate, they are eager to make the most of the societies and the champions. For the men in the societies to continue to uphold the records made by their predecessors, they must be given time in which to develop in that line of work as well. The contests which the men, who have represented the societies, have won, have given to the college a reputation for scholarship and have also put a feather, so to speak, in the cap of the societies. If the college wishes the societies to continue their good work, will not the faculty make the regular work accord?

There is another matter to which we wish to call attention. The librarians have made complaint, and justly too, that the fellows have been taking the magazines from the library. This should not be the case. The periodicals are common property—every one has a right to them and no one of us should make it his business to take them away. We deem these words enough warning to those men who have taken, without realizing the wrong they do the others, the magazines from the reading-room.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

HILLIARD J. MASSEY, Editor

A retrospect almost invariably brings to light defects and blunders in the life of each individual. This is more or less true of every phase of life. Assuming this as an hypothesis, we venture to assert that the rule will apply to college magazines. But "let the dead past bury its dead," and let each magazine come out with new life. But is this possible? Not without the cooperation of the individual efforts of the students who are contributors. After a careful investigation during the past four months we are led to say that the majority of the magazines which have reached our table are not what they could have been. Our magazine is not what it ought to be. Not in a pessimistic mood do we say this, but we are simply giving vent to our convictions. Who is responsible for this? It may be that the editors are somewhat at fault, but you—the one who ought to write something—do you not feel a part of the responsibility? Give this matter some consideration and then go to work and help the editors get out a magazine worthy of your institution.

The *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* for December comes out in a neat little volume. It contains some good light verse. "The Fault, Dear Brutus, Is Not in Our Stars, But in Ourselves, That We are Underlings," has some good thought, but we think such essays more appropriate for a religious newspaper. "Benjamin Franklin" gives the leading events and facts in the life of that great man. The article, however, is too short. "The Wizard of Menlo Park" is an interesting sketch of Thos. A. Edison. More such pieces would be entertaining.

The *Mercerian* opens with a memoir of John Charles McNeill, whose recent death was a great loss to Southern literature. The spirit of the article shows how deeply enshrined Mr. McNeill was in the hearts of Mercerians who knew him. "A Midsummer Tragedy" is written with the purport of being humorous, but the humor to an extent is spoiled by the way the writer makes his characters talk. In places it is like a negro, yet the dialect for the most part is not strictly representative of the average negro: the reader is aware of an artificial effort on the part of the writer. After the loss of Mr. Johnsing's melon we are abundantly compensated by

turning to "A Tour of the Yosemite," and being conducted through forests of big trees, over peaks, and by finally standing in a valley where we can see the wonderful Yosemite Falls. The writer has evidently seen the places which he so vividly describes. 'Tis rare that such articles grace the pages of college publications. "The Uninvited Guest" is short but good. "Mercer Songs" show college spirit among the students. "A Poetic Freshman" expresses a sentiment prevalent with a large number of first-year college men. The editorial, exchange, athletic and other departments show excellent work. However, these departments consume most of the space. More contributions would add to the magazine.

The *Red and White* makes its appearance as a special foot-ball number. We like the spirit which promped this. "History of Foot-ball at A. and M." is of more than local interest from the fact that the team of the college holds the championship of the South. As a frontispiece the picture of the team of 1907 is given. Another commendable feature is that the pictures of the winners are thrown in at intervals. "Breeding Disease-Resistant Varieties of Plants" is a good article and well worth perusal. "And All Was Well" deserves mention as a story. On the whole the December issue of The Red and White is better than usual.

The *College Message.*—This magazine has some readable contributions. As historical matter, "The Founders of Salem" is interesting and valuable. The writer has good style and presents the facts in a racy manner. The admirable traits and eccentricities of the Moravians are portrayed. "Quaint Christmas Customs" is an account of the various ways in which Christmas is celebrated in different countries. "A Romance in the Revolutionary War" is among the best love stories for the month. It is told in a natural way and reads like a true story. "Summertime in December" and "Sleigh Song" are fairly good pieces of verse.

The *University of Virginia Magazine.*—This magazine sustains its usual high standard. The bird's-eye view of the campus adds to the attractiveness. But the material inside is what claims our attention. "A Song in Winter," "Vignettes in Ebony," and "A Winter Roundelay" are above the average poems of their type. "The Gift of Fear" shows originality and versatility. "St. Augustine, Florida," is another fine descriptive and historical article from the pen of Mr. Jas. C. Bardin. "Brink o' Dawn" and "The Reckoning," which is typical of rough Western life, are excellent. Marc Bradley shows himself to be a prolific writer. His series of one-act dramas reach the high-water mark of college journalism. "The Blind Cupid," "The Crime of the Year" and "The Christmas Gift of a Vagabond," are exquisite little pieces.

The *Trinity Archive* is another of our best exchanges. On the cover of the Christmas number the beautiful little poem, "The Child," by John Charles McNeill, is appropriately placed. "The Old-time Christmas Story" takes us back to England with Irving, and also introduces us to Dickens. The Christmas stories by Dickens are truly entertaining, and the writer of the article presents him and his work in good style. In imagination we sit by the Yule fire and enjoy the good things of Christmas celebrations of long ago. "Christmas Leave-taking" is true to the nature of a college man. "Fifty Years of an American Magazine" reviews the history of the Atlantic Monthly and gives short sketches of its editors, to whom the phenomenal success of the publication is due. "Story of a Young Virginian" is pathetic and romantic. Narrative ability is displayed in the workmanship of the story. It is well told. "The Perverseness of Ethel" is a love story above the general run. It ends with the inevitable. "The Old Brick House" relates an account of a visit to Black Beard's castle in Eastern Carolina. The writer indulges in imagination and succeeds in describing some horrible pictures. The *Archive* contains some good verse.

We acknowledge receipt of the usual exchanges and deem it not necessary to mention them by name.

CLIPPINGS

HER WORD FOR IT.

John was standing up in the spelling class of the Bodine school. The teacher said to him:

"John, spell the word 'fail.' "

"I can't."

"What! you can't spell as simple a word as that?"

"No, ma'am."

"Why not?"

" 'Cause you told me there was no such word as 'fail.' "

ONLY A TRIFLE.

"Professor," said a senior, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I'm indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray don't mention such a trifle," was the reply.—Christian Advocate.

UPS AND DOWNS.

When Tommie's sweetheart treats him well,
The other fellow throws a fit:
But Tommie's head is in a swell,
IT!
surely
he's
thinks
he
Because

The other fellow wins, and Tom
Declares in manner fierce and stout,
He'll never love another girl.

Poor Tom,
he
knows
he's
down
and
OUT!

—F. T. Long in Mercerian.

BASHFUL BOY.

"Sam, suppose the house afire,
And had 'bout fallen through;
Suppose that all rush out in haste:
Tell me what you would do?"

"Why, Mary dear, the first of all,
I'd take you safely out;
Deliver you from scorching flames,
And ash that fall about."

" 'Twould be so nice to think of me
In such a time of need;
But don't you think you'd lose much time
So far from me you are indeed?"

—H. K. S. in C. C. C.

WHY?

Why is a woman afraid of a mouse?
Is a mystery to me, I declare.
Why is a woman afraid of a mouse,
When she wears a rat in her hair?

The maiden sorrowfully milked the goat,
And pensively turned to mutter:
"I wish you'd turn to milk, you brute!"
But the animal turned to butt 'er.—Ex.

"FOR MEN ONLY."

If there's anything worries a woman,
It's something she ought not to know;
But, you bet, she'll find it out anyhow,
If she gets the least kind of a show.

Now, we'll wager ten cents or a farthing
This poem she's already read—
We knew she'd get at it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head.—Ex.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

CHARLES S. BARNETTE, Editor.

—'88. Rev. J. J. Douglass, of South Carolina, has recently published a book, "The Girdle of the Great." It is on the Tom Dixon order.

—'85. Mr. E. P. Ellington, who for fifteen years was superintendent of the schools of Rockingham County, is now teaching at Forestville.

—'95. Mr. John A. Oates has been appointed president of the Anti-Saloon League. Mr. Oates is greatly interested in the temperance movement which is now stirring North Carolina.

—'93. Mr. F. P. Hobgood, Jr., of Greensboro, and Mr. J. P. Alderman are holding prominent offices in the Grand Lodge of Masons.

—'05. Mr. W. H. Pace, of Raleigh, has been appointed trustee of the Sherwood Higgs Co. Mr. Pace is to be congratulated, and his many friends wish him success.

—Mr. D. A. Humphrey, the famous "Doc" Humphrey of the later '90's, is now completing a course of medicine at the North Carolina Medical College. He has a host of friends who will wish him the greatest success in his chosen profession.

—'90. Rev. Geo. T. Watkins, who for the past several years has been pastor of the Baptist church at Roxboro, has been called to the First Baptist Church of Goldsboro, and has accepted the call. His many friends at Roxboro regret very much to see him leave, but their good wishes go with him into his new field.

—'91. Mr. J. L. Kesler, Professor of Biology in Baylor University, Waco, Texas, is now recognized as one of the leading educators of that great State. We hear from authentic sources that his department is one of the most popular in all the college, and that his classes are enthusiastic in their work. In other lines of work, especially in religion and social affairs, Professor Kesler has established a reputation as a thinker and student, and his services as a speaker and lecturer are often in requisition.

—'92. Mr. W. B. Daniel is also a teacher in Baylor. His department is Latin. It was found that he was also talented beyond his specialty, and for several years he has been dean in that great institution. We regret to hear that owing to a severe attack of typhoid fever he has been obliged to give up his work for a period.

—'97. The church at Hawkinsville, Ga., has just closed a very satisfactory year. There was uninterrupted concord among its members, and their ranks were increased by seventy additions; $1,900 were contributed to missions, education and charity; $2,200 were expended for current expenses, and a debt of $1,700 practically wiped out. Charles L. Greaves, formerly well known in North Carolina, is pastor at that point.

—'04. We congratulate Mr. Hartwell V. Scarborough on his marriage to Miss Bessie Camille Haggard, of Aulander. They are among our most prominent Baptist families, and have many friends who will join us in best wishes.

—'96. Rev. J. M. Page has resigned the Clinton Baptist Church, but we are not informed what his plans are for the future. This splendid preacher should not be allowed to escape from the State.

—1900. The people of Hertford say that T. S. Crutchfield is as much loved as any man that ever struck the town. They regard his departure as a distinct loss to the town. The Baptists were very devoted to him. His work will abide and bring forth fruit in all years to come. Thomasville and the Orphanage are fortunate.

—'98. The Edenton Church is ready for a forward movement. Pastor Mashburn is well and strong again, and ready for greater things. He has had a great drawback since going to Edenton, having had typhoid fever, and was not able to work for three months. His health is good, he has fine ability, and some of the best people in the State. We shall hear great things from Edenton.

—'92. Rev. W. R. Bradshaw has been called to succeed the late W. R. Gwaltney as pastor of the Hickory Baptist Church. He is appointee of the Board of Missions as evangelist for the western part of the State, and we are not informed whether he will leave his work to return to the pastorate.

—'81-'86. We extend to Dr. J. L. White the hand of hearty welcome to North Carolina. He is a native of Winston-Salem; was converted at ten years of age, began preaching at seventeen, graduated from Wake Forest with the Master's degree, having been debater, orator, and valedictorian; served in his State as pastor of the First churches at Raleigh, Elizabeth City, Durham, and Asheville; in 1895 he accepted the care of the First Baptist Church of Macon, Ga., where he remained ten years; and for the past year he has been pastor of the First Church in Beaumont, Texas. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by both Mercer University and Wake Forest College. He has entered upon his ministry at our

First Church in Greensboro, under flattering auspices, and we hope and anticipate that his labors will be greatly blessed in Greensboro and throughout the State.—Biblical Recorder.

—'98. It is often the case that a pastor becomes too engrossed in his work to have time to give out the news to his brethren. Rev. J. B. Jackson, of Fairmont, N. C., is one of that type. When he went to Fairmont a few years ago the church was in debt for the parsonage almost to the full value of the property. The building has been completed, painted, and paid for. The church building has undergone repairs and additions, with no debts. When he began pastoral charge the church had preaching two Sundays, now three Sundays in the month. Then it paid about $200 to beneficence, now more than $600 per annum. Every department of the church is in fine working order and symmetrical in its work. Bro. Jackson's field last year greatly increased in membership. His church paid $1,100 for missions, which was not exceeded by more than a dozen churches in the entire State. This is a fine showing.—Biblical Recorder.

—1900. Rev. G. W. May, principal of Castalia Academy, Castalia, N. C., enrolled over one hundred students last fall, making an increase of 50 per cent above the enrollment of any previous session.

—'94-'97. - Rev. R. H. Herring has resigned his pastorate at Siler City to become evangelist for the Neuse-Atlantic Association. It is expected that he will enter his new work at an early date. He was a visitor to the College January 21st.

—'93. Rev. John A. Wray, of Plant City, Fla., has accepted the call to Live Oak in that State, and will begin work about the middle of February. The Plant City church offered him $500 increase in salary, but he felt that the call to Live Oak was imperative. He had planned a trip to the Orient, to sail from New York February 6th, but has postponed it a year in order to take up his new work at once.

—'88. Rev. J. N. Booth takes up a new pastorate in Nashville, Tenn., with the Lockland Baptist Church, corner 16th street and Chadwell Avenue. The church received him in a handsome new building and in elaborate installation services.

—'01. Since 1895 Mr. Robert H. Royall has been assistant cashier of the Atlantic National Bank of Jacksonville, Fla.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

H. E. PEELE, Editor

—A nightmare.—Examinations!

—A memory.—Christmas!!

—A dream.—Anniversary!!!

—The baseball players are beginning to practice when the weather permits.

—There's the stuff at Wake Forest that track teams are made of. Can't we have one this year?

—Mr. O. Vernon, of the class of '06, was on the Hill recently.

—Considerably more interest than usual is being taken in tennis even thus early in the season. Would not just after Anniversary be a good time for the tournament this year? There's a whisper that we are going to get another chance at the University before the passing of February, and a tournament before the match would insure us a better-practiced team.

—Upon the invitation of the Wake Forest Scientific Society, Dr. Charles Stiles spoke in the lecture-room of Lea Laboratory, during the early part of the session, on the subject, *Child Labor From a Medical Standpoint.* The lecture was intensely interesting and excited no little comment here. It is safe to say that the publication of the result of Dr. Stiles's investigations will strongly tend to check child labor in the South.

—Wake Forest is undoubtedly on a boom. R. W. Wilkinson has but just moved into his large brick building, and now no less than three residences are under process of construction. At this rate few vacant lots will long be left on Faculty Avenue.

—Mr. Lee White spent a few days at his home in Greensboro recently.

—Mr. Wayland Cooke, of Greensboro, was seen on the Hill in the latter part of January.

—The Seniors have declared themselves heartily in favor of caps and gowns for the Commencement of 1908. Arrangements are also being made for a class banquet, to occur in the near future. We suggest immediately after the Logic examination would be a most fitting time and occasion for this festive celebration.

—After a most exciting campaign the officers for the moot court have been elected and are as follows: Judge, E. W. Timberlake; Associate Judge, O. W. Clayton; Solicitor, E. M. Blackmore; Clerk, John A. Watson; Sheriff, T. M. Daniel.

—During the present month the Anniversary speakers, and also those who are expecting to enter the contest preliminary to the Mercer debate, have been hard at work. Soon the old dormitory will resound, in the still hours of night, with words of thundering eloquence, and often will the Sabbath stillness of the surrounding woods be broken by countless echoes of majestic periods. Let the freshman who hungers after eloquence seek the wood and listen to its voices for the next three weeks. His diligence will not go unrewarded.

—On Wednesday evening, June 15th, a very delightful entertainment was given in the small chapel under the direction of Mrs. W. M. Dickson, assisted by the young ladies of the Hill, for the benefit of the Athletic Association. A Christmas play, originally presented before the Sunday School during the holidays, was reproduced, while, in addition, selections were rendered by the Glee Club and by little Miss Rogers, of Raleigh.

Every moment of the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by those present, but Miss Rogers received the largest measure of their praise, her "taking-off" of the B. U. W. vocal graduate being received by the students with most enthusiastic applause. It is our regret that entertainments like this one are offered us so rarely.

—Perhaps the most exciting, certainly the closest, basket-ball game ever played on the floor of our gymnasium was that between the sophomores and the freshmen, which took place on the evening of the 22d of January. The sophs scored the first goal on a foul, but after that the freshmen had things their way for a while, the half ending with the score 5 to 2 in their favor. In the second half the freshmen again took the lead and held it until the very last of the game. During the latter part of the second half, however, the sophomores got together and began to push their score up, slowly but surely. There was at last but one minute to play and the score was 10 to 9 in favor of the freshmen. Both sides played desperately, but before the whistle sounded the sophomores threw another goal, making the score 11 to 10 against the freshmen. The freshmen claim, however, that a mistake, in the sophomore's favor was made in taking of time, and, as their point seems to be sustained, it is probable that the game will be played over. Each class has a good team and we may expect a battle-royal when the next contest comes off. Willis, White H., and White R. did excellent work for the freshmen, while Carrick and Allen were the star players among the sophomores. The sophomores seem to have a slight advantage over their rivals in weight, but this does not more than counterbalance the fact that the freshmen work together the better, clearly outclassing the other team in passing the ball. These class games will serve

not only to increase class spirit and interest in basketball, but will give training to the men who must take the place of those who drop out of the college team with every passing year. Let us then, men, support these class games, and see that they are held every year.

The line-up was as follows:

Sophomores: Carrick, C.; Williamson, R. G.; McCullers, Freeman, L. G.; Allen, Capt., R. F.; Daniels, L. F.

Freshmen: Willis, C.; Sawyer, R. G.; Highsmith, L. G.; White, W. Capt., R. F.; White, H., L. F.

WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXVII. FEBRUARY, 1908 No. 6

THE WATER ROSE

H. F. PAGE.
Translated from the German of Geibal.

A water rose silently rises
  From the lake's blue depths below.
Its petals glisten and sparkle,
  Its chalice is white as snow.

The moon pours down from heaven
  A sheen of golden light—
Pours all her dreamy splendor
  Into its bosom white.

In the water around the flower
  A white swan circling goes.
She sings so soft, so tender,
  And looks at the water rose.

She sings so soft, so tender—
  She's singing her life away—
O tell me, fair white flower,
  What does the swan-song say?

McFADGEN'S INN

H. H. McMILLAN, '08.

The horse was jaded and the rider was weary as he rode in a slow pace along the old stage road from Rockingham toward Fayetteville, while the August sun shone down upon his rounded shoulders. He had been riding since the first appearance of the rising sun, and now the shadows were growing longer and longer and the sweat on his little bay horse was forming itself in long white streaks around the saddle and band of the bridle. Having changed his position often during his long, sultry journey, the rider was now leaning gently forward and brushing the flies from his horse's head with a sweetgum bush. Everything was silent except the creaking of the saddle and the crushing sound of dry sand under the horse's feet. Now and then the silence was broken by the sudden cry of a partridge as she collected her young into some secluded spot to spend the night. As he crossed a branch and through the woods, quite often his attention would be drawn to a rabbit as he would hop into the road, take a good sniff of the forest odors, gallop slowly ahead for a short distance, then back into the woods and out of sight.

Our old gray-headed friend, Billy McQueen, for over twenty years had been accustomed to saddle his best horse and take a trip to Fayetteville to get on his annual spree, and as August furnished the best weather, he chose this month. He spent very little of his time in visiting, but was very fond of "gassing" with his friends, so he used this trip to speak a friendly word or two with his many friends along this road. It was never a surprise but a source of much pleasure for one of his far-

mer friends to hear his rough, Scotch voice in front of the gate, and it was generally answered by a glass of fresh buttermilk or "hard" cider.

It was about half-past five o'clock and he had one more post to pass before reaching Jesse Johnson's, so he urged his weary horse a little, that he might chat him a while and then reach the Inn, three miles distant, before good dark. After turning the last bend in the road and entering the straight, shady lane our traveler gave a broad smile as he saw his friend cross the road from the barn to his house. After the annual handshake and cordial reception the two Scotch friends took their seats beside the moss-covered cider barrel in the back yard.

"Well, how's de weather been servin' you since I seen you last?" said Jesse, as the flowing cider foamed in the old gourd dipper.

"Jist common only," replied Billie, as he threw the tobacco from his mouth. "I spose you'll soon be through pullin' fodder by de looks of all those hands comin' yonder?"

"Yes, they jist come yesterday after they stripped out bow-legged Jim over the branch."

"My sakes alive! This cider is strong enough to float iron wedges, and good; don't say a word. It would do fur old Noah," said Billy as he drained the third glass.

"I likes dat makin' right well myself," replied the farmer, laying his hat aside and running his fingers through his sweaty hair.

After a few minutes talk with the family, Billy was again on his horse and moving slowly on. The shadows had now blended together and the earth was wrapped in the golden robe of sunset. All nature was quiet, even quieter than before. The cries of the crickets and the songs of the birds had died away and the laughter of an

owl in a distant swamp, joined with the nightly cry of a whippoorwill to furnish amusement for the weary traveler.

It was full dark when Billy drew up his horse in front of an old dilapidated two-story house, surrounded by huge oaks of the primeval forests, which added to the dreariness of the place and sheltered the moss-covered roof with their mighty boughs.

During the age of the stage-coach this old Southern mansion served as a stopping place where horses were changed and mail delivered. There is where all the neighbors gathered together to discuss the changing events. This mansion, McFadgen's Inn, was surrounded by a large plantation of furrowed land. The lane between two zig-zag rail fences was spotted with grazing cows, sheep and noisy geese. These, with over one hundred gay and singing negroes, owned by the cultured and refined family, McFadgen, all blended to form the unity of an ideal country home.

But this was not to last. The old stage-coach was placed aside by the rapid train that swept across its path, causing the old order to give way for the new. In the series of battles where brother fought against brother, two of the noble sons were taken from this family, leaving one son, a daughter and mother all alone. From that time on the place was in a process of decay. The many acres of fertile land became less and less until only a small patch in the center was cultivated, leaving the rest to grow up in weeds and nut-grass. The many stables once occupied by strong and spirited stage-horses became vacant until now one was used by a braying mule, which kept his head out of a hole to welcome the passer-by. The huge barn was broken in its back which only time could accomplish. The yard fence, which was

once a line of beauty, was now a hedgerow of rubbish. The old well-sweep had broken in the middle and only the post and mossy curb were left in the mass of poke weeds. The blinds were hanging by one hinge and the broken panes were supplied by dingy pillows. Bats and screech owls darkened the air and all contributed to a scene of desolation and ruin.

Such was the view that Billy saw as he waved to and fro trying to decide the most comfortable way to dismount his horse. As his head was growing heavy he made a bound from his horse and went stumbling in, while his horse made for a fodder stack. Billy knew well which was Jack's room, so he went toward it, being tired, sleepy, and somewhat "tight." There was no light in it but a dim one burning in one of the back rooms. The Scotchman paid little attention to the lights, but was soon beside his bed-companion and dozing off to sleep. Soon he was waked by the light of the moon peeping through the window and falling full in his face. Somehow he could not sleep, but rolled and tumbled as he watched the pictures appear and vanish by the shadows on the wall. He felt strange and out of place. Then the house began to tremble and the leaves began to rustle as of wind and distant thunder, but all was calm and fair. He leaned over to his bed-fellow and said, "My sakes, Jack, you look mighty pale in the moonlight. Wake up and speak to your old friend." All was quiet. "My Lord, your hands are cold. Wake up! O Jack."

Then came a shock that brought the pictures from the wall and covered the bed with plaster. As a woman's form entered the room, Billy made a bound for the door, sheet and all, crying out, "My God, judgment day is here." As the ghastly form rushed by, the woman sank to the floor. Other boys and girls, men and women

rushed to the side of the aged mother, who had fainted. When she came to her senses somewhat, all she could say was, "Jack! gone! judgment day!" On hearing this, some one rushed to the bed and found the corpse lying still, but the sheet was gone. Every one was frightened by the severe shocks and their effect upon the mother.

Thus the night was spent in wonder and astonishment, but when the light came faint from the east the birds sang free as usual. All was bright and natural without, but strange and marvelous within.

Jack McFadgen had died the day before and the community were assembed at his "sitting up." But it was not until Jesse Johnson came up and told of Billy's trip and the cider that they could account for the strange horse and the lost sheet. News came out in the papers a few days later telling how the earth trembled under the shocks of the well-known earthquake of 1886, which caused Billy to give the shrieks of judgment day. Any one of these events coming alone would have been a reasonable occurrence, but all coming at once gave a frightful scene of horror.

The mother and daughter have moved away, and now the deserted house stands alone as a safe harbor for bats, owls and stray cats.

A SOPHOMORE'S MISTAKE

X. Y. Z.

I am now a senior. I was once a sophomore, but I could not help it any more than a boy can help having the goslings when the time comes. At the time, I must confess the truth, I thought it a very fine thing to be a sophomore. Of course that was because I did not know any better. What a wise provision of Nature that we should all think our lot endurable! The freshman endures the superciliousness of his fellow-students because he hopes before long to be a sophomore; the junior toils faithfully along his uneventful course cheered by the thought that next year he will be the most important man in college; the senior has already tired of being a disciple and yearns to see the day when he can fill a man's part in the world. The sophomore differs from all the others in that he is perfectly satisfied to be a sophomore and imagines that he individually is the flower and pink of his genus. At least it was so with me. In dress I was a Beau Brummel, in deportment I was a Turveydrop. I very much doubt if Richard Harding Davis could have excelled me in the airs that I gave myself. There are two kinds of fops. Both are immaculate in dress, but one looks at his shoes when he walks, the other holds his head up. The first simply disregards the rest of the world, the second assumes to be lord of it. Just get on your best, step out on the campus, and tilt your nose slightly above the perpendicular. Hold your breath a second or two and see how big you feel. I belonged to this latter class. I have told all this as an introduction to the story of an incident of my sophomore-life, which brought me from the

Mountain of Pride to the Valley of Humiliation. Fortunately for me at the time none of my fellow students ever knew it. Even now I am taking precautions that no one shall detect my identity, for though I have gone from class to class I am still the same person as I was two years ago.

One Wednesday in the month of January, 1906, I was in the city of Raleigh. I have no idea what business I had there. I am not even so very certain that I got permission to be absent from the college. I found it very difficult in those days to manufacture plausible reasons for the President, who always questioned me very closely about my absences and made me ashamed of the flimsy stuff I brought him. So though I had good and sufficient reasons for being in Raleigh, I knew that they would look so wretched on paper, that for this one time only I was in Raleigh without permission. I now know that I was there for no better reason than that I wanted an excuse to idle away my time. I should have been at college at work. I had spent the day hanging around the Yarborough House and the Capital Club, where I had a friend. On leaving the latter place for the Union Station, about five o'clock in the afternoon, my foot struck something that rattled on the pavement. I limbered up enough to look down. It was a lady's handbag of the fashion of that year. I picked it up and held it a minute, not knowing what to do with it, for I would have felt mighty foolish and would still feel foolish walking down street with such a thing in my hand. I had about as soon be seen with a band-box. After a little profound consideration I hid it snugly in my overcoat pocket.

When I was at home and was certain of being alone I took it out and proceeded to open it, which was no sim-

ple matter. There were two little knobs on top, but why they were there was more than I could discover, for turn them ever so much the bag still remained closed. I worked at it patiently for five minutes. Still no result. Confound it! I began to lose patience. I am sure that I never swore aloud in my life, but I am equally sure that in my mind I used some very abusive language about that particular hand-bag, and about women's things in general. At last I grew desperate, and taking the leather on both sides into my hands I gave a snatch and succeeded in opening it. The mystery was explained. The knobs had nothing to do with fastening the bag, but I can not undertake to say what their use was.

The interesting thing to me was the contents of that bag. First, there was a handkerchief, a dainty little thing, sweetly scented with an uncommon and yet somehow strangely familiar perfume. Mark the sequel and see how anything feminine robs us men of our common sense. In the corner I saw the pretty little initials "M. B." The other contents of the bag were these: Two samples of dress goods, a receipt for whitening the complexion, a receipt for curling the hair, a cloak button, a dress button or two, a ticket for a drink at a soda fountain, a dozen little wrappers of candy kisses with verses —very amorous verses—printed on them, a package recently purchased, containing a collar which might have cost any amount from ten cents to ten dollars, two pieces of lead-pencil with the characteristic woman's sharpening, and a little round ball, which I had to admit was very much like chewing-gum. Then there was a pocket-book with one dollar and eighty-five cents in it. No clue to the owner except those initials—"M. B." Who could that be? I ran over the list of my acquaintances, but to

no purpose. I was about to give it up and was putting the treasures back one by one into their places when I observed that the wonderful bag had another compartment. I hastily rifled this and brought out a letter, which was addressed, "Miss Maycie Blunte, Lightfoot University, Raleigh, N. C."

There the mystery was solved. It was some sweet school girl. Bless her heart! And she had been trudging along behind some sour teacher, and doubtless because of her abuse had dropped her hand-bag. Bless her sweet little heart! And her heart was fixed on love. Yes, the verses proved that. And she had a proper regard for her looks, especially for her complexion and hair. How nice-looking hair does set off a girl! True she used chewing-gum. I had heard that most school girls did that. It is objectionable but pardonable. A weakness rather than a fault. And then such an aristocratic name. Blunte, oh yes. One of the very best families in the State. Why, there was Governor Blunte and Congressman Blunte, of Bridgeport. Let me see. Well, bless my life! this letter is postmarked "Bridgeport." Some of that very family as sure as fate. Why, I am interested. I must return this hand-bag in person. Who knows what will come of it? Lightfoot University? Why, yes, the name has a familiar sound, but I was never there. Well, there are so many schools for girls in Raleigh. I have never been to but one of them. I will keep this to myself. Next Monday is the girl's holiday and reception day. I will go down and work my face. Such were the reflections in which I became so much interested that I forgot books and everything else until midnight.

The next Monday morning I was in the President's office. I had a good reason this time. I wanted to call

on a young lady that afternoon. The President allowed my claim after a smile and a little banter, which only made me feel the better. Ah, that President could appreciate a fellow's wishes!

If ever I left Wake Forest dressed "to kill," it was on the shoo-fly that morning. I had on a Prince Albert which Walters had just finished, and had my cranium surmounted with a silk hat. Two or three small boys hailed me as I was passing along the street, and that abominable crowd of loafers that forever hovers around the drug-store came out, sprinted across the railroad as the train was pulling in, risking life and limb, and whistled at me as I was getting on the train. That crowd is one thing that my opinion has changed very little about since I was a sophomore.

In Raleigh I went to Cross & Linehan's and got a new pair of gloves, since those I had had just the slightest soil on them, and to Rosengarten's and got a dainty little cane. Then I repaired to my Capital Club friend's room, where I spent an hour on my dress. I do believe that the old bachelor in "The Gay Mr. Goldstein" would have found it difficult to have detected a piece of pluff anywhere on my clothes. I felt that for once in my life I had succeeded in dressing, as I walked up the street toward Lightfoot University, with my spotless wing collar, my frock coat buttoned up down the front and showing beneath my unbuttoned overcoat, my beautifully creased trousers, which hung so elegantly around my shapely shoes. Then my hands were encased in those gloves and were carrying that cane! But Miss Blunte was "the daughter of a hundred earls" and deserved it. Besides, I felt that she had the taste and culture to appreciate good dress. She would observe how well groomed I was. How delighted she would be to receive

her pocket-book again. What kind of speech must I make to her? Must I tell her that I have thought and dreamed of almost nothing else for the past five days except the pleasure of seeing her and of delivering into her own dainty hands her lost property? That would have been the literal truth. And then I would devise means to keep up the conversation for some time. She would have to tell me how she came to lose it. Her teacher would have something to do with it. We would discuss teachers, and I would show that I managed to get along without making myself a grind. And then—well, it would be all right. That would be the first of many visits. I only hoped that the college parlor would be light enough for her to see me well.

Amid these reflections I had reached the University and was already mounting some steps without observing very particularly where I was. But I was in the right place. My ring was answered by a colored maid, to whom I handed my card, in the corner of which was printed "Wake Forest College," and I asked to see Miss Blunte. I was left in a little parlor not quite so light as I had hoped. Humph! this atmosphere is disagreeable. I believe that the negro maid spends all her time here. After some time not the maid but another colored woman returned, holding my card in her hand.

"Is this Mr. ***"? she said. It was. Was there any message that she could deliver for me. No, I wanted to see Miss Blunte. That was forbidden by the laws of the institution. But I had important business that concerned her very closely, and it was necessary that I see her. I would thank her if she would let me see the President. She would see about it, and moved away. Confound that impudent maid. What could she mean? As if it was any of her business whether I saw the lady

or not. I had my dander up now. But it did not stay up long. Pretty soon the President appeared. He was tall and dark and terrible. I shall never forget his look. It was one of mastery. I felt all my courage wilt before him. Before ever a word was spoken I was a convicted culprit in his eyes.

"Ah, this is Mr. ***, I believe."

"Yes."

"And pray tell me," said he, "why you want to see Miss Blunte?"

"Well, sir, I have found the lady's hand-bag, and I trusted that I might have the pleasure of returning it into her own hands, and I had hoped that, as this is reception day, that it would not be amiss for me to have a half hour's conversation with her in a social way; that is, if she is willing."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Exactly what I say, sir."

"What, you, a Wake Forest student, desire to meet in a social way a student of this University!"

"What is there preposterous in that?"

"What? You are not a New Englander, are you?"

"No, sir; I am a North Carolinian."

He looked at me with irrepressible amusement, and continued, "Do you know what kind of a school this is?"

"It is not a convent, is it, sir?"

"Not exactly. It is a school for colored youth."

Then I collapsed. A school for colored youth! O, my blindness! my conceit! my ignorance! Now I saw it all. The odor of that handkerchief should have been enough. It was barbarous ignorance in me not to know what Lightfoot University really was. All these thoughts chased one another like lightning through my mind, and I came to myself with the reflection that no

one knew what I had done; no one but the man before me. Somehow or other I got rid of the hand-bag and left there. I was so much dejected that the amusement on the President's face had given place to pity. I got home on the midnight train. I do not know how I looked, but I felt like a horse that has been turned out to die.

CONSTANCY

H. K. W., '08.

How long have I loved thee?
  Go ask of the sea
How long have his billows
  Foamed over the lea.

How deep have I loved thee?
  Oh, as deep as the blue
Of the heaven above me,—
  So deep, and so true.

Yet in vain have I loved thee?
  Well, let it be so;
But thine answer can change not
  My loving, I know.

ROUSSEAU, THE PROPHET IN EDUCATION

J. G. C., '08.

Few men in history have exerted a greater influence upon education than the celebrated French author, Jean Jacques Rousseau. In his day the mode of instruction was making a desperate struggle for advancement. He, with an unerring prophetic eye, blazed the path that education was to pursue in the coming generations. He understood the romantic life of French civilization. The Jesuits had preached self-seeking virtue; the Jansenists had taught a true but hopeless and unattainable morality; the philosophers had dissected virtue; and the common people were the only ones that were struggling in the right road. And to the aid of the plebians, Rousseau enlisted his efforts.

Jean Jacquez Rousseau was born in Geneva June 28, 1712, and died near Paris July 2, 1778. His early childhood was one of hardships. His mother died at his birth, and it was his lot to live with a weak father and an indulgent aunt. Singular waywardness characterized his boyhood days. His natural defects were cultivated by his training. Thus leading the life common among wayward boys, he approached manhood.

In preference to a struggle against odds he claimed the Bohemian privilege of flight. He was fond of reading, and of gaining knowledge from the merciless school of experience. He detested the duties of society, the duties of a citizen and those of a parent. The idea of seclusion was instilled into his very soul. With hardly any excuse he turned his back upon the gates of Geneva, and did not return until after fourteen years. After crossing the Swiss border into Savoy he preferred to be re-

ceived by the church as a Protestant vagabond rather than to suffer starvation. From here he was sent to Madame de Waren, a vivacious woman, for instruction. She permitted him to visit Italy, France, and other parts of Europe. Thus his wandering instinct was cultivated.

At the age of thirty he decided to go to Paris to enter public life. At the beginning of this career came one of the serious mistakes of his life; that is, he married Therese Le Vasseur, a stupid wench, and assumed in a measure the detested social burdens. At this time the curse of weakness manifested itself. Having shirked neighborly duties thus far, now, even, against the motherly pleadings of ignorant Therese, he fled from parental obligations by sending his five children to the foundling hospital. He regretted this step, and afterwards sought in vain for his children. From this standpoint no wonder he could write so tenderly for children. Rousseau, harassed by physical pain, scorned by the priests for his heresy, as they chose to call it, living with the wretched Therese, banished from Switzerland, haunted by the spirits of his lost children; yet, under these conditions, his imagination towered above the base ideas of this life, and produced the four great books, which stand as a monument to his labors, and as a guide to educators that followed him. The books were as follows: "The Discourse of Inequality," published in 1753; "The New Heloisa," in 1761; "The Social Contract" and "Emile," in the spring of 1762. With these as a criterion one would think that Rousseau never shirked a duty. These books stood upon the foundation of three far-reaching principles:

First. "Go directly contrary to custom, and you will nearly always be right."

Second. "Nature is to be studied and followed."

Third. "Education is an unbroken unity, extending from early childhood to maturity."

It may be that some of Rousseau's predecessors advocated these principles, but this man was the first one to show in a practical way how they could be attained. The reforms which he urged are common-place in the education of to-day. They place his name on a level with that of Herbart, Pestalozzi, Locke, and others.

Now let us look at his great masterpiece, *Emile,* in which he outlines a system for the complete education of a child. He divides the training of "Emile" into five periods. The first covers infancy. He claims the child is born good, that his instruction should be negative, and that it should come direct from nature. He strikes a keynote when he says, "The attractions of home-life are the best antidote to bad morals."

The second period extends to the twelfth year. Here he is to learn to suffer, and to gain knowledge for himself. It would be fatal to neglect outdoor exercise at this age. He says, "If you want to make a child miserable give him everything he asks for." Teach him as his age demands. Assign him his true place, and keep him there; but do not absolutely command him to do a thing, whatever it may be.

The third book includes the years from twelve to fifteen. This is the time for the pupil to acquire most of his knowledge, working it out mainly for himself. Allow only correct ideas to enter the child's mind, rather than so many. He is not to be hurried over subjects without fully mastering them. If he does he at last returns empty handed. The child must have books, and the one book that Rousseau recommends is "Robinson Crusoe," a book fascinating to all ages. Thus the youth up to his fifteenth year is to live a quiet, contented life, as free as nature will allow.

The fourth book explains how the youth is to be treated at the most critical period of his life. Bring before him scenes that will restrain and not excite his senses. He is to be kept from the great cities, where immodest women will hasten and anticipate the dangerous lessons of nature. If possible keep him in the quiet rural districts. Society claims him now, and he is to be taught its ways. He must know how to deal with men. Religion is to be introduced here, and moral law instilled into his very soul. In this book Rousseau points out the snares that entangle so many of our brightest young men.

The fifth book discusses his married life, and the relations that exist between men and women. Woman is to be educated solely to fulfil the duties she owes to man.

In order to fully appreciate this great work we must consider it as a whole. One hundred and fifty years ago men knew little of methods of instruction. As Ptolemy's view of the universe was accurate for his age, so are Rousseau's principles accurate for all ages. However strongly we may question the means, we can not doubt the perfection of the end of Emile's education. Rousseau was the forerunner of a new era in education. Civilization has followed the course he mapped out. The goal of modern educators was the goal of Rousseau. This man in his wild way forced men to see in the dark outlines of prophecy what the future of instruction was to be.

SNOW

EDGAR HERMAN STILLWELL.

Clothed is the world
  In garment white—
Earth's sweetest robe—
  Oh, holy sight!

The barren hills
  No longer bare;
While forests deep
  The richness share.

Undecked, no scenes,
  No spot unclad;
None dark, none poor,
  None dreary, sad.

Too, covered o'er
  In softest down—
Whitest of white—
  Each country town.

Hushed is the sound
  Of noisy feet,
  And silence reigns
  Out in the street.

As bride, adorned
  In fair array,
Her lord to meet,
  Seems earth to-day.

E'en night itself
  Grows half-way bright:
Earth's wrapped in snow—
  Oh, holy sight!

A NARROW ESCAPE

Edgar Wrenn.

In that region of Western North Carolina where countless coves nestle in the mighty arms of the Blue Ridge Mountains and where dwell a simple yet kindly and industrious people, Thomas Benson, better known among his friends as "Big Tom," had spent the entire nineteen years of his life. A quiet, obedient boy and the eldest of a family of eleven children, Thomas had always been accustomed to the hard work of the farm, and to doing all within his power to lighten the heavy burden that rested upon his father's shoulders. Six feet in height, strong and tireless, he had already won the reputation of being the best wood-cutter in all the country round, and was, besides, well versed in the farm lore of his section. Everybody liked "Big Tom" too, for despite his big limbs he was good-natured and, some thought, a little timid.

It is not strange, then, that, when it was decided that it would be better for the whole family for Tom to find work elsewhere, he found little difficulty in obtaining a position with a kind-hearted, wealthy old farmer, whose home was located on the outskirts of a small but prosperous mountain village. Here Tom was assigned to a cabin just back of his new master's log mansion. This was to be his room, but his meals were to be taken, with the other "hands," in the kitchen of the "Big House."

Tom was soon at home in his new quarters and growing speedily tired of his first day's leisure. Unable at last to longer endure the unaccustomed luxury of thinking, he decided that he would walk out and look over the stables, which he knew to be but a short distance to the

rear of his own cabin. Leaving his hut at a brisk walk, he was just rounding its rear corner when he stumbled suddenly over a big, brown bear lying snugly against the house and taking an afternoon nap in the sun.

Now this bear was a domesticated creature that had been caught when a cub, and was as harmless as a New Foundland dog. He was kept chained to the corner of this cabin, with liberty to spend his time in the sunshine when the weather was good and to escape wind and rain by crawling under the house. But Tom did not know this. He only knew that bears had descended from the mountains upon his father's cattle and destroyed a yoke of his finest oxen. He remembered looking through the crack of a barn and seeing one of these creatures strike to the ground a large mule with one stroke of his powerful paw. To express it very mildly, Tom was frightened, and so was the bear. The latter, however, was more nearly equal to the emergency. He darted under the cabin to the full length of his chain, but Tom, owing to a weakness in his knees, was unable to dart anywhere. For a moment he stood trembling, hesitating; then making sure that in some miraculous manner he had escaped unhurt, he crept back in the direction of the house to give the alarm. On his way, however, he met a negro laborer by the name of Sam and related the adventure to him. Sam, secretly amused but outwardly respectful and sympathetic, explained the situation, and Tom's fears were in a measure quieted. He was, however, by no means thoroughly convinced that the bear was securely fastened.

Immediately, then, upon returning to his cabin, he directed his attention to the large opening serving as a window, which was situated in the wall directly over the spot where the bear was fastened. This opening, he felt,

must not remain. Yet, should he close the heavy shutter, he would miss the evening breeze. He decided, therefore, to fasten some heavy strips across the opening, and having obtained three large oaken ones, he nailed them in place with *twenty-penny* spikes.

On the next night, when Thomas had finished supper, he retired immediately to his room, for a hard day's work, coupled with the excitement of the previous day, had made him very sleepy.

Now Sam's fertile brain had been busy since the adventure of the day before, and no sooner had he assured himself that Tom was abed than he darted to the stable and secured a heavy trace chain. Hiding this under his shirt Sam gave a peculiar whistle, which brought several of his companions into sight, and together they approached "Big Tom's" cabin.

After waiting a little longer to make sure that the boy was asleep, Sam took his chain, crept softly up to the open door, and stopped to listen. He could hear distinctly the clear, regular breathing of the sleeping occupant.

Fastening the chain to his collar, Tom crept into the shack upon his hands and knees. Sniffing distinctly, he crawled forward, allowing the chain to drag upon the board floor and stopping occasionally to sniff louder and then to move forward again; but no sound broke the stillness of the room save his own movements.

Thinking perhaps the boy was not awakened by his motion, Sam reached over, sniffing louder than before, and gave the bed a sudden jerk.

But Big Tom had been awake. He heard the *"bear"* as it came into the cabin, but thought perhaps he would not be seen if he would only remain quiet and allow it to leave.

In breathless agony he waited, not daring to move in the slightest, for fear of attracting the attention of the advancing beast.

Slowly it crept forward, sniffing the air and jerking its dragging chain angrily.

Nearer and nearer it came until in his imagination he could feel its hot breath. His every nerve was tauut!

Crash! his bed seemed to leap half across the room toward the bear.

He could stand it no longer. The beast was between him and the door, so his only escape was through the window. He leaped from the bed. Springing to the opening, he found the three heavy, oaken strips barred his exit.

He was desperate! Catching near the end of the strips, he pulled with the delirious strength of a madman. The nails gave way as readily as tooth-picks! Ripping them off, he pulled himself up into the window and jumped. The rush of cool air half-sustained him as he descended, and he lit gracefully, feet first, upon the cool, green grass—astride the bear!

Again the bear was taken completely by surprise and darted under the cabin so hurriedly as to almost carry Tom also, as he rested horseback fashion upon it.

Being entanged within the sweeping folds of his nightshirt, he lost his balance in time to allow his head to come sharply in contact with a corner of the cabin as he fell.

The merry workmen came upon the scene in time to see Big Tom sit up, from his more prostrate position and scratch his head perplexedly. As they approached he asked stupidly: "Say, how many is there of that blame bear?"

A VALENTINE

L. S. P., '10.

My fairy maid, my fairest maid,
Thine eyes are bright as stars
That in the night,
With softest light,
Do peep through murky bars.

My dainty maid, my dearest maid,
Thy lips are rose-leaf red,
And sweet as they
At day's first ray,
With the dews of morn unshed.

My sunny maid, my sweetest maid,
Thyself art pure and true,
My own heart thrills,—
With reverence fills,
But to sit and think of you.

Now little maid, so sweetly staid,
Be not, I pray, so sore afraid;
I love thee so,—
Thou cans't but know—
Come, then, and let me be your beau.

ELECTRICITY AS A MOTIVE POWER

R. G. ANDERS, '08.

Within the last quarter of a century, electricity has made rapid strides to reach its destined position as the greatest agent and comforter of man. In all large cities and even in the small towns, electricity has almost entirely replaced the coal oil light, the gas jet, and other forms of artificial lighting, with arc-light and incandescent lamp. It is also proving itself to be as superior over the steam engine as a motive power as it is over the gas jet as a lighting power.

Among the many advantages of the electric motor over the stationary steam engine, may be mentioned, its economical advantages, its cleanliness, and the ease with which it is controlled.

"Economy and concentration of effort are the lessons of the twentieth century." Experiments have been made in France, England, America, and in other manufacturing countries, by which it has been satisfactorily proved that electrical energy is by far cheaper than motive power produced by steam and gas. The results of these experiments have eliminated steam in many of the large factories, where electricity can be had, and electricity is substituted in its stead, with satisfactory results.

Again, the cleanliness of electrical machines is by no means a weak argument in behalf of the use of electricity as a motive power. Any one who has been in the manufacturing parts of our cities knows full well the unpleasantness caused by the smoke of the many engines which pollutes the atmosphere. The presence of this smoke is a source of a heavy expense to the citizens of the cities. The damage wrought by its presence upon

the architectural embellishment of the cities, upon the fixtures and furnishings of the homes, and upon the apparel of the people; the extensive use of artificial light which the presence of smoke enforces, the effect of shutting out the sunlight and other impairments are among the prominent nuisances. The only solution of the smoke problem is the substitution of electric motors for the steam engines. The power plants are usually situated near a water-fall or, if run by steam, they can be placed far enough from the cities to prevent the smoke from entering them. This will then give us clean cities so far as smoke is concerned, and as we have already seen this will be cheaper for both manufacturers and citizens.

We might also briefly notice the ease with which motors are controlled. In large machine shops and manufacturing establishments where engines are used, firemen and engineers must be on duty day and night. This is no light expense to the employers, neither is it play for the employees. Such is not the case with electric motors, but they can be controlled by simply connecting and breaking the circuit by means of a switch.

Some of the advantages of electricity over the steam engine as a means of locomotion are, the efficiency of the electric motor is far greater than that of the steam locomotive, passenger cars can be made comfortable by the same electric current that propels them, and greater speed can be obtained by the motor than by the engine without racking the machinery.

It has been calculated that the efficiency of a locomotive engine is about five per cent. Experiments show that the efficiency of an electric motor is many times greater than that of the engine. Railway companies are realizing this advantage more and more, and investigations are being made in regard to substituting motors for engines. Electric roads are being equipped which

parallel the steam roads and in many cases excel them. Another form of traction in which electricity excels all other forms of motive power is that of the elevator. Elevators are referred to a traction system on an inclined plane of ninety degrees.

In all large cities where real estate is very costly and where buildings are necessarily high, the vertical railways are as essential as horizontal railways. In New York, most of the large buildings are electrically equipped to furnish this elevator service. In New York alone, more than two thousand elevators are operated, using more than 15,000 horse-power.

Passenger cars on an electrical railway are made more comfortable than those of the steam railway at a less expense. The cars are heated, cooled, lighted, and propelled by the same current. Also the moving cars can be kept in telegraphic communication with the outer world.

The speed with which cars can be drawn by an electric motor is no small advantage over the steam engine. The greatest speed with which a locomotive engine can run without racking the machinery of the engine is about sixty miles per hour. Tests have been made which show that the motor will safely pull cars at the rate of ninety miles per hour.

While these are some of the advantages of electricity over steam as a motive power, still there are some few obstacles that it must overcome before it will finally eliminate the steam engine. It is true that millions of dollars are invested in our steam lines, but Brady thinks that the motor, with its superiority over the engine, will eventually take its place.

When we think of our almost innumerable water-falls with their capacity for producing electrical energy, we can not but believe that it is but a matter of time when electricity will be the greatest agent of man as a motive

power. The application of our water power to the production of electrical energy is the most economical application possible. Generally our water-falls are so geographically located that they can not be used advantageously unless their power be applied to produce electricity. But with this application, our falls would furnish us more power than we could possibly use. At the falls, their power is converted into an electric current which is conducted over a wire for many miles and then made to do useful work.

As an illustration of the power that can be derived from our falls in the form of electricity, we refer to the Niagara Falls Power Company. The tunnels and canals are so constructed that the water which passes through them will deliver 125,000 horse-power to the water-wheels. The power represented by this is as much as one-tenth of the power which can be developed by all the water-wheels in the United States. If all the power represented by the water of the falls were utilized it is estimated that it would make about 7,000,000 horse-power, or, perhaps three times as much as the power of all the water-wheels of this country.

Thus seeing the power which our water-falls represent, the advantages of electricity over steam, and also seeing the great advancements that are being made in the electrical world, we are forced to believe that electricity will eventually become our greatest means as a motive power. And if in some future day, all our machine shops, manufacturing establishments, and our locomotives are controlled by the electric current, we will not be as much surprised as those were who first saw the steam engine pulling cars. Such will be no greater improvement over our present conditions than the improvements of our present street car systems are over the street cars that were drawn by horses ten years ago.

BLANCHE

JOE RICHARD COX.

I.

Ah! do I dream? What is it in my fancy all confused
That makes my joy so full, my heart so light?
This is not day: no day was e'er so much joy infused;
No spring-time ever brought me such delight.

II.

A deeper transport fills my dream (or whate'er else it be);
I drink a measure which the gods would prize.
I stand transfixed with more than all that nurtures ecstacy,—
I'm conquered by your soul through your bright eyes.

THE LOST LETTER

JOHN H. NANNEY, '08.

At the time of the American Revolution there were only a few settlements beyond the Blue Ridge, the largest of which was in the beautiful valley of the French Broad River. In this place so favored by nature, there was ample opportunity for the development of that spirit of fearless adventure which is always imbibed from the mountains.

Thomas Rolfe was one of the first who took their families and ventured to seek new homes on this wild and dangerous frontier. The little band, which was few in number, found the situation very pleasant except for the danger from savage beasts and still more savage Cherokees that roamed through all the forests. But, notwithstanding all the difficulties which they had to face, the settlement prospered, and there soon grew up a generation who knew how to meet the problems of the mountains. They learned to love freedom by being free; and when England took up arms against her colonial possessions, the spirit of patriotism was nowhere more keenly felt than among these primitive mountaineers. They patiently awaited the call to the front, each sturdy arm anxious to strike down the invaders.

When Colonel Ferguson arrived in the vicinity of Gilberttown in the summer of 1780 and began to recruit his forces by enlisting the native Royalists, the long expected call came to these stalwart sons of the hills. Colonel McDowell, John Sevier, and the leaders associated with them, set out to collect an army in this section for the purpose of stopping the advance of the British; and

Colonel McDowell, choosing for his territory the French Broad locality, sent a messenger to announce his coming. On the 15th of September a large crowd of people had gathered where the city of Asheville now stands, and many patriotic hearts beat strong with the love of liberty as Colonel McDowell, whose presence was the cause of the gathering, spoke to the people of the appalling cloud of oppression which hung over their native land.

When the white haired leader had finished his appeal, the first to come forward and offer his services was a young man with sturdy appearance. He was a specimen of perfect manhood, his face reflecting the firmness of the craggy mountain sides upon which he had gazed from early childhood, and his eyes sparkling like the crystal springs which gush from the rocks. But beneath all this there could be seen in his countenance an expression of disappointment, and some unknown burden seemed to be pressing upon his mind. However, his heart overflowed with patriotism, and this in a measure obscured the secret weight with which he seemed to be encumbered. When the young man came forward, the Colonel felt that the cause of freedom would be sustained if he could only secure the services of a few with such powerful physique and fiery determination. He was so favorably impressed with the young man that he took advantage of the first opportunity for a personal interview. The Colonel asked him concerning his family, and he replied, "My name is Nelson Rolfe. My father settled in the eastern foot hills of the Blue Ridge when the tide of emmigration was flowing southward from Virginia, but afterwards came across the mountains to seek a new home. He settled here in this valley, but was killed in a battle with the Indians when I was only a lad

My mother also died and I was left alone to take care of myself. I have lived with a neighbor family since the death of my mother. They have been very kind to me, but—"

Here he hesitated, and the Colonel saw a deeper gloom settle over his countenance.

"There seems to be some great burden on your mind," said the Colonel. "Why do you hesitate and look so sad?"

"Ay, Colonel," he replied, "I have a burden on my heart of which few human minds are aware."

"It must be the old story of disappointed love," said the Colonel, and from the assenting glance of Nelson's eyes he was fully convinced that his inference had been rightly drawn. Nelson now stood for a few seconds with his eyes fixed upon the ground, after which he looked up and said, "Colonel, you have rightly judged, and I shall tell you how the disappointment came. It has been more than a year since I sent a letter across the Blue Ridge to Elizabeth, the one I had hoped to call my own, but have received no reply. The letter was sent in the care of a trusted friend who was traveling east, and I know he delivered it promptly unless he met with some accident before reaching his destination."

The Colonel saw that Nelson was almost heart broken, so he began to talk of the war and the bright prospects of American victory. This interested Nelson, for he was a great adventurer among his native mountains, and he was anxious to try his fortune in battle.

In a few days Colonel McDowell was ready to lead his little band across the Ridge to join the other leaders. When they met they organized their forces into an army, and found that in all there were over a thousand men. They needed little training for these mountaineers knew

how to ply their muskets with deadly effect. Everything was at last ready and the army set out to look for the enemy. Colonel McDowell was feeble with age, so he gave the army over to others who were more able to endure the hard marching necessary to overtake the foe. Nelson was very sorry to part with the one who had been so kind to him, but he bade the Colonel farewell and set out with his comrades. For thirty-six hours the men marched at full speed, and at last on the 7th of October, they found the "Redcoats" strongly fortified on the summit of Kings Mountain. A desperate battle ensued in which the mountain boys won a great victory; but, not being accustomed to the horrors of war, they were filled with sadness at the sight of several of their comrades lying dead on the battle-field.

After the battle was over the soldiers began to pick up the dead bodies, but soon their attention was turned to a woman who was coming up the mountain side. The horse she was riding seemed to be almost exhausted and she herself showed signs of much fatigue. One of the officers stepped forward to meet her, thinking she had some important message to deliver. He saluted her, but before he had time to ask her mission she said, "Sir, do you know a man in this army named Nelson Rolfe?"

"I know him," said a rough voice from the army. "I carried him from the field mortally wounded while the battle was on." If you will follow me I will lead you to the place where he is." The woman followed, and soon she came to Nelson's side. He had been pierced in the breast by a bullet, and his life blood was fast oozing away. He raised his death-stricken eyes, and looked into the face of the woman who was kneeling by his side. A look of fright flashed over his pale face, but it was soon changed into a smile as he said in a feeble voice, "Oh,

Elizabeth! Is it truly my Elizabeth, or do I fancy I see her?"

"I am Elizabeth," said the woman, "and have ridden many miles through dangerous forests to find you. I received your letter hardly a week ago, and learning that you were in the army, I set out to find you. The clothes of a man who had been murdered have recently been found on the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge, and your letter was in the pocket."

The wounded man was growing very weak, and with husky voice he said, "Elizabeth, I had hoped to make your life happy, but I die contented to know that you are true to me." Here he tried to speak the name of Colonel McDowell, but death had seized upon him. In a few moments he was still in death, and the tears ran down the sunburnt cheeks of the mountaineers as they gathered around and gazed upon the pathetic scene. The letter was found, but it was too late; the answer came, but it was too late.

O'HOOLIGAN'S DREAM

A. D. G.

Pat O'Hooligan was a very well-bred Irishman, but not unlike all of us, he had his shortcomings. He was always very good at speaking English plainly though he was never deserving of much praise for the manner in which he used his words or in what order they came.

His appearance was not very commanding—at a distance one would think Pat was a moving well-curb with a tub for a head, and although people told him so he never became offended, but always wore a broad smile. In fact no soul seemed to be happier, and abler to appreciate the beautiful in "nature, man or beast," as Pat aptly put it, than he. No son of Ireland more loyal, no Catholic more reverent to St. Mary, nor more attentive to Miss Mary, than was this same Pat.

This *handsome* young Irishman and the writer became acquainted while working in a copper mine near the southern shores of Lake Superior, but he left for his dear old home-land to be present at the celebration of his and his grandfather's birthday, and hence, at Pat's request, the writer quotes part of his first letter, which is as follows:

"Dear Copper-mine Chum.

"In the outset let me tell you that in December, after I left you in October, my grandfather was a hundred years old and I was twenty-five, and therefore you see that makes a hundred and twenty-five. That night my bride-elect was there, and since she was not alert to all the worldly ways of man, I took on too much Madeira and sherry, and consequently fell short of reason, so much

so that it was not only proper, but necessary that I should start home.

"It was about midnight when I left, and although it was ten miles home, I felt like walking forty.

"After I had gotten two or three miles away I stopped and took on another pint of sherry, and sat down upon a large rock near the road to rest and behold the beauties of nature, man and beast; for the moon with its pale face was bashfully hiding behind the hills, and in its fading light I was holding in my hand a pocket mirror and beholding *Pat's* semblance which seemed to actually reflect honor upon itself, while the jangling and clanking bells of the pastured sheep seemed to sound as harmonious as the celestial melodies. About this time I toppled over and my head struck a snag—I remember that all right—but my fanciful mind told me it was an eagle, and that it had seized me by the hair of my head and was making an alarming upward flight to the much admired moon which I was a moment before beholding.

"On I went at this frightful rate until I reached my pilot's goal! Whollop! and I was dumped over my carrier's head (and over my head too as for that) right astride of a peak on the moon. The first one I met there, was a little old dried-up sour looking fellow who strutted around as one having supervision of affairs in those parts. I didn't like his looks—and he did not like mine, for he looked at *me* with one eye, and down at the earth at the same time with the other.

"He introduced himself as 'The Man in the Moon,' and at the same time began pushing me until he had me right on the edge. I saw that wouldn't do, and I began to shove and scuffle too. But he looked so sour and upset till I got sorry for him and—fell off.

"Down! down! I went, but fortunately I fell on a wild goose's back, and to arouse no unnecessary suspicions I immediately made apologies for mounting so suddenly, by informing the goose that I was on a flying trip from the moon and had special orders to be on the earth by sunrise.

"The goose said, 'Well then, if that be the case, you are taking it easy by halting here when you have got only half an hour to get there.' 'If it suits me it ought to suit you, hadn't it?' I replied. Evidently I had forgotten myself and that my safety lay in the kindness of my friend goose, and I soon paid for it, for no sooner had the words left my lips than down I went like a poplar leaf in a whirlwind; and worst of all, it was right over the ocean where the goose dropped me! Down! down! again I went, but about this time I struck a whale's back, and without any salutatory remarks or explanations I seized a fin and held on for dear life, for I knew that lodging on a whale's back was no assurance that my descent had ended. A moment passed and,— Glugger! under we went like a bullet to—well, I don't know precisely where.

"Evidently not more than a second had passed,—it seemed like a year and a half—before the frightened monster had a collision with a shark. Heels-over-head I went! and down once more this poor Irishman found himself going.

"Around and around and around I went, sinking all the time, when 'all at once I found myself settling down upon a huge turtle's back. 'Where'd you come from?' said the turtle. 'Oh, I am pearl-fishing, sir; pearl-fishing sir!' I replied, and was attacked by a whale a few minutes ago, narrowly escaping with my life, and I would appreciate your protection back to the surface again.'

"'Here we go! all aboard!' cried the turtle, and up we went.

"Two minutes had not been lost in the struggle under water, but my breath was nigh spent when the turtle butted against a sand-bar off the coast of South America.

"I crawled out upon the sand and snorted like a zebra, and *then* I could taste salt water, in fact I never have gotten rid of those queer feelings.

"I staggered on towards the mainland in a sort o' feeble way, caring little about where or how, just so I got there—that was the thing.

"Before I had gone fifty yards into the wilderness, right up against a boa constrictor I walked!

"'And I'll ride you,' I said, bounding forward. By the time I mounted I was gliding like a train, over logs, roots, and thro' bushes, briers and limbs. But not many minutes of such riding as this was considered as an accommodation, so I rolled off with little or no expression of gratitude, for by this time my little store of politeness was about exhausted any way.

"Now, here I was, in a strange forest, forsaken by the eagle, goose, whale, turtle and boa constrictor, and without food or friends.

"I fumbled around a few minutes and was just in the act of giving up all hope and stretching out to die, when I was surprisingly met by the most beautiful woman I ever had seen—she reminded me of Miss Mary—and on her forehead was in large golden letters the word 'Virtue.'

"I stood bewildered. I listened for my heart—I felt for it—but it must have stopped.

"I looked down and tried to sink into the earth like I had been sinking thro' the air and water. I looked up again, and there stood—not the moving figure, but a form of rigid stone; and again I looked away and wept.

"Some time elapsed before I lifted my eyes again, but when I did, there before me stood, not the stone statue, but a faint and fading shadow.

"Gradually, gradually, it passed away and left me in utter despair and darkness, and as my anxiety grew, and as my past deeds loomed up before me, all hope vanished, and no effort seemed worth while.

"While thus meditating, I was surprised, yea, beyond expression, to find myself lying flat of my back not two feet from the rock upon which I had previously seated myself, and moreover, that it was past noon, and had been raining—well, long enough to float ships and bird's nests up around my head and ears.

"Since then, my friend, I've learned that it didn't cure colds or win hearts to leave good company and make a hog of yourself by drinking too much Madeira and sherry."

THRO' SORROW'S GATE

ARTHUR RANES, '08.

I.

Many things and Sorrow's self
Come thro' Sorrow's gate;
Gentleness, tact, sympathy, strength,
Character's loving trait.

II.

A heart that has ached from bleedings wounds
And felt the touch of languish
Is in tenderness complete,
Blessed by the conquered anguish.

III.

Eyes that have ached from ushered tears—
From soft'ning, hallowing grief,
Can fathom the depths of another sorrow,
Can smile of a blest relief.

IV.

The soul grows strong thro' strife and storm
Let clouds hang low the while;
Gloomy hours are sure to wane,
Tomorrow's joys will smile.

V.

Then sorrowing heart be not cast down
Nor murmur: "Cruel Fate!"
Be patient, calm, there are some good things
That come thro' Sorrow's gate.

TO THE THIRD GENERATION

G. O. P.

I was young and he was old, more than eighty, his hair was white, and the beard on his kindly big English face had lost the red tinge it once had and was becoming white also. We had "talked with open heart and tongue, affectionate and true" for more than twenty-five years. He told me the first tales I ever heard. Great tales! He took me to the big creek a-fishing when I was eight years old, me and my brother. He loved that sport; he loves it still. We used to go with hook and line, but the fish do not bite as they once did. Now we take a seine and spend a day on the creek. One evening we were returning after a delightful day of seining and cooking and eating and drinking and story-telling. Our mule was pulling freely, as anxious to be at her stall, as we on the restful porches of our homes, and had just brought us to the top of a little rise from which we could see the old Black plantation, once the most magnificent in our neighborhood, spread out up and down a little valley, while just in front were the now dilapidated buildings of the old homestead. At this sight my old friend—I will call him Mr. C,—became pensive, then raised his head and told me the following story. It is true in everything except the names. The scoundrel in this story left a numerous family. Some of my best friends are among his grandchildren, and their feelings must be respected.

"Well, George," began Mr. C, "I never see this place but I think how much it has changed from what it once was. Old Josiah Black spent all his life trying to get money. He was mean to his black-uns, he gambled, and cheated, and was overbearing. He tried to make this the

greatest place in the country. He has long been dead and in purgatory, and now look at this place."

"It don't pay, George, to be mean and do wrong. I have seen too many men try it and nearly every man of them come to some bad end, and lost the property they had made by it. Or if they did not lose it, their children never got any good from it. Now I will tell you a story about old Josiah Black that is the *truth*.

"Old Johnny Black, Josiah's father, used to live twelve miles from here and was a neighbor of my father. By his first wife he had two children, Josiah and Polly who married Williams. When they were already grown and married their mother died. Old man Johnny had living on his place a family of white people by the name of Jones. They had a girl named Melissa, a timid kind of a girl but mighty good-looking. After his wife's death the old man used to get Melissa to come over every morning and clean up the house for him. The upshot of it was that for all he was an old man he fell in love with her and in spite of everything that Josiah and Polly could do he married her. He had two children by her, and after a few years he died.

"Josiah administered upon the estate. He was terribly put out. Instead of having a half interest in his father's property as he had expected a few years before he had only one-fifth. Mrs. Black, you know, and all the children had share and share. There was the law, and, more than that, old man Johnny's will, and Josiah could not help himself.

"In those days, before anything else was done, the widow and children had to be provided with a year's rations—so much wheat and corn and bacon, so much sugar, so much coffee, so much whiskey, five gallons I think it was. Before Mrs. Black got her things—sugar

and coffee and such as that had to come from Fayte (Fayetteville)—her sugar gave out and she sent over to my mother to borrow some. It was a month or two before she got hers, but at last Josiah brought it. One Saturday evening she sent the sugar to pay mother back. The next morning, being it was Sunday, we had coffee for breakfast. When I was a boy we had coffee only twice a week, Wednesday morning and Sunday morning. And we did not have sugar with it either. But on that Sunday morning being mother had got back her sugar she said that we could all have some for our coffee, and we all had a great time drinking, all except Brother Brooks. He said that he had rather eat his with bread and butter, and mother let him eat it that way. We had hardly got through eating before we all were taken sick and such throwing-up you never did see. Some of us came pretty near dying and Brother Brooks was the worst of any of us. But up in the morning we got over it.

"We thought that the sugar was the cause of it. We did not know exactly how. That afternoon Esseck, one of Mrs. Black's black-uns, was over and we told him of it, and told him that we believed that the sugar was the cause of it. He hooted at it. He knew that the sugar had not a thing to do with it. He wished that *he* could get some of it, *he* would not be afraid to eat it. He took it so much to heart that he went home and told Mrs. Black about it, and went over again what he told us that he wished that *he* could get some of that sugar, he knew that nothing was the matter with it, that *he* would eat all he could get. The old fellow was so eager that Mrs. Black did give him some and he ate it. It was not long before he was sick and in spite of everything they could do they thought that he would die.

"After all that Mrs. Black would not touch any of the things that Josiah had bought her, but she got the doctors to examine them. They said that the whiskey, coffee, and sugar were all full of poison, and that the only reason that it did not kill us all was that there was so much poison in the sugar that it made us throw it up.

"People had begun to talk a good deal, and Josiah heard of it. So one day he came and got the things he had brought. He hooted at anything's being the matter with them. Give them to him. He was not afraid to use them. The sugar was all right. And so he took everything off and, folks thought, emptied them in the nearest branch.

"But what good did all that do Josiah? Now he is dead and maybe in torment, and this plantation that he once thought so much of, has passed altogether out of the hands of his family."

"Mrs. Black? Melissa lived to be an old woman and died only four or five years ago. Her children married well and she lived with her daughter at C. When I was down there a few years ago I went to see her. We sat and talked an hour about old man Johnny. All the time the tears were running out of her eyes. After all these years she loved him so."

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

HERBERT PEELE, Editor

"The Student" and the Alumni The lack of support given to THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT by the alumni of the college has been a subject for complaint on the part of the editors of the magazine from the time whereof the memory of the present STUDENT staff runneth not to the contrary. And yet, despite the volume of editorial comment on the subject, the fact remains that the great body of Wake Forest alumni hold aloof and, with no ill-will and all good wishes, leave the magazine which represents their Alma Mater to take care of itself. Even the names of former editors who were most vigorous in their plea for outside support of the publication have either long since disappeared from our subscription list, or else are overshadowed by that saddest of all sad words in the Business Manager's vocabulary, *Discontinued.*

Wearied with much speaking to no avail, but with the hope, still, of making a stronger and more successful appeal to our alumni, THE STUDENT decided, now nearly three years ago, to devote one issue each year to the history of Baptists in North Carolina. The Baptist State Convention endorsed the movement, and that, it was

hoped, implied the endorsement of the alumni also. Now, however, three issues of this Baptist Historical Number have been published, and we are forced to make the humiliating admission that these special issues have not, so far as we know, added the name of one alumnus to our list of subscribers.

Now, the question comes, what next? The circulation of the magazine is not half what it should be, but can the editors do more? Nay verily. If help is to come, it must come from the student body. Permit a suggestion. Let every member of the class of nineteen-eight who carries away with him a vestige of the old college spirit see to it that his address is left with the Business Manager this spring; and let every man, whatever his class, who boasts his love for Wake Forest say a good word for THE STUDENT, during the summer, among the alumni with whom he is acquainted. Then let him give their names to the Business Manager upon his return to college. If this were done for four years what would it mean? "Who is going to put himself to so much trouble?" you ask. Nobody, perhaps. But what are *you* going to do about it? That is the question.

The College Library

Wake Forest, we are told,—and we believe it—is entering upon a new era. With us now change and growth are watchwords. During the past few years the College has advanced by great strides, and still the future is big with promise. The Wake Forest man, whether student or alumnus, is pointing with pride to his Alma Mater's progress, and praying with faith for the speedy coming of her already dawning day. We must admit, however, that this spirit of growth and change seems not to have reached our

College library. This, save for the fact that a few more pages are missing from somes of the volumes, and that a number of new books have been added from year to year—perhaps a little more than counterbalancing the number that annually disappear, is much the same that it was eight years ago. Indeed, in some respects, there has been positive retrogression. Take, for instance, the shelves of bound volumes of periodicals. Many years of use, often coupled with abuse, have made some of these volumes almost worthless, and new ones are not added in sufficient number to take their places. Consequently this corner of the reading-room, once the favorite haunt of the debater and orator of the literary societies, is now almost deserted.

One of the things that we have long asked for, and longer needed, in our library is a permanent Librarian. More is required to keep in order a seventeen thousand volume library than a force consisting of men who relieve one another from hour to hour and from day to day. The advantage which one man, able to devote his entire time to his duties as librarian, would have over a number of students, each pressed by college duties and spending two or three periods a day in the library, is evident. The appointment of a permanent Librarian would, we believe, mean better service and pave the way for the introduction of methods and improvements which would result in the elimination of many of the abuses now so prevalent,—and so well known as not to require enumeration. Yet, though the need of such an appointment has been long seen and the matter often discussed, another college year is passing away without the accomplishment of anything definite. How long?

Another complaint. Last year, through our Literary Societies we asked the faculty for better heating facili-

ties in the Library building. Consideration was promised, the matter was pigeon-holed, and that was the last of it. Another winter is drawing to a close, and the entire library and reading-room are still heated by one stove! How long?

We do not wish to be misunderstood. This protest intends no criticism or complaint of the present corps of library officers. We have had no better library force, and do not doubt that the gentlemen composing it are making their very best of the circumstances under which they work. But with all due respect to the powers that be, certainly with no wish to publish our grievances in the streets of Ascalon, we ask if the Library is not *unduly* hampered by lack of friends and funds. There was once such a thing as a Literary fee; and this we understand to be *included* now in the matriculation fee. Does it ever come out of it? Everybody is shouting for electric lights and a new Dormitory. Let's not forget the Library. These other things are desirable; but an up-to-date library is a necessity.

College Spirit at Wake Forest It has long been the custom to bewail the lack of college spirit at Wake Forest and to lay this lack at the door of the student body. This is both unjust and unwise. In the first place college spirit is born, not made, and can not be pumped into men by complainings. In the second, its absence here is not due to lack of love for the College on the part of the individual student. It is brought into life by great occasions and can not thrive without opportunity to manifest itself. Until the College wins a great victory the Freshman never awakes to the realization of what a glorious privilege it is to be a Wake Forest man.

Now it has been the case at Wake Forest that an entire year would pass with nothing to arouse enthusiasm for the College except our annual debate and a few ball games. Is it just then, we ask, when there is no debate until Easter and no ball game until the latter part of March, to complain because everything is not bubbling over with college spirit throughout the year? Is not rather the surprising thing the fact that despite this long period of undisturbed repose, that notwithstanding the wearisome, life-stealing monotony of a great part of the college session, we are able to call into vigorous life upon great occasions a young giant who, though somewhat awkward in gesture and uncouth in expression, has limbs of steel, lungs of brass, and a heart of gold? We need to realize, and perhaps we are already beginning to do so, that college spirit at Wake Forest, were it but kept alive, would speedily become as promptly responsive as it is already mightily great.

We say that perhaps this truth is already beginning to force itself upon us because at last steps are being taken in the right direction, and results are approving them. Basketball and class games between carefully selected teams have worked wonders. Recall, for instance, the record-breaking enthusiasm of the first meeting of the Athletic Association in nineteen-eight. But basketball games are too infrequent, and class games can never make the student body a unit. Give us two debates a year, one on Thanksgiving and the other at Easter, give us football and a track team, in other words *give us a fair chance* and in four years Wake Forest and college spirit will be synonymous terms!

A Word of Appreciation

Anniversary is gone. When comes such another? The crowd was large, the orations were great, the debate was good. Indeed, except for the trifling detail of the weather, this was a perfect Anniversary. Among the things which contributed no small share to the increase of the crowd and to the enjoyment of the occasion was the special train from Raleigh, which furnished ample room for everybody and a special car for college girls. The Seaboard officials, especially the Traveling Passenger Agent, Mr. Gattis, deserve our thanks for making such a train possible, and we take this opportunity of expressing the genuine appreciation of the student body.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

HILLIARD J. MASSEY, Editor

—'70. Mr. S. W. Brewer, who bears the name of the first President of the College, is a prominent and successful merchant of Raleigh.

—'87. Dr. E. H. Bowling is one of the leading physicians of Durham. He is a member of the city council and is also actively identified with a number of large business enterprises.

—'86. Mr. J. D. Boushall, of Raleigh, who for a number of years was manager of the Ætna Life Insurance Co. for North Carolina, has recently been appointed State Agent of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Mr. Boushall's large experience insures success.

—'91. Rev. C. W. Blanchard has severed his connection with *The Biblical Recorder*, and has entered the Seminary at Louisville, Ky., for special study. Later he will begin his work as an active pastor. His short career as editor of *The Recorder* was successful.

—'92. Mr. Geo. W. Blanton is cashier of a prominent bank at Shelby.

—'92. Rev. Jos. G. Blalock has resigned the pastorate of Whiteville Church and has removed to his old home in Granville County, where he has charge of several leading country churches.

—'83-'84. It is remarkable that Wake Forest men usually hold strategic and responsible positions. C. H. Beckham is an engineer on the Seaboard and has charge of its fastest trains. Another engineer and a Wake Forest man is E. C. Robertson, who is often detailed to run special trains—as an example, President Roosevelt's special train.

—'92. E. T. Barnes is now cashier of one of the largest banks of Wilson.

—'88-'89. J. W. Bailey, who made an excellent record as a student, is now a leading business man of Kenly.

—'90. Rev. J. O. Atkinson, editor of *The Christian Sun* and one of the leading ministers of the Christian denomination in the State, will deliver the Alumni Address at Commencement.

—W. A. Hildebrand is making a success of *The Industrial News* of Greensboro, the leading Republican paper of the State.

—'04. Rev. W. H. Whitehead has resigned the pastorate of the Laurinburg church. His plans are not made known, but it is hoped he will not leave the State.—*Biblical Recorder.*

—'02. C. M. Beach is principal of Dell High School, Sampson County. His brother, W. L. Beach, is business manager and teacher of history and languages at the same school.

—'99. Rev. W. N. Johnson is Corresponding Secretary Baptist State Convention of Louisiana, and also associate editor of *The Baptist Chronicle.*

—'02. It is regretted by his numerous friends to learn of the illness of State Senator Guy Carter, of Surry County. It is hoped that his recovery will be speedy.

—'05. Rev. M. D. Austin, who for two years had a field in Virginia, is now at Orangeburg Collegiate Institute, S. C., teaching Latin.

—'01. J. L. Jackson is cashier of the bank at Winterville.

—'04. S. C. Howard is farming in Granville County.

—'98. J. Clyde Turner is pastor of Tatnall Baptist Church, Mercer University. Rumor has it that he is to be married soon.

—'03-'05. We learn that Beatty D. McDaniel and Miss Josephine Plummer, of Newport News, Va., were married on Wednesday evening, February the 19th.

—Rev. J. E. Ayscue is pastor of the church at Greenville.

—'03-'05. J. L. Tunstall, who after leaving Wake Forest pursued the study of medicine at Richmond Medical College and secured his M.D., is now at Highsmith Hospital, Fayetteville.

—'91. Mr. R. B. White, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Franklin County, was on the Hill a few days ago. Mr. White is known throughout the State as an earnest and zealous worker in behalf of education.

—Among the many visitors at Anniversary exercises were W. O. Johnson and O. R. Mangum of the class of 1907, C. T. Goode, 1905, and Archibald Johnson. Mr. Johnson made a practical and appreciated address before the ministerial class on Saturday morning following Anniversary. Numerous other alumni and former students were present. We should be glad to mention them personally, but owing to a conglomeration of thoughts resulting from the above-named occasion, we refrain from further mention lest we forget.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

CHARLES S. BARNETTE, Editor.

As we pick up, one by one, the magazines which are piled upon our table and peruse their contents, we consider ourselves to be the most fortunate member of the editorial staff. Did you ever stand in a secluded place near the main thoroughfare of some large city and watch the ever-changing stream of humanity as it flows by, becoming, yourself so intensely interested in observation that you are ignorant of the flight of time? Justly analogous is our case. From our position we are enabled to observe the wonderful workings of multitudinous intellects, as they gaze upon the dimly visible land of literature and endeavor to cross into its pleasant borders. We see them pass before us in a long and unending line, each intent upon his own course and carrying the manuscript with which he hopes to gain admittance. Possessed of a natural curiosity, we endeavor to read the titles. On some we detect the word "Essay"; on a few we perceive the title to read "Stories of Adventure"; on others we discern the word "Comedy"; then there passes one whose hieroglyphical title we are not able to make out. We keep our gaze fastened on it till it passes from view, but we can not understand those mystic characters. We become disappointed and disheartened in our endeavor, but immediately are conscious of others in the line bearing the same inscription and perceive that the majority display the same mystic words whose meaning we long and tediously strive to comprehend; we strain our eyes, but in vain. No other members of the procession have any interest for us; our whole attention is fixed on those mysterious characters, which possess a peculiar fascination for us and seem to mock us in their incomprehensibility. But we determine that we will gain their meaning. Now one approaches whose inscription stands out more prominently than the others, but it gradually fades and vanishes as the rest have done—uninterrupted. We acknowledge ourselves defeated and turn to leave, when we see a woman approaching us. Fair in feature, and perfect in form, she seems a living representation of the artist's ideal dream of beauty. When she reaches our side she halts. In one hand there glitters a golden wand, and in the other—oh! what is it?—a folded manuscript bearing the same mysterious words which we have endeavored so long to read. But even now we can not read them. They seem covered with a thin film,—too dim and faded to read. The woman holds the manuscript before our eyes, and we sadly shake our head in answer to her interrogative look. Then she slowly passes the golden wand over the mysterious characters,

and immediately they begin to assume the form of words and, like the invisible picture on the photographer's "negative" at the magic touch of chemicals, gradually grow in distinctness, and we discover their long-hidden meaning. We turn and again watch the almost forgotten line filing past us, and on nearly every manuscript we now clearly distinguish the two words—"Love Story." The beautiful interpreter gently touches our arm and we turn and gaze into her wonderfully blue eyes; but only for a moment do we look. Smiling she raises her wand, holds it poised for a moment, then gently taps our forehead with it, and vanishes, and—we awake to find our room-mate with an up-drawn pencil ready to come down on our head a second time and the college magazine which we had been reading lying before us opened at a love story.

We lay it aside and pick up another. The only stories which it contains—three in number—are love stories. This is true with the majority of the college magazines which we receive. The greater number of their contributions are in the nature of love stories. Now, we do not condemn a story simply because it is a love story, for we enjoy reading one of this kind as well as any when it is well written; but the trouble lies in the well-known fact that a love story is the most difficult for a person to write, especially an amateur. All of the plots seem to have been "cut and dried" and made to order. They are as old as love itself and just about as inconsistent. Why do not college students go to other sources for their material? Let them draw upon their vivid imaginations—for they have such—and translate their products into language (*written* language, I mean). No matter if the story does seem a little out of tune with things of the present, and too fanciful in conception, if it is properly and interestingly written it deserves a place in the magazine and will generally find one. Let the students learn that the college magazines do not require an adherence to rigidly fixed rules of artistic excellence as more mature journals do, and they will begin to hand in more contributions with a wider and more varied range of thought. Life is full of little experiences and adventures which, in themselves, are of trivial importance, yet by aid of the imagination they may be turned into interesting reading. Of all the reading matter in our magazines the fiction, perhaps, is most widely read. Therefore, it should be of as high an order as is possible to obtain, and the responsibility of this excellence rests with the students more than with the editors, for they must have material even if they have to accept contributions of low merit. All this, however, is by way of general remarks, and we now turn our mind to our exchanges.

We turn to a review of *The Acorn* with pleasure, judging from its attractive appearance that we shall not be disappointed in viewing its contents. Nor are we disappointed after a careful perusal. Although

this magazine is yet in its first volume, there are many, much older, that would do well to imitate it. Its cover is neat and well in harmony with its title. The present issue is full of good stories, essays and sketches, though somewhat deficient in poetry, containing only one poem. Poetry adds much to the attractiveness of a college magazine, and we would suggest to the editors that they encourage the students to write more of it. "A Revolutionary Heroine," by Minnie Claire Middleton, is a well-written story of a war-time adventure. The essay on "The Life of the Younger Pliny," by Annie J. Crisp, is a good sketch of the life and character of this famous Roman author and reveals a close study of, and familiarity with, his works. "The Coming of Night," by E. P., is a charming little piece of description picturing a scene from a society hall window "as the lingering streams of sunlight filter through the interlaced boughs" and "long shadows creep over the ground." The immediate surroundings and distant objects are pictured in interesting detail as darkness hovers over them; and their fading distinctness is picturesquely described as "gradually the floating mist grows denser; shadows deepen" and—"it is night." All the departments are competently conducted, and we are glad to note in one of the editorials a censure of sentimental love stories and a plea for more articles dealing with everyday college life. The present issue contains not a single story of the above-mentioned type, be it said to its credit.

The exchange editor of *The Chatterbox* in a poem (if such it might be called) laments the fact that other college magazines do not make notice, in their exchange departments, of this publication. Now, we do not mean to neglect any of our exchanges, but sometimes such is the case. The fact is, we have not space to devote to critical notices of all the magazines that come to our table each month, so that we are forced to select only a few for consideration each time, consequently it requires a good while to go around. *The Chatterbox* for January is an interesting number, and deserves commendation. It is only in its second volume, yet it has a good quality as well as quantity of material,—with the exception of poetry, and here it is deficient. "What's a Twin Without the Other" is a well-written story told in an interesting way. "The Character of Macbeth" is an essay that shows study and preparation.

The contents of *The Wesleyan* are well balanced between poetry and fiction, and the poetry of this number is very good, above the average, we think. "Thoughts of Home" shows a poetical appreciation of old home scenes and a natural longing for their enjoyment again. "Aftermath" is also good. "The Shadow of Dishonor," a story, shows good style, and bespeaks for the author ability in character depicting. The story is "to be continued," though, judging from the first installment, we think the whole of it could have been published, and would advise

against the "continuing" of stories in college magazines when it can be avoided. "When the Right One Appeared" is a love story, though it is above the average of that class, and the author deserves credit.

The Eatonian contains right many contributions, though they all are very short, in fact too short to hold one's interest. We would suggest that the editors endeavor to get the students of Union University more interested in their magazine—especially the literary department of it. "Life's Anchor" is a very flowery oration written by an alumnus of the college, in his sophomore year—we should judge. We think college magazines should publish live matter written by the students rather than old compositions of an alumnus—even if he is "taking a course at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary." The editorial department is well conducted, and we are glad to note that the editors are striving to arouse more interest, on the part of the students, in the magazine.

The Philomathean Monthly, though small in size, contains some very interesting reading matter. "For the Sake of Fame," by Sylvia Burns, is a love story and has a very simple plot, though it is interestingly told. "Melrose," by Crissie M. Heddings, is a good piece of description and shows ability in this kind of composition. This magazine contains only two poems and they are not very good. A few good poems mixed in with the prose greatly helps a magazine and gives it a good flavor.

We acknowledge receipt of the following: *The Randolph-Macon Monthly, The University of Virginia Magazine, The Susquehanna, Hampton-Sidney Magazine, The Guilford Collegian, Wofford College Journal, The X-Ray, The William Jewell Student, Southwestern University Magazine, Davidson College Magazine, The University Magazine, The Concept, The Red and White, The Mercerian, The Buff and Blue, The Central Collegian, The Kingfisher, The Index, Isoqueena, The Aurora, The Newberry Stylus, The College of Charleston Magazine, Chimes, William and Mary Magazine, The Athenka, The Criterion, The Winthrop College Journal, The Clemson College Chronicle.*

CLIPPINGS

Pat had been picked up on the street in an unconscious condition, had been hurried off to the hospital and operated upon for appendicitis. A few days later the doctor was telling him what had happened.

"You see," he exclaimed, "we took your appendix out."

"Where is ut now?" inquired Pat.

"It's over there in the window."

"Oi would loike to see ut."

"No, you must be very quiet for a few days yet."

Pat curbed his curiosity for the time, hut the next day, when no one was around to prevent, he raised up cautiously on his elbow and looked over toward the window. It happened that a monkey belonging to the hospital was sitting in the window, and it began making faces at him.

"Nivver moind, son," admonished Pat, plaintively, "don't do thot; yure mither is a moighty sick mon."—*Ex.*

Freshman—"Professor Pegues, I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

Professor Pegues—"Neither do I, hut it's the lowest mark I can give."—*Ex.*

Said a bearded "Med." to a fair Co-Ed.,
"I'm like a ship at sea;
Exams. are here, and I do fear
That I will 'husted' be."
"Oh, no!" she said; "I'll be a shore;
Come rest, your journey o'er."
Darkness fell and all was well,
For the ship had hugged the shore.—*Ex.*

"Non paratus," freshie dixit,
Cum a sad and doleful look,
"Omne rectum," Prof. respondit,
"Nihil," scripsit in his book.—*Ex.*

Y. M. C. A. Secretary—"I would like for you to do some canvassing for me to-night."

"Bird" Eagle (five minutes later)—"Hey, you ugly sinner, let's go to Y. M. C. A.; we are going to have a devil of a time up there to-night."—*Exchange.*

THE FIRST-YEAR MAN.

When I see a youth with his pants turned up and his beautiful socks on view,
And over one eye perched a little round hat, with a ribbon of mauve or blue,
And the fourteen rings and the seven pins that he got at his dear prep. school,
Why, it strikes a chord—I say: "O Lord! was I ever that big a fool?"

When I see a youth with his gloves turned down and a cigarette stuck in his face,
And a loud check coat and a horse-cloth vest and a half-an-inch shoelace,
And a bunch of hair that hides his ears and a line of senseless drool,
Then I paw the sward as I say: "O Lord! was I ever that big a fool?"
—*Ex.*

Mary had a little lamb
Just thirty years ago;
The chops we had for lunch to-day
Were from that lamb, I know.—*Ex.*

Man is like unto a kerosene lamp:
He isn't especially bright;
He's often turned down, usually smokes,
And frequently goes out at night.—*Ex.*

When you court a girl to wed her,
Never let the question stop;
First you have to pop the question,
Then you have to question pop.—*Ex.*

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

W. H. VANN, Editor pro tem

—Anniversary!

—Did *she* come?

—Mumps! Have you had them?

—Remember the Howler, boys. Editor-in-Chief McMillan and Business Manager Melton are hard at work on it, and will be glad of any help you can give them. The annual for this year has been dedicated to Hon. W. W. Kitchin.

—Miss Louise Williams visited Miss Ruby Reid during anniversary.

—Miss Hallie Powers had as her guests Miss Anna Kitchin, of Scotland Neck, and Miss Mary Willie Millner, of Leaksville.

—Mr. M. W. Tyree, of Raleigh, was at his studio for a few days during January making photographs for the Howler.

—We were glad to welcome on the Hill for Anniversary Miss Louie Poteat, who brought with her Misses Jeannette Daniel, Myra Vann, Rena Camp, and Lila Keith, all of the Baptist University in Raleigh.

—Among the many alumni who were present for the celebration, we noted the faces of Messrs. R. T. Daniel and D. B. Zollicoffer, Jr., of Weldon, R. H. Ferrell and C. T. Goode, of Oxford, O. R. Mangum, of Selma, K. R. Curtis, of Severn, T. A. Lyon, of Elizabethtown, C. R. Smith, of Timmonsville, S. C., S. W. Brewer, V. O. Weathers, J. W. Bunn and R. N. Simms, of Raleigh, W. O. Johnson, Clyde Jenkins, and C. N. Dunn.

—Miss Helen Briggs, of Raleigh, is visiting Miss Bessie Dunn.

—Wake Forest has been the scene of two pretty weddings lately. On the afternoon of February 5, Miss Norma Martin was married to Mr. John W. Hartsfield, Dr. Lynch performing the ceremony in a beautiful manner. They left on the afternoon train for an extended bridal trip.

—At the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Isaac Fort, Miss Minnie Holding, of Sanford and Mr. St. Clair, of the same place, were united in marriage. On the preceding afternoon a delightful shower party was given in honor of the bride by Miss Mattie Gill.

—Miss Jessie Powell, of Petersburg, Va., has been visiting Miss Ada Lee Timberlake.

—Mr. Archibald Johnson, editor of Charity and Children, spoke to the ministerial students on the minister's part in the laymen's movement. His address proved interesting and instructive.

—We were glad to have with us Rev. Hight C. Moore, the newly elected editor of *The Biblical Recorder.*

—Rev. Livingston Johnson, the beloved corresponding secretary of our State convention, was here for the first anniversary in many years.

—Mrs. J. Richard Crozier spent a week in Greensboro with Mrs. W. O. Riddick, while the basketball team was away.

—The mid-winter number of *The Bulletin* is out, and contains much of interest. Professor Mills concludes his article, "Forty Years in the Wilderness;" Dr. Sikes writes about the gymnasium, and Professor Carlyle tells of "How it Was Done"—referring to the endowment.

—We regret to record the death of Mrs. Walker. She was known and beloved by many friends in the community. THE STUDENT extends sympathies to her son and relatives.

—On January 27th Doctor Poteat gave the annual lecture before the Contemporary Club of Henderson. As usual he delighted the audience with his address.

—Prof. J. H. Highsmith was in Raleigh on January 25th, where he gave an address before the Philoretian Society of the Baptist University. His subject was, "Aesthetic Education."

—The Mercer Debate this year will be held in Atlanta on Easter Monday. Wake Forest proposed the query, "Resolved, That the tendency toward the centralization of power in the Federal Government is for the best interest of the Republic," and Mercer has selected the negative. The preliminary will be held early in March.

—On the evening of February 10th Mr. and Mrs. Crozier gave a delightful reception in honor of the Sophomore basketball team, winners of the series. Prof. H. M. Poteat acted as toast-master, and a most enjoyable evening was spent by all. Those present were Messrs. D. B. Carrick, W. C. Allen, Jr., E. V. Freeman, V. L. McCullers, W. B. Daniel, G. F. Williamson, E. B. Howard and R. H. Shanks.

—Arrangements for commencement have been completed. Departing from the usual custom, Dr. Lynch will preach the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday morning, May 17th, and the Glee Club concert will occur Wednesday evening. Senator Robert L. Taylor, of Tennessee, is to deliver the literary address, and Prof. J. O. Atkinson, of Elon College, speaks before the Alumni. The graduating exercises will be held Friday morning, as usual, and the reception Friday evening.

—Twenty members of the law class stood the examination for licenses the first of February, and as a result twenty new shingles will be soon swinging in the breeze. Truly a remarkable record, but in keeping with Professor Gulley's past achievements. On the night after all had successfully demonstrated their knowledge of the law, they were tendered a sumptuous banquet by Mr. J. W. Bailey, a member of the class. Besides the members of the class there were present Profs. N. Y. Gulley and E. W. Timberlake.

—Much interest was developed during January in the class basketball games. The Sophomores, after tying with the Freshmen in their first contest, put in some hard practice, and after starting off with a rush, managed to win an exciting game by the score of 15 to 10. White II. played well for the Freshmen, and Allen and Freeman for the Sophs. The Seniors found the Juniors rather easy, defeating them by the score of 20 to 11. Prevette did the scoring for the Juniors, while Creech and Griffin played star ball for the Seniors.

The deciding game of the series proved the most interesting. The first half was fast and furious, and when time was called the upper classmen led by 9 to 7. But in the second half the Sophs put on their fighting clothes and ran away with things, rolling up nine points to naught for the Seniors. Much enthusiasm was manifested by the spectators. The playing of Freeman and Allen, of the Sophs, and Stewart, of the Seniors, were features.

At the conclusion of the game an oyster supper was given in honor of the winners by Mrs. W. M. Dixon.

Those playing on the various class teams were as follows:

Freshmen.—White, R., captain, and White, H., forwards; Willis, centre, and Highsmith and Sawyer, guards.

Sophomores.—Allen, captain, and Daniel, forwards; Carrick, centre; McCullers and Freeman, guards.

Juniors.—Prevette and Adams, forwards; Knott, centre; Leggett, captain, and Coggin, guards.

Seniors.—Creech and Bryan, forwards; Griffin, captain, centre; and McMillan and Stewart, guards.

Among the bestplayers of the series were Freeman, Griffin, Carrick, Prevette, Creech, Allen and White. These games will do much for basketball, for besides fostering class spirit they develop material for the college team. We hope they will become a permanent feature.

—It is a pleasure to note the reorganization of the Athletic Association, and this time, we believe, on a permanent and substantial basis. The Association has over two hundred members, and what is more important, nearly a hundred and fifty dollars has been already pledged. This will give the ball team a good start. The following officers and committees have been selected: President, F. F. Brown; Vice-President, L. B. Weathers; Secretary, R. L. McMillan. Advisory and Finance Committee, F. F. Brown, Mr. J. R. Crozier, Prof. E. W. Timberlake. Cheer Leader, J. E. Ray, Jr. The athletic spirit is on the boom at Wake Forest now, and the movement should appeal to all alumni and friends of the College for their loyal and enthusiastic support. There is nothing which will help Wake Forest so much as a good athletic spirit, which is bound to result in turning out winning teams.

—The basketball team has just started on its southern trip as we go to press. News of only one game—with

the Asheville School has reached us so far, the result being in our favor. Other teams will be the Asheville Y. M. C. A., Atlanta Y. M. C. A., Columbus Y. M. C. A., and Alabama A. and M. at Auburn. These are all strong teams, but we believe Crozier's proteges will win a majority of the games played.

—An enjoyable feature of anniversary was a concert given on Thursday evening, February 13, by the Alkahest Ladies Quartette, which came here through Mr. B. L. Powers. The program consisted of quartettes, vocal solos, violin solos, and recitations. The violin and soprano numbers were especially good, while the reader was several times encored.

—With the return of balmy days, Coach Crozier has called out the baseball candidates, and whenever the weather permits they are out practicing. Captain Hamrick, Conch, Freeman, Benton and White of last year's team are back, and there are several others who will give a good account of themselves, prominent among them being Temple, last year of A. and M., and Hammond, of Oak Ridge. With the loyal support of faculty, students and citizens of the Hill, Wake Forest should have the best team we have put out in several years.

—Again has come and gone that event of the college year to which we all look forward with the keenest anticipation, and upon which we all look back with fondest recollections—Anniversary. For the seventy-third time the societies have celebrated their birth, and in many ways it was the best celebration held here in many years. It would take many a volume to tell of all that was said and done, but we must needs content ourselves with merely a brief resumé of events.

On Friday afternoon a large audience gathered to hear a most interesting debate on the query, "Resolved, That

the present tendency toward centralization in the National Government is detrimental to the Republic." The first speaker was Hubert A. Jones, Eu. He held that centralization was contrary to the principles laid down in the Constitution, taking away too much liberty from the individual States. His speech was clear and well expressed. George O. Marshall, Phi., upheld the negative, declaring that to oppose centralization was not to keep abreast of the times. He laid down his points logically and in order, in well chosen words.

Fred. T. Collins, breezy and original in style, spoke in his usual way, sometimes wandering slightly from the subject, but thrusting home his arguments in an original manner. He carried weight with what he said.

The last speech was by Edgar E. White, Eu. He spoke smoothly and fluently, occasionally going into flights of oratory. His manner compelled the attention of the audience, and his argument had much influence with the judges.

The replies were short and to the point, emphasizing a former argument or belittling that of an opponent.

The judges were Chief Justice Walter Clark, Dr. R. T. Vann, and Mr. R. N. Simms. Judge Clark announced the decision, which was two to one in favor of the negative.

At night came the orations. These were of unusual excellence, and commanded the interest and attention of their listeners. Fred. F. Brown, Eu., spoke on "The Builders of the South," praising in eloquent terms and impassioned oratory the men and women who played the lesser but more important part in the South's development. Aurenus T. Howard, Phi., had for his subject "The New Internationalism." He handled it clearly and forcefully, bringing out the relation between different

nations and different individuals as affected by different conditions.

Then followed the reception in the ever-beautiful society halls, where lovely maidens and gallant youths enacted once more the scenes so familiar to all who have attended Anniversary, yet indescribable to those who have not. We will pass over this—suffice it to say that it was like all other similar occasions, lest perhaps the crowd was larger, the boys more attentive, the girls were prettier, and all enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent.

The music for the occasion was furnished by the Third Regiment Orchestra of Raleigh, and contributed much to the enjoyment of all present. But at last the train whistled, the guests slowly left the hall, the lights went out, one by one, and another Anniversary had passed into history.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXVII. MARCH, 1908 No. 7

THE LULL

H. F. PAGE.

Frayed shreds of cloud, becalmed,
  Hang low about the west,
The blast-scourged air let free
  Sinks wearily to rest.

Off there among the trees
  A late wind-whisper calls.
Upon the drooping woods
  A troubled twilight falls.

Where skies unflush, wan stars
  Come quivering to their birth,
And Silence, dark-veiled, bends
  To kiss the swooning Earth!

A GAMBLE FOR LOVE

By Leblanc.

The story which I am about to tell will seem passingly strange to those who read it; nevertheless it is true. To me, as I now think of those times, it appears like a dream of only yesterday. How quickly the days do pass! The scene and events of its history will be questioned as beyond all fact, I know; but the passing events of everyday life are wonderfully more romantic than even some of those weird fancies of a Poe or a Munchausen. Mark them, and while marking them, listen to this story of mine.

I am rather what you might term a man of the world, although I haven't indulged in many extravagancies—except that I one time bought a two thousand poodle dog for a charming lady friend of mine. I love excitement and have some nerve. This can be proved; for one time in my short life of thirty-five years I served as chief attendant upon his majesty, the King of Turkey. As I had to taste his food before it was served to him, I think that probably I could be placed among the category under which brave men, if not heroes, come. Just such an affair in which I was to be one of the principals had lent some excitement to my otherwise care-free life. But to my story.

Cragon and I were enemies, for there had existed a feud between his and our families since the close of the war. He and father had gone to the war together. They were inseparable—each had spilt his lifeblood for his cause. Both, before they left, were in love with the same young lady. After their return, the same friendly rivalry continued until one morning my father found it

necessary for him to leave town on account of a scandalous rumor which involved the good name of another. He knew at once that Cragon had played the part of a Judas. Thereupon he went West to Kansas. He prospered and became tolerably wealthy. There I was born.

He taught me the treachery of this friend and engraved on my heart the revenge for which he so often wished. It is needless to say that Cragon married the girl—*the girl who might have been my mother!*

As time went on, my father died and then my mother. Thus I was left free with a neat sum tucked away in the vaults of my bank.

I forgot the injunctions and the last words of my father: "See that you make him pay," in my eagerness to see the world. The world I have seen, and not until some weeks ago had my careless life been turned from its course.

It was in this way: I was spending a week at the springs watching the races, and in the meanwhile recuperating some of the health and vigor which I had lost during the summer while in the tropics.

Not having much else to do, I made the acquaintance of a few men, whom I learned were from the South—the State of Georgia. These men, like myself, were happy, indulgent fellows, and they being from the South, too, made me feel better disposed toward them.

Early one afternoon, about the time for the races to begin, we fellows—who had obtained seats just opposite the judges' stand—were choosing our preferences and making our bets, when a fine-looking old gentleman, evidently from the South, and a young lady passed in front of us.

"Geewhilikins," I exclaimed, "who in the name of Venus is that young lady yonder?"

"Shut up, you fool, they'll hear you. That's Judge Cragon and his daughter. No, you haven't heard of him? Why, he's one of the big dogs about here. You see that fine racer, yonder? That horse belongs to him. Keeps a big stable, I understand, and plays pretty heavily on them."

I hadn't paid much attention to what my friend had been saying. The name Cragon stuck in my head and wouldn't get out. "Cragon, Cragon, Cragon," I kept mumbling, and then like a flash I remembered.

"What in the deuce is the matter with you, Welton? The races have begun and here you are gone off into rhapsodies over a pretty woman whom you never saw before."

This ejaculation recalled me from my reverie, but the races didn't prove interesting at all. Funny, I won every wager I made—a good sign from Fate, I thought.

That night in my rooms, I mapped out my course of procedure. Here within my grasp was the man who had insulted my father; the man on whom was my father's curse; the man on whom I was to wreak vengeance; the man whom "I should make pay." I had not kept my promise to my father; I had not given his words more than a single thought. But I was up against Fate now—everything of the past beckoned me to do his bidding and command. I tried to sleep—but no sleep would come to my eyes. How am I to do it? how am I to do it? kept surging through my fevered head. At last, as dawn was breaking, the early light seemed to pierce even my dull brain. *Make her love you and throw her aside; ruin the old man!*

I never thought for a moment what would be the consequences if I were ruined in the bargain. It seemed to me as if the hand of chance seared, or probably the

devil it was, who seared those words on my brain. To this day I can not say which. But I can say this: I felt what Faust must have felt when he bartered his soul to the devil. Any way there was no way out of the dilemma. I was determined—and win, I would.

I learned that day where Cragon and his daughter were stopping, and procured rooms in the same hotel. None of my acquaintances knew them, and it was several days before the opportunity of an introduction presented itself. I had registered under an assumed name, telling my friends that I just felt a little romantic and didn't want the young lady to know who I really was. No other questions were asked.

One day at the golf-links—I joined every worthy organization I could to make myself as conspicuous as possible—I met an old college chum. Learning that he knew Miss Cragon, I asked for an introduction. He gladly assented, but with the warning that if I didn't mind out that she would loosen the strings of my love-forsaken heart.

That very night I met her. Indeed, I believe she was the most charming woman I had ever had the pleasure of meeting—the Continent not even excepted.

"What a pity," I murmured, "what a pity. Suppose I were the cause whereby her father was ruined?"

I put such thoughts aside. Having met Cragon, all ideas other than that of revenge left me. I was like a blood-hound on the trail, my one thought was "to make him pay."

Knowing that he was very much interested in racing, and seeing that he prided himself on being such a heavy better and such a fine judge of horse-flesh, I took occasion to interest myself more in these fads. The races were on in full tilt, and to get on the good side of the old

fellow, I began to show his daughter every attention possible. This seemed to please him very much. Yet, all the while, I was laughing in my sleeve at him. Before the week was ended, Cragon and I had begun to make small wagers with each other. I saw that he did not relish losing with very much taste, because he prided himself particularly on his ability to judge the winners.

By making the acquaintances of several of the jockeys, I picked up here and there bits of information that were useful to me.

At the end of another week, Cragon and I were pretty thick with each other. I had won considerably more from him than I had lost to him. Nevertheless, he kept up his good humor. This friendship lasted until the day of the Derby. For some reason he appeared very distant—he was hardly courteous in his greeting. I searched for reason after reason and none seemed plausible, except that he might have learned who I really was. Well, if he had, I would make him pay, if it took the last cent of my fortune.

It was about time for the first race to begin. We, Miss Cragon, he, and I had just found our seats when the whistle blew for the horses to get into line.

"Cragon," I said, and the devil must have been in me, "I'll stake this roll of bills against half the amount of your money that Troelus wins?"

"How much?" he asked eagerly, for Troelus was booked among the improbables.

"Ten thousand, against your five."

"The bet's good. I take you. Here's my money. Violet, you hold stakes."

I handed her my money and as I did, I caught an inquiring look from her clear blue eyes, which seemed to mock me.

"And your name is Violet," I questioned.

She only answered with a disdainful bow of her head.

Our whole attention was thereafter directed upon the racers. To my astonishment Troelus won by two lengths. Cragon was beside himself with anger. His daughter handed me the money with a haughty look in her azure eyes.

"Never mind," hissed Cragon, "my time next."

But his time that day never came. I won every bet that I made with him. Chance must have favored me. I was twenty-five thousand to the good!

As I left them to go to my rooms, Cragon didn't speak to me. I turned to his daughter to say good-bye. She turned away as if she had never seen me, and, with a proud shrug of her shoulders, walked by me. As she did so, I mockingly bowed and walked up stairs to my rooms.

I was finishing my toilet for dinner when a bell-boy brought me a note from Cragon.

"Meet me," he wrote, "at the Albemarle Club at eight. Have some important business to transact with you."

There had been rumors of late concerning Cragon's losses in Wall Street; but certainly the loss of twenty-five thousand dollars would not affect such a wealthy man as Cragon was reputed to be.

I met him at the Club at the stated time. He was there waiting for me. He motioned me into a private room; told the porter to let no one disturb us; coolly beckoned me to be seated, locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

I looked at him in surprise, watching his every action. I noticed he seemed paler and older, but otherwise he appeared as calm and distant as usual.

He seated himself opposite me, and then all of a sudden his whole being seemed to collapse. I was at my wit's end to know the meaning of all this when I heard Cragon address me:

"Orton," I breathed a little more easily, for he called me by my assumed name, "I am a ruined man. My losses in Wall Street and my betting this afternoon have bankrupted me. I am a criminal before God and the law. I have gambled with the money that the poor people of my town placed in the vaults of my bank. I've lost, lost—yes, lost everything—my name, my money, and—oh, gracious God help me!"

He stopped and began sobbing softly like a broken-hearted woman.

I felt no sense of pity for him. My every fiber was bent on getting this man within my grasp. When I spoke, even I did not recognize my own voice, and Cragon looked up fearful.

"Cragon, what can I do to help you?"

"Do, my God; what can you do! You can do everything! Lend me seventy-five thousand for ten days and I'll give you any securities you ask."

"Lend *you* seventy-five thousand dollars for ten days? Oh, is that all you want?"

"Yes, seventy-five thousand. With that much money," he spoke hurriedly, "I can make a million the way stocks are now. Let me have that amount and, I repeat, you can have what securities you wish."

"You want seventy-five thousand? Well, I'll—let—you—have—this—money—and—if—you—lose—I—am—at—liberty—to—make—you—pay—any—way—that—I—wish?"

"Yes."

I drew out a roll of bank notes.

"Here is the amount, to be paid back within ten days at this hour, at this place. And if you lose, remember our contract, will you?"

"Yes."

Cragon got up, unlocked the door and walked out.

* * * * * * *

The night was dark and gloomy. The lowering clouds, which shut out the stars, seemed to be just on the point of unloading their burdens. The atmosphere had a wet and dampy feeling—just such a night when one would like to be seated before a good, roaring fire with the companionship of a favorite book. I buttoned my overcoat tighter around me. This was the night that Cragon was to meet me, either to pay back the money or suffer whatever penalty I should inflict. As I walked into the club room, I did not see him. I went into the room where I was to meet him. He was not there. It lacked about five minutes of the time appointed, so I waited. The hour struck and still Cragon had not come. I waited a minute longer. As I was going out the door, I almost ran into him.

"Ha! good evening."

"What, you here a' ready?" he exclaimed.

We walked in together. This time it was I who locked the door. He looked around nervously. We both sat down, silent. I waited for him to speak.

"Orton," at length he said, "I lost, and may God pity me."

"Pity you! May the devils in Hades consume you," I shouted.

"Cragon, do you know who I am? I am not Orton—I am Claude D. Welton, Esq., at your service, sir!"

"My God!" he jumped like a man shot.

"Yes, Claude Welton, the son of your most honored friend, Claude Welton—dead now, let me see, five years this coming March."

"I thought I had seen you before; I told Violet so. You, Claude Welton's son? I can't believe it; I can't believe it!"

"Yes, and you had just as well believe it. I am. That settles that. Now to business. You played my father false, and I am here to-night to make you pay for that treachery. You shall pay! You sold yourself to me—you lost, and I won. You shall pay me in the terms which I shall in a moment stipulate."

"Have mercy on me, Welton. What wrong have I done *you* that you will have no mercy on me?"

"Hold your tongue, you brute. I have enough cause, you know full well. Listen to what I am about to say: While you were in New York, I fell in love with your daughter"—he looked up quickly, hope gleaming in his watery eyes—"I believe she loves me. You owe me seventy-five thousand dollars. I do not want you to give me your daughter—I wouldn't have her from you as a gracious gift. But I'll take her in this way:

"Here is a deck of cards and poker chips—you shall play for the money you owe me and I shall stake that money against the hand of your daughter. You hear? Chance or as you will the devil shall decide who shall be the winner. It was the devil's bargain from the beginning. Be seated at this table."

As I uttered these words, he straightened up and every muscle seemed taut with new hope.

He won the deal. He shuffled the cards with jaunty easiness that was provoking. He won hand after hand. Then I seemed to awake as from a dream.

"Play, man, play," something seemed to whisper, "play for the woman you love and d— the old man."

After that I won hand after hand, deal after deal. Hot beads of perspiration hung thickly on Cragon's brow; his breath came in gasps. The next hand was dealt. Cragon had only ten chips left.

"Bet you ten," I cried.

"Call you," he roared back.

* * * * * * *

I placed a royal straight on the table. Cragon looked at the cards stupidly as if in a trance. Suddenly he leaped up and with an oath struck me. I felt a sharp pain in my chest as if a hot iron had seared my flesh. Before I could recover myself Cragon ran out of the door.

I must have lost consciousness, for the lights seemed all of a sudden to go out. When I awoke—it must have been a good while—I was lying on the floor, I was conscious for a moment of a hurting and throbbing in my chest. I looked up and there was Violet bending over me.

"Don't move," she whispered, "I was at the door when it happened. He is gone but I have remained"—

"Yes," I interrupted hoarsely, "I love you—have loved you all the while. I staked all, everything because I loved you. Violet, would you have gone with me?"

"Yes," she murmured.

The lights seemed to vanish again and I thought I was being wafted away to fairy lands where only violets bloomed.

MEMORIAL STANZAS—IN MEMORY OF W. R. W.

By R. E. Walker.

The wind-swept sky was keen and cold.
The gentle Pleiades in fright
Fled onward through melodious space;
And pale, majestic Cytherea
Climed the heaven's studded slope
And strangely mingled light and shade
To aid poor ghosts, the living-dead,
Returning from their graves to right
Some grievous wrong received in life.
And Boreas, wandering from his zone
Of ice and snow, with piteous wail,
Complaining, lingered near the door,
Besieging cheer and comfort hard.
Alone in pensive thought we sat
Before that loved, old foot-worn hearth.
Between us was a vacant chair,
And when I looked, methought I saw
A once familiar form. Then as
I mused with heavy, aching eyes,
The gentle god of slumber led
Me far away in spirit-land
And smote me with his dreamy-wand.
I saw a manly, fallen form
Which crushed and mangled, bleeding lay;
And wondered if some angered god
Had hurled him down in jealous hate.
He only breathed, but life was there:
I hoped, I prayed that he might live.
His mother came in silent woe
And stood beside her darling boy,

While quietly her brimming eyes
O'erflowed; and from her quivering lips
Methought I heard the voice of prayer.
In calm, majestic mien she stood
And watched the losing struggle in
The heaving bosom of her son.
Then in a shadowy corner of
The gloomy chamber, near the couch
Of pain, methought I saw a group
Of three—the fateful sisters born
Of Jove's high counselor, the stern
Old Themis. Solemnly they spoke.
The meaning of their voiceless words
I knew, as if another sense
Were mine; and while I looked, alas!
The dreaded Atropos drew forth
Her spiteful shears and snapped in twain
The silver thread, Lachesis marked.
In deep despair I turned away.
The lingering vision drove me mad,
My swelling heart it seemed would break
Unless the load of growing grief
Were taken from my heated brain.
Crazed, anon I hastened from
The scene, and glided through the tombs
To stumble o'er a new-made grave
And dream an angel called to me.
Then mother's voice in gentle tones
Aroused me from my fitful dream.
Ah me! I vainly dared to hope.
The winter's snows have melted o'er
His grave, and sobbing rains have beat
His tomb through many a dreary night.
Poor boy, alas he died so young,

And left it seems his work undone;
Yet who will say he died too soon?
Whene'er God sees his child should come,
We love to think he takes him home,
Where by the brooks of Asphodel,
On bright Elysium's meadows green,
He meets with those he loved on earth
And sees his dear Redeemer's face
And joins the countless throng who serve
For aye around the throne of God
Arrayed in garments white. And as
They serve, beholding their dear Lord,
From glory on to glory change
Becoming liker to their King.
  To careless eyes his life was blank:
He was not base Ambition's tool,
Nor yet exacting Learning's slave,
Nor devotee of gold, but one
Who ever found life's chiefest joy
Around the loved, old foot-worn hearth
And in his mother's tender care.
Let not the thoughtless crowd now scorn
His humble life, nor deem it lost
Because he crushed not others' hearts
Nor lucre wrung from toilers' hands
To build himself a famous name;
But rather, moved with love for men.
Helped all their burdens bear. Alas!
The hearts of men are sore, because
Some thoughtless, selfish, heartless man
Drunken with desire of fame,
Aspires to reach the glorious height
By wrong, inglorious means.

O Muse, that was an idle strain,
Return, and trifles drive away.
We think him dead, we hope he lives—
Man "thinks he was not made to die,"
And in that yet all-glorious hope
We rest and wait and serve until
That hidden Day when from the clouds
Of glory Heaven's trump shall blow
To call the righteous dead with those
On earth who Jesus love and serve,
"To be forever with the Lord."
Then slumber on beneath the sod.
Favonius comes with gentle breath,
And violets riot with hyacinths
Of sorrow born, upon thy grave,
The shrine of all our grief and woe.
But now we check our useless tears,
And leaving thee with Heaven, Christ,
And God, would strike a cheerier strain.

THE SAFEGUARD OF THE REPUBLIC

By Chas. S. Barnette, '08.

Two recent occurrences in our nation's history have resulted in concentrating the mind of the public, for a short time, upon two elements in our national organization; and these two elements have been viewed in their wide relation to the welfare and prosperity of the country. One of these events was the sailing some time ago of the great Atlantic fleet upon its long western cruise. The other occurrence was the recent disturbance in the financial institutions of the country which at one time threatened a panic. Consequently much intellectual energy has been expended in efforts to show the weak points in our banking institutions and in our navy, and many theories and plans have been proposed for the strengthening of these. This interesting attitude has been taken on the assumption that the safety of the United States rests in the perfection of its monetary system or the completeness of its navy. Without either of these the nation would be terribly crippled and impeiled, but the one vital element, and the basis upon which our future greatness will rest, lies elsewhere.

Of course banks perform important services in our industrial and economic relations, but having been created in response to a demand for convenience in the industrial and commercial world, they are, in a manner, dependent upon these as conditions for their existence; and while their usefulness and importance are clearly apparent, they do not compose the one fundamental factor in our government. The navy exists for the purpose of protection from external foes. But today, owing to certain unavoidable conditions, there are liable to arise internal

complications more serious and destructive in their advance than would be the invasion of an armed host, and some of these threatened complications are slowly but gradually crystalizing into reality.

The social life of the country is being entangled in a network of problems, of which the most serious—the race question—is assuming such proportions that its climactic certainty is frightening in its seriousness. There are dark and threatening clouds rising on the political horizon. Nor is there harmony in the industrial world: capital and labor are striving against each other. Such problems as these are not necessarily signs of national decay. The components of a progressive civilization are necessarily various and complex, and it is unavoidable that they should occasionally ruffle the surface waters. But as long as their progress can be checked the welfare of the country is safe. The United States is today experiencing the most prosperous age in its social and economic development, and serious internal complications threaten, not in one, but in every element of its organization—social, political and economic.

What is the remedy for this state of affairs? In what direction may we look for a balm for our ills, and a safeguard for the future? To public education. Education, in one form or another, has existed since the beginning of the human race. Our common ancestors in the Garden of Eden were subjects of divine instruction; but it is a historical fact that no two nations, either in theory or practice, ever held the same conception of education. Consequently in a study of the civilizations of ancient countries we find the individual one-sided and defective in his development. In the Grecian we find the æsthetic sense developed to neglect of the others. The practical side of Roman nature was emphasized. But education,

like the other great and lasting institutions, has undergone reform until to-day we seem to have arrived at last at a true definition of it. The educative process should not be carried on in a manner to leave the individual one-sided, but all of his powers should be equally trained and brought into harmonious relationship. Educators have at last come to realize this comprehensive end of education, and while we have many definitions of education they all embody practically the same conception. "Education," says Professor James, "is the organization of acquired habits of action such as will fit the individual to his physical and social environment." Or in the words of Mr. White: "The one comprehensive end of education is to prepare man to fulfill the purposes of human existence, i. e., *to live completely*. These purposes include the perfection of man's nature for his highest well-being and happiness, and his preparation for the right discharge of all the obligations and duties which spring from his relation to his fellows, to society, to the State and to God."

Viewing education from an individualistic standpoint its importance to the individual as such—minus his social relations—is indeed great. It raises his life from the rut of sordid materiality, broadens his mental horizon and brings him into the "spiritual possessions of the race," as President Butler puts it. Education assists the individual in forming ideals, and the man who strives after the attainment of an ideal is a man of character. Continually comparing his accomplishments with the attributes of the ideal he comes to realize his own inferiority and a selfish and egotistic nature is thereby held in check.

But no man liveth to himself, and just here is where we take a broader view of education and viewing it

through its sociological aspect, emphasize its national importance. The significance of education in its relation to the welfare and prosperity of the nation was recognized by Washington. In his message to Congress in 1790 he wrote: "Knowledge is in every country the surest basis of public happiness. In one in which the measures of government receive their impression so immediately as in ours, from the sense of the community, it is proportionately essential." And Thomas Jefferson in a letter to Washington in 1786 said: "It is an axiom in my mind that our liberty can never be safe but in the hands of the people themselves, and that, too, of the people with a certain degree of instruction." The conception of education even in the time of Washington and Jefferson was as a safeguard of democracy. Such also was the view held by James Madison. He wrote: "A popular government without popular information or the means of acquiring it, is but a prologue to a farce or a tragedy, or perhaps both."

The conception of education, held by these statesmen, in its importance to national safety is more apparent in its application to our present national life than in was at the time of utterance; and the need of a democratic educated citizenship was never more in evidence than it is today. Not that illiteracy in the United States is increasing; it is decreasing, and intelligence has made a remarkable advance during the last generation. The trouble lies in the fact that our national life is in danger of growing faster than our educational life, and great problems are facing us that can only be solved through an educated citizenship.

National prosperity depends upon the unification of the different elements composing the government. Each element must work in harmony with each other element,

and all blend in the formation of a perfect unit, like the cell in the animal life. Each cell, or group of cells, has its particular function to perform and carries on its labors irrespective of those of its neighbor, each working for the general welfare of the community yet in the end all collaborating in the formation of the unit—the organism. The various elements in our government are becoming so sharply differentiated in their activities that the necessary relations for the unity of government are in danger of being obliterated. One phase of our industrial life works in antagonistic relations to the other: labor strives with capital. The social side is split by the race question, and some of the other elements bear conspicuously distinct relations one to another. The one thing that will bring these elements to conform to harmonious relations; that will transform heterogeneousness into homogeneousness is public diffusion of knowledge.

The correct solution of any great problem depends upon the selection of the correct viewpoint from which to view it. Education broadens the mind and enables an individual to view things in their true relations. It creates what may be designated as open-mindedness: that is, it destroys narrowness and prejudice, thereby enabling men to hold tentative attitudes towards all questions. On the other hand ignorance narrows and warps the mental factulties, and when an ignorant man has grasped one side of a question he retains his position with a pertinacity that precludes all other phases. Is not public education then the one thing that can clarify our political and social life and raise it upon a higher plane? It is an obvious fact that this phase of American life needs uplifting, and the most careless and indifferent observer can not fail to see the threatening clouds that

are gathering in the distance. Present disturbances predict a future climax. The thing to counteract this with is a democratic educated citizenship. This phase of education may seem theoretical in conception though it will be found practical in application.

However, there is another view which may be held of education,—its vital relation to our industrial life—and for proof of the national importance of industrial and economic advancement we need only to glance at the history of the world since the beginning of the eighteenth century and follow it to the present time. We find that all wars, formerly produced by religious or political complications now arise from purely economic causes. Most treaties and international relations are determined by, and based on economic conditions. The recent complications which threatened between Japan and the United States were brought about by economic causes. The great need for national expansion is caused by economic conditions. "The power, the stability, the influence of a nation," says Professor Monroe, "depends upon its economic status." How then does education affect a nation's industrial life?

It increases man's productive capacity. This important fact has been recognized by the States and as a result we have industrial schools scattered throughout the country. Nor has the national government been slow in apprehending this important educational development, and yearly spends enormous sums of money in carrying on experiments and in distributing the results of these investigations throughout the country. It has been conclusively proved and practical applications are being daily made that an acre of land can be made to yield through intelligent treatment, double or quadruple the amount that its yield would be under ordinary con-

ditions. The value of textile and other industrial forms of education is too well known to make mention of. The educated industrial man is far ahead of his uninformed brother in productive capacity.

Education, then, affects every phase of national life, and it naturally follows that in a democratic government the educational system should be as democratic as possible. In the United States it is very much so, but nevertheless there are defects in its system. Education is left, for the most part, to individuals and the national government is only indirectly concerned in public education. However, "Rome was not built in a day," and let us hope that public education in the United States will gradually rise to its just importance. If its history be viewed we find that it has already made great strides in its advancement. Convenient and comfortable school houses are being built to replace the old log cabins; interest in popular education is becoming more general; consequently more money is being obtained to carry on public education, though there is yet a great need of more, especially in some sections of the South. This is one of the weak points in the public school system in the South. Public school money is too scarce to employ the best grade of teachers. However, let us dream of the coming of that day, which has been predicted, when all the nations of the world will disarm themselves, and our nation shall convert the millions of dollars expended annually in keeping prepared its army and navy into a great public education fund that will flow into every corner of the country, thereby performing a greater service than it could possibly do otherwise.

IN FRONTIER STYLE

By William Rassendyl, '09.

Things were in a high state of excitement in Baskinton, especially among the baseball fans. It was nearing the close of the season and Baskinton held second place in the Bronco League. It had always held first place in former years, but this year they had met with bad luck on every side, had yielded first place to the Algonquins, from Cheyenne, and now, just nine days before the final game of the season, Hugh Yarmon, the star pitcher of the Cowboys, as the Baskinton team called themselves, had typhoid fever. Hugh had been the force that had held the team together. They had never feared the result when he was in the box, but now, with no hope for his recovery by the time of the decisive game where would the pennant go?

Frank Parkton, manager of the Cowboys, sat on the balcony of the Archeton Hotel pondering over the ill-luck of his team and trying to think of some of the pitchers he had known at his home in far off Massachusetts. Then he reverted to his college days and thought of the men who had worked in the box when he had played first base on the Harvard team. There was Jim Cushmann, and "Legs" Teddards, and that master twirler of the sphere, Arthur Gordon. He grew homesick as the thoughts of those days rushed through his brain. But why think of them when he knew it was utterly impossible for them to help him in this emergency? It had been three years since he had left Harvard and the first two of his team mates had married and settled down to business and he had just read in the paper that lay across his lap the announcement of Gordon's marriage on the

23rd to Miss Gertrude Yarmouth, of Sheridan, whom he remembered having met at Commencement in his senior year.

Frank was aroused from his reverie by the sound of some one approaching, and looking up he was suprised to see Beauford Mobley coming hastily toward him, his face agleam, and in his hands an open letter. Besides being his constant chum, Beauford was his partner in the Monckton, the richest mine on Copper Creek.

"Cheer up, old boy, here's good news for you," said Beauford exultantly, as he tossed the letter into Parkton's lap and dropped into a chair. "And when you've read that I've a scheme I'd like to propose."

Parkton eagerly devoured the letter and then reread it to make sure he was not in a dream. It was from Arthur Gordon. He was to pass through Baskinton on the afternoon of the 20th en route to Sheridan, and he insisted that Frank and Beauford accompany him there if possible; if it were impossible for them to go, to be at the train anyway so that he might catch a glimpse of his old classmates. When he had finished reading, Frank's mind was a confused muddle, but as soon as it began to clear up he readily surmised Beauford's scheme—in part, at least. Beauford began to outline his idea but he saw by the look of recognition in his partner's face that he had already guessed it. So together they planned and in an hour the whole thing was settled. If they were successful it meant that the Cowboys would at least have a fair chance at victory; if they failed, they might as well give up all hopes of the pennant. At any rate they intended to try it.

The two partners were laboring under a great strain for the next few days after the arrival of Arthur's letter, but they went about their work as usual, and everybody

thought it was the same thing that lay heavily upon the minds of the rest of Baskinton.

It seemed that time flew by and the 21st approached with incredible speed, until finally the distance was measured by the span of only one day. On the afternoon of that day those around the depot saw Frank and Beauford talking to a stalwart stranger. The train had just departed and the young man was using quite plain language to his companions, seemingly on the subject of the fleeing monster. They took his threats good-naturedly and did not heed his outbursts of anger, for somehow they seemed to know that by and by the storm would blow over. Frank told him there would be no other train until the next morning, and they then proceeded to the hotel, where Gordon soon recovered his spirits and resolved to make the best of his misfortune.

After supper they talked until eleven o'clock about the good old college days, and also of the varied experiences that had come since. They indulged in reminiscenses of their fraternity, of the girls they had liked, of the honors they had had in college,and of their sorrow in parting at that long-to-be-remembered Commencement. Frank, having foremost in his mind the work that was ahead of Gordon on the morrow, and knowing that a good night's rest would do lots toward putting him in the proper form, suggested that perhaps Arthur was tired from traveling and also that the conversation might be more interesting if they resumed it after having paid their respects to Morpheus.

After he had retired to his room Frank quietly slipped out and went down to police readquarters, from which place, however, he shortly emerged and returned to the hotel.

At seven the next morning Frank knocked at Gordon's door. Gordon responded and, going in, Frank hurried

him into his clothes that they might take a spin in his new touring car before breakfast. He had 'phoned for the car, and going down fifteen minutes later they found it waiting for them in front of the hotel. They piled in and were off, Frank chaffeuring. They went out to the Club and the machine ran smoothly enough, for the roads were in good condition and well graded. On their way back Frank seemed to be running just a little carelessly for he came within an inch of colliding with two or three wagons, actually struck one telegraph pole, knocked down the posts that supported the awnings of two fruit stands on the street, and had just turned on more gasoline preparatory to making a final spurt down the main street of the town when he was hailed by a mounted officer who proved to be the Chief of Police.

"I am sorry, young man, but I shall have to place you and the other occupants of the car under arrest for exceeding the speed limit. You will follow me this way," and he without further ado turned his horse in the direction of the town jail.

"I had nothing at all to do with running this car, and I am compelled to leave this place on the 11:39 train," shouted Gordon, angrily shaking his fist in the face of the Chief. "If we have committed an offense, name the fine and I'll pay right here, but understand this, I must leave here on the morning train." And he made such pronounced remonstrance that Frank was beginning to fear that there would be trouble. So he talked to Arthur, telling him that he would get him through all right, that he was very sorry the thing had occurred, that he had overlooked the speed limit thoughtlessly, but that he would endeavor to have the Chief use his influence for them and it might still be possible to get him off on the 11:39. Arthur was furious, however, and unreasonable,

and Frank decided it would be better to say nothing further to him.

At the jail the Chief made apology to Arthur for detaining him, but hoped he would understand that it was necessary for him to do so in the faithful discharge of his duty. He explained that he would endeavor to have the matter taken up before time for his train, but he hardly saw then how it would be possible, as there were two other cases to come up before this one. Arthur muttered something to himself and with Frank entered the jail.

In the meantime Beauford had wired to Miss Yarmouth as follows:

GERTRUDE YARMOUTH,
1211 17th St., W., Sheridan, Montana.
Arthur sick here. Come on first train, prepared to nurse him.
(Signed) BEAUFORD MOBLEY.

He then hurried around and acting in Frank's place made the incidental arrangements for the game that afternoon, met the rival team at the depot, and manage to keep himself busy until time for the morning train When he was sure that that had passed he rushed to the jail and inquired for Frank and Gordon, apparently having just heard of their trouble. In one breath he expressed his sympathy and surprise and demanded explanation, but without waiting to hear what they had to say, he arranged bond for the culprits and after a little red tape Frank and Arthur were again allowed to breathe in the open, although the latter did so with a sigh.

It was a hard task for Frank to explain to Arthur that he had been purposely careless about running the machine, nevertheless he realized that it must be done before he could expect to have him pitch against Cheyenne for him that afternoon, and too, he must be honest with

him. So when he reached their room he manfully made a clean breast of the whole thing, explaining why he had done so, and asking forgiveness. At first Arthur was highly indignant. After a little reflection, however, he saw that he would lose no fortune by the deal into which he had been forced, and that after all it would mean a difference of only a couple of days in reaching Sheridan. Finally he grew more civil, and reluctantly acquiesced.

The morning passed in a flurry and the afternoon grew rapidly older. With the declining sun approached the time when one of the teams must sing its swan song. Which would it be?

The one arrayed in modest uniforms of white, the other in dazzling red, the two teams had had their preliminary practice and were now resting, and looking anxiously forward to the time when the umpire should cry "play ball." Gordon seemed to be all out of spirits and was lying sullenly on the grass a short distance from the rest of the team. Nobody had noticed him.

The grandstand and bleachers were crowded to their utmost capacity and presented a varied front of white and red with here and there a banner afloat in the gentle breeze. The tension was high and the vast throng, which had gathered hours before the appointed time that they might secure seats, had grown restless. There began to be cries of "play ball," and "start 'em up," until finally above the noise of the crowd was heard the voice of the umpire and then the players filed swiftly into position, the locals taking the field.

As the great battle was about to begin a death-like silence fell upon the crowd for they saw a stranger step into the box for the Cowboys. To the eager onlookers the stranger did not seem to care which side won, and a sigh of disgust escaped them as the first ball he shot

across the plate was squarely swatted beyond center field for a home run.

The Cheyenne fans went wild. Victory was sure. They felt it. Their enthusiasm reached an even higher degree as the next man up singled and his successor pelted the leather for two bags. And thus amid jeers and shouts of derision from the Baskinton fans, and cries of victory and triumphant shouts from the Algonquins, passed the first inning.

The second and third were hardly better and the disheartened Cowboys were fast going to pieces, while the local fans were hissing in no uncertain key and intermixing it with shouts of "robbery," "take him out," and "back to the woods with the amateur." The score stood 5 to 6 in favor of the Algonquins. At the end of the third Frank called Arthur aside and implored him by all that was good and holy to "quit that fooling and play ball." Nothing Frank said, however, seemed to have much effect, for Arthur's mind was unmistakably set on something far away. As a last resort Frank took Arthur by the shoulder and pointed him to the lovely-owner of a pair of blue eyes that were shadowing him from the grandstand. Arthur looked in the direction Frank had pointed and saw there Beauford Mobley, and by his side——

"My God," he cried, and swooned as if in a trance. Then, as he steadied himself, a new look came into his face, a new light shone in his eyes, and there was moisture upon his hitherto parched lips. When he went into the box again those blue eyes from the grandstand seemed to be burning into his very soul. The batter noted his look of determination, but ridiculed it. One of the Cheyenne rooters sarcastically shouted, "five dollars to strike out a man."

Up to this time Arthur had paid not the slightest attention to the jeers that had been flaunted in his face, but he could not stand for this, so turning he sternly said to his challenger "if you want to bet, here's fifty that not another man gets a hit," but, strange to say, everybody seemed deaf.

Arthur then drew himself together and settled down to work. The first three men that came to the bat went down before his withering fire in rapid succession. Seeing that luck had changed, the nerve of the Cowboys gradually returned and the fifth and sixth passed with Arthur unmercifully slaying the batters with clocklike regularity. It was now time for Cheyenne to get sick, for the score-board showed 7 to 6 in favor of the locals and they seemed to be just coming to themselves.

Urged on by the knowledge that there was one pair of eyes somewhere in that vast multitude that were watching him with a peculiar interest Arthur played with magnificent form and pitched with unerring aim. Never in the annals of baseball had the spectators seen such playing. It was simply marvelous. Even Frank, himself, was mystified by his former mate's excellent work, and he felt as if he were once again playing first on Harvard instead of holding down the initial sack for the Cowboys. They had gained steadily from the fourth inning and it was now the ending of the ninth and there were two men out and one on third. As the last batter of the Algonquins came to the bat every nerve was tense. A hit meant a tied score! But the suspense was short, for he wildly fanned the wind before the now invincible twirler. The umpire called "strike three," and the tale was told. Terrific shouts rent the air, hats were tossed on high, men embraced each other, and pandemonium broke loose in general. A glance at the score board, 7 to 6 in favor of the Cowboys, and that in the last six innings Gordon

had struck out exactly fourteen men and had not allowed a single hit.

Seeing the impulsive rush of the victory-maddened mob in his direction Gordon cleverly dodged aside, found Frank, and together they made a rush for his car and glided away to the hotel.

As Arthur emerged from his room half an hour later he found Beauford awaiting him at the end of the corridor. Arthur began at once to ply that gentleman with questions, but he doggedly refused to answer, and slowly led the way to the parlor, motioning Arthur to follow. Throwing open the door Beauford gracefully ushered in his follower, and very solemnly introduced him to the only occupant of the room: "Mr. Gordon, Miss Yarmouth." Then he thoughtfully retired for a few minutes.

When he found Frank they returned together to the parlor and duly delivered explanations and apologies,—needlessly, however, for now things were all right, and Arthur had never a scolding to give. As he sat by the lovely girl who was soon to be his bride both seemed perfectly contented.

At the supper table Arthur announced that they would proceed to Sheridan on the following morning, provided they had no further interruptions, and Frank and Beauford were easily persuaded to accompany them.

When then returned to Baskinton they told Arthur's newly made friends of how they had seen him win the greatest game of his life, and how he had shown up even better than in the game he had won for them.

Arthur Gordon now lives at Baskinton and is one of the wealthiest men in Middlesex County. He has a beautiful mansion, and delights to tell his grandchildreen who visit him there of the many thrilling experiences of his younger days, especially how he won the game for the Cowboys.

A VANISHED VISION

By C. D. Creasman.

Far away into the sunset
  Stretched the aisle of my desire,—
All day long I'd sought a vision
  My dull spirits to inspire.

For my heart was sick with longing,
  Weary of the strife and roar;
And like one by hope forsaken
  I could only gaze before.

As I wandered toward the sunset
  Faint, methought, a form appeared:
Touched my weary thoughts with courage,
  Faintly moved my hopes deferred.

Nearer came this child of sunset;
  Stronger grew my wearied heart:
For around it seemed arising
  Visions bidding doubt depart.

Rushing forth into the sunset
  Straightway to the form I came,—
Sweet companionship seemed waiting
  At the sunset's dying flame.

Deeper glowed the reddening sunset,
  Happier my reviving heart,
And each joyous moment seemed to
  Bid my vision ne'er depart.

But beyond the hills the sunset,
  Swift retreating from the night,
Left its track all void and formless,
  Hid my vision from my sight.

Vanished with the passing sunset
  My all dream-like vision's light,
And around my frightened fancy
  Settled endless, rayless night.

THE QUEEN OF THE GAMBLERS

By W. D. Little, '08.

"Hello, youngster," growled a rough voice and some one slapped me on the shoulder as I was standing in a hotel lobby in a small town of Southern Nebraska. "Seems that you have nothing to be doing. What is your name?"

I turned and confronted two large-built, rough-looking fellows and replied: "My name is Jack Dawson, Sir, and truly I have no job."

"Where is your home?" one asked.

"In North Carolina," I replied.

"How in the devil did you get 'way out here?"

"I begged the money out of 'the old man' and came out here."

"How long have you been here?"

"About three days. I left home about a month ago and have been bumming around ever since."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty years old."

"Have you got any dough?"

"I have fifty cents."

"Wouldn't you like to make some more without any trouble much?"

"I would not object to getting in a little," I replied very quickly.

"Well, Kid, you look like a fellow that will do to depend on, so we will give you a chance to make a man of yourself. We are going down here about fifty miles to make a haul on a small village tonight and will take you along with us if you want to go. You will get a pocketfull of dough by going."

"Is there no danger of getting caught up with?" I asked.

"Not a bit. The people live a good distance apart and a whole heap of them are Indians, so there will be no danger of getting into the stripes," was their reply.

"All right, I will go," I said after a few minutes deliberation, for I realized that I had to do something and that before long. I had applied at several places for a job but had been unable to find one."

After eating supper and getting everything in order, we boarded the train and sailed out. The village was not on the railroad, so we got off the train at Yuma, Colorado, ten miles away. Here we were met by two men with fine horses. Each of us mounted a horse and set out at breakneck speed. It took only forty minutes to cover the distance. We hitched our horses in a dark place and began forming our plans.

Our victim was a rich miner who kept his money concealed somewhere about his house.

"Say, Jack," said one of the men, "We know where the money is and will go in after it, you remain out here and if you see any danger let us know and that devilish quick, too."

So I took my position near the entrance to the house and began watching. Just as I thought it was about time for my comrades to return, suddenly I was seized, blindfolded, and bound so securely I could scarcely move. I was then thrown into a carriage and the carriage began to move. All night I was rushed along at breakneck speed and when the carriage stopped, I knew nothing about where I had been carried. I was then taken into a house and the blindfold was removed from my eyes. I looked around and saw myself in a large, well-furnished apartment and surrounded by three men and

one woman. At first, I was almost frightened to death. The men were armed with large pistols and the woman had two ponderous revolvers swinging at her side. She advanced towards me and began in a rough, haughty voice.

"Youngster, what is your name?"

"Jack Dawson," I replied as politely as possible.

"Well, Jack, I know not what you think of such treatment as you have received at the hands of my comrades. I am the noted 'Queen of Gamblers,' and this is my abode. You have been deceived and brought here because we needed another man and now I want to ask you a few questions.

"Did you ever gamble?"

"No," I replied.

"Did you ever play cards?"

"Yes, some."

"Did you ever rob a man?"

"No."

"You seem to have been a pretty good fellow, but now I want you to choose between two things. You must either swear that you will stay here and be faithful to me and the others—rob, gamble, and do other things to bring in money, or you will have to find your way back to the towns and cities without any guide or anything to eat. It is fifty miles to the nearest town as we are now in one of the deep recesses of the Rocky Mountains. Many wild and dangerous animals also inhabit these parts and you will have to look out for your head. Now which will you choose? Will you stay or not?"

I certainly was up against a tough proposition. While I was rather a bad fellow, I did not like the idea of swearing allegiance to a band of robbers and gamblers, and it also looked gloomy to have to travel across those

mountains and run many chances of getting killed. So after thinking over the matter for a few minutes, I decided to stay and make the best I could of it.

For the first three weeks I had a glorious, easy time. It was during the month of January and we had no special work to be doing. But then my work began in earnest. There was a mountain pass about three miles from the mansion and I was told to guard this pass till some one should come along and then to persuade the traveler to go to our abode for rest and refreshment. So I set out and reached the pass about three o'clock in the afternoon. I built me up a large fire near by and lay down the road. Just before dark I saw two well-dressed, but ignorant looking fellows approaching me.

"Hello there, Cap, like ter ax yer a question if yer don't object," exclaimed one of the men when they were in a few yards of me.

"All right, fire loose," said I. "I will answer it if I can."

'Is this the right road to California?" one asked.

"Yes," I replied. "What in the devil are you going to California for?"

"Going out there ter get rich."

"Haven't you got any money now?"

"O, yes, got some, but we want some more."

"What do you do at night? You don't travel then do you?"

"No, we gen'ally sleep in der woods at night."

"Wouldn't you rather sleep in a house?"

"Yes, but how in der devil are you going ter sleep in a house where there ain't no house?"

"I just thought I would tell you that there is a house about three miles from here where you could stay tonight if you wish to."

Their faces began to brighten up and one asked:

"How can we get there?"

"I am going over there pretty soon and I will show you the way."

"All right," they said, "show us the way."

When we reached the mansion, I called one of the servants and had their horses cared for in the best manner possible. After supper we all assembled around the fireside and began to discuss some of the leading novels, but the two travelers knew very little about them. Finally some one mentioned card-playing and, these men being great players, the game started. The two strangers played on one side and the Queen and myself on the other. We let them win the first two games, but when they put up all the money they had, we won and rolled in the "dough."

I went on in such business for quite awhile and began to like it. I steadily grew in favor with the Queen and she seemed to have a higher regard for me than for any one else. I also became such a fine player that they began to call me the "King of Gamblers." I did not like the name but had to take it any way. One day while all, except the Queen and I were out, we began a conversation which, in a short time, drifted to the life of the Queen herself.

"How long have you been living here?" I asked.

"About sixteen years," was her reply.

"Why did you ever decide to come out here and live such a life as this?"

"That is something I do not like to talk about," she said after looking me straight in the eyes for a few minutes. "If you desire to know, though, I will give you the whole history of my early life."

I assured her that I should be pleased to know about her life and she related this story:

"I was born and reared in one of the wealthiest homes in Stanford, Texas. I went through a high school and college and was acknowledged by all to be a beautiful and intelligent girl. When a child, however, I played with a small boy by the name of Richard Growford. Richard was just one year my senior. His parents were very poor and he had a hard time. As most children do, who play together, we fell deeply in love when very young. When I became older, my mother stopped me from playing with Richard and would not let me have anything to do with him. She said he was not a "rich man's son." Our playing together ceased, but our love for each other steadily grew stronger. I used to steal away from home and meet him in some secluded spot where we would plan for the future with great hopes.

"Richard could not go to college but obtained a good position in a bank. I completed my college course when I was twenty, and during the next year, we were married without the knowledge or consent of my parents. We settled down and lived as happily as two people could for about two years. But at the end of that time Richard was seized with a violent disease and died, leaving me helpless in the world with one little daughter, Effie, a child only three months old. I hardly knew which way to go then. I was afraid to ask my people to take me back and I was all alone.

"A few days after Richard's death I left little Effie in the house for a few minutes to do some shopping. When I returned my child was gone and I could find her nowhere. I gave the alarm, but no one had seen or heard one thing of her. I was completely overcome. So, giving up all hope of ever finding her again, I left that place

wrecked in fortune; wrecked in health, and wrecked in soul. I swore that, as long as I lived, I would never do one solitary thing that would be a benefit to ungrateful humanity. I met up with these fellows who wanted me to come out here with them, so I came, thinking this would be as good way as any to spend the remainder of my life. I cared no longer for name; for character, or for soul. These men thought they would make a slave of me, but they soon found that I was a match for any of them and now they all do just as I say. Some people think a woman is a little, weak kind of a creature, but when one determines to do a thing, men had better stand aside. I expect to remain here as long as I live."

"Do you have no idea whether your child is alive now or not?" I asked when she had finished her story.

"Not the slightest idea," was her reply. I can not think of any one who would have been so mean as to take her away from me."

"Do you suppose you would know her if you were to see her now?"

"I don't suppose I would recognize her, but she has a birthmark on her right arm by which I could distinguish her."

Here we were interrupted and we never again had occasion to refer to the affair.

Days and weeks passed and I had been in the gambling business for seven years. I had become so expert that I only played at times, when there was a great amount at stake or merely as a pastime. The Queen and I no longer worked together, but she lived in one part of the building and kept her crowd and I lived in the other part and kept my crowd. We often played against each other, she winning part of the time and I part.

One dark and dreary evening as I was returning from

a chase, I saw an old man and a young lady enter the domains of the Queen. I also went in, and in a short while began a conversation with the lady. She seemed to be about twenty years of age, had dark-brown eyes, black hair, and was the very image of innocense. After supper was served, as usual, the Queen and her comrades started a game of poker. The old man sat gazing at them and I could see that he wanted to play. Finally he rose to his feet and started towards the table. The girl stopped him and, with tears streaming down her face, implored him not to play.

"You will lose," she said, "and we do not have another cent in the world. Uncle, please do not play."

The old man roughly thrust her aside, saying:

"I know my business. I have played cards before."

The girl fell into her chair and, covering her face in her hands, cried like a two-year-old child. I thought all my tender sentiments had left me, but when I saw that poor girl sitting there weeping because her ungrateful uncle was gambling away their only means of livelihood, my whole heart went out to her. At first sight, I was greatly charmed by her, and now I believe I was really in love with her.

The game with the old man was played and, of course, he lost, as he put up every cent of his money. Miriam —for that was the name of the girl—now gave way more than ever to her emotions and almost fainted. I could bear it no longer. I knew the old man had been cheated out of his money, and I determined to get it back. So advancing towards the table, I said:

"I believe I'll try my hand tonight."

"I am having fine luck tonight, Jack Dawson. You had better mind your business," replied the Queen.

"I believe I'll try my hand tonight," I repeated.

So the game started between the King and the Queen of Gamblers.

"I'll go one hundred dollars," said I, as soon as I picked up my cards.

"One hundred more," she replied.

"Five hundred more," cried I like a flash of lightning.

"Seven hundred and fifty more," was her response.

"Raise it one thousand."

"One thousand more."

"Make it one thousand more," I said in a calm voice. I could see she could not better that much.

"Two hundred more and called," she said in a voice of thunder. "I have four kings. Jack Dawson you are a fool."

"Well, my Queen," I said very sarcastically, "I can not help it but you are beaten, I have a full hand, four aces."

She threw the cards down and rushed out of the room. I picked up the money, walked over to Miriam, handed her the hundred dollars which her uncle had lost, and told her to keep it as a gift from a friend. She thanked me and her face brightened up immediately.

I then went out of the room and was gone for about one hour. On returning, I saw there was no one in the room except the old man and Miriam. The old man was talking fast and earnestly. I stopped at the door and listened. He was pleading with Miriam for the money which I had given her, saying:

"I know I can win next time. Give it to me quick."

"It is my money now," she replied, and I expect to keep it. You know we shall need it later. You would lose again if you were to play."

At this the old man became greatly enraged and rushed at her with the fierceness of a lion. He seized her and was in the act of striking her when I jumped before him,

and, with my revolver leveled on him, demanded in a rough voice:

"Hands off for your life. As long as she remains in this house I will act as her protector."

The old fellow's eyes flashed fire, and releasing the girl, he made for me with a large knife. Seeing that I had to do something or be killed, I shot, and he fell at my feet. Miriam glanced at the wounded man on the floor and then at me.

"Is he dead?" she said and began crying. "Oh! what will I do now? He is the only friend or relative I have and now he is dead and I am left here among a crowd of gamblers. Oh! what will become of me?"

"Don't cry, Miriam," I said in as consoling a tone as I could command. "As long as I live you shall have a true friend and one that will protect you from all insults and abuses. He is not dead now, but is likely to be before morning."

The man's wound was dressed and he was put to bed. We gave him whiskey and morphine and he was soon asleep. About three o'clock next morning, I was awakened by a slight tapping on my room door. It was the Queen herself.

"Jack," she said, "the wounded man is dying and wants to speak to us all before he passes away."

I dressed as soon as possible and hurried into the chamber where the wounded man lay. The Queen, Miriam, and one or two others were there also. "Are all here?" the man asked as I entered the door. On being informed that we were all present, he began thus:

"People, I am a dying man, and I want to make a confession before I meet my God. I am not afraid to tell it now as I will soon be from under the sway of human law. What I have to say may not interest you people

here much, but it will Miriam. Miriam," motioning for her to approach him, "Miriam, I am not your uncle. I have deceived you. You are no relative of mine."

"What?" interrupted Miriam. "You are not my uncle? I thought you were the only relative I have."

"I know I told you so but it is not true. You have relatives, but I am not one of them. When I started to leave Stanford, Texas, to live in South Dakota, I saw you lying on a bed in a house where no one was at home. You were a very small baby then and"——

"Where was that? How long has that been? Pray tell me quick," interrupted the Queen. She was trembling so she could hardly stand.

"Just keep quiet and I will tell it all," continued the old man. "As I said before, I was leaving Stranford and saw Miriam all alone, and, thinking that she would soon grow up and be a great help to me, I went in the house, placed her in my bundle so she would be comfortable, and went on my way. I heard afterwards that her father had died only a few days before that time. I reared her as well as I possibly could, giving her the advantage of a good education. It has been just twenty years since I carried her away."

The old man had hardly finished his story when the Queen rushed up to Miriam, and tearing off her right sleeve and seeing a small birth-mark on her arm, exclaimed:

"She is my child! She is my child!"

The old man looked up and seeing them together, said in a feeble voice:

"Yes, that is true, Miriam. She is your real mother. I knew it all the time and came here just to see you and her together. I had not dreamed of this being the result

though. I now leave you in the hands of your mother."

He then fell back dead.

* * * * * * *

Three years have passed since the last scene occurred. There is no longer a gamblers' den in that mountain defile, but instead stands one of the prettiest and most enjoyable health resorts in the Rocky Mountains. We have thousands of visitors every summer and many during the winter months. The Queen is no longer known by that name, but by her old name, Mrs. Richard Growford. I am now called Jack Dawson and not "King of Gamblers." Miriam has also given up her name and taken instead that of her husband, Jack Dawson. So the passing away of that old man and the recovery of Mrs. Growford's lost child marked the end of the work of the King and Queen of Gamblers.

THE BUILDERS OF THE SOUTH

[Oration delivered in Memorial Hall on seventy-second Anniversary celebration of the Literary Societies.]

BY F. F. BROWN.

Mr. Edmonds, of Baltimore, in his story of The South's "Amazing Progress," has given a brief, comprehensive outline of achievement that is second to none that has ever been accomplished by any people in any age. This carefully prepared article, by the best living authority on industrial development, flashes before our eyes, as in a moving picture, the rise of a people from poverty to independence; the growth from weakness to strength; the struggle through darkness to light; the toiling up from obscurity to prominence; the stride from insignificance to dominance. Statistics, while very convincing, convey little meaning except by comparison, so as a mere indication of this development with which you are all familiar, we give these words from Mr. Edmonds himself: "If," said he, "from Mt. Mitchell, the highest peak east of the Rocky Mountains, a bird's eye view of the South could be had, there would be seen a mighty, resistless, onward movement of a people who, having struggled through the darkness of the wilderness, with no pillar of fire to guide them, strengthened in mind by the hard but victorious fight, have at last come in sight of the promised land. No longer moving westward, as heretofore, the tide of population would be seen to be turning southward. The hardened veterans of the South's struggle for industrial independence are seen to be drawing heavy reinforcements from this incoming tide. Capital, the greatest coward on earth, joins the procession, and the South, beggar no longer, invites the world's surplus money seeking the most profitable field on earth for in-

vestment—invites it, with no beggar's plea, but with the right to say: We are independent, we can stand alone, we have accumulated enough money and experience to assure a great and steady advance; but so vast is the field, so sure are the returns, that we bid the world a welcome, that all may share in the utilization of our resources and in the consequent wealth to be created."

The South bids her own Timrod to "tell the world that since the world began no fairer land hath found a poet's lays or given a home to man."

As students of truth we know that these words are not the exaggerated superlatives of the orator or the idle dreams of the poet. Our next interest then is in the men who accomplished this marvelous work. Looking upon a richly colored painting we naturally ask, "who is the artist?" observing the perfect work of the complex machine, "who is the inventor?" even before reading the book, "who is the author?" just as standing before the magnificent building, "who is the architect?" So tonight as we look back upon the amazing progress of our section, and contemplate the work that has been wrought, we ask, "who are the builders of the South?" Great movements, whether military or civil, call forth great leaders. The pages of southern history are star-studded with the names of those who in war and peace exercised such wisdom, courage, and foresight that they are rightly placed in the galaxy of heroes. And so long as we are hero worshipers they will occupy a place in our history and in our hearts that no others can hold. But tonight we ask you to shift the emphasis for a moment—to turn your gaze from those before the footlights to look upon those behind the scenes. Those whose names, many of them, are not known outside their own immediate neighborhood; those who have patiently,

quietly, wrought out the South of to-day. They, we claim, are the real builders of the South.

At the surrender, when that poorly equipped band of men, worn to leanness by hunger and hardship, yet superb in their prowess and their pride, were stacking arms and folding forever the colors they loved, it is said that out of the silence like a benediction came the voice of Lee, saying in substance: "Men, we've fought through the war together. I've done the best I could for you. Return to your homes, go to work, and be good citizens. God bless you. My heart is too full to say more." In obedience to his advice and example they returned to their homes and volunteered in the armies of enterprise and industry. The campaign in which they now enlisted was to be a test to the souls of men. There was no trumpet sound, no bugle call, no taunting enemy, no enthusiasm that comes from numbers associated together. It was the supreme test of patriotism; and never did a people meet the test more heroically. It required more courage, strength of character and determination to return to their homes and begin work—cold, practical, prosaic work—than it did to charge up the heights of Gettysburg in the face of shot and shell. Looking about them, they saw absolutely nothing but land—land covered with ashes and desolation. A few indeed could see no hope and went West. But the great majority of them used the simple philosophy of Lamar, of Mississippi. This man, already past the prime of life, stands before the dilapidated home and sees, what was once a farm, now a wilderness of weeds and shrubbery—on every hand the unmistakable signs of devastating war. Then we hear the following soliloquy: "Shall I go West, or shall I stay here? I can make money by going West—there is no hope here. But I love the South and will not leave her." Oh, the heroism blended with the pathos!

Yet they went not about their tasks in a spirit of bitterness and resentment. Henry Grady tells us that cheerfulness and frankness everywhere prevailed and that "Bill Arp" struck the keynote when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I'm going to work."

So the industrial South of to-day, with its mills and factories, supplying the world with essential products, was not created by the financiers who came with their money and aided in the development of our resources. There was no "frenzied finance" in this development, but the sane, sound, business management of our own business men who have successfully met the competition of the financial giants of the day. And always, back of our business men, stand those determined men who created white, waving fields of cotton from the Rio Grande to the Roanoke. The real value and far-reaching results of their work were illustrated only recently. When the lack of confidence on the part of the people caused the money to be withdrawn from our banks, and the people throughout the country were terrified at the approach of a grim panic, it was Southern cotton that drew the ships of gold from Europe to relieve the situation.

But there was other work to do. Not only must they live, but these men who had been nurtured in freedom must have well-ordered communities. So along with the industrial progress came the political development. The builders faced a stupendous task—more stupendous than we of to-day can know. But their hearts did not falter.

In speaking of this, let us not forget that the political outlook in 1865 was even darker than the industrial prospect. They had land, and by ceaseless toil, wise management, and undaunted determination, it was possible to crawl, climb, and at last burst the chains of

poverty with which they were fettered. But what statesman looking upon the disorder—yes, more than disorder, the chaos—could see the possibility of ordered communities in our own section, much less the possibility of national influence? Absolutely drained of resources, having no credit anywhere, those who had formerly given their time to the study of public questions now forced to work. Slavery, the cornerstone of their economic and social system for four hundred years gone—not even the hope of a successful compact with their former foes, but the torturing vision of long years, during which their land was to be the prey of the spoiler. More than this, they were forced to work out their destiny, not as members of the same race, "heirs to the same civic privileges," but ever and at all times faced by millions of their former bondsmen—those dark, vague, uncertain masses, forever free from their former masters, yet never free from the black man's barbaric past.

Facing such difficulties, the builders of the South began the political development that was to give ordered and happy communities. An investigation will reveal the startling fact that the political administration within the Southern States themselves surpasses in many respects that of any other section of the country. To be sure, there have been numerous conflicts, but were they not local and usually settled without military interference?

In no other commonwealths have State finances been so well managed as in the Southern States since the white people recovered control of their local governments." The robbery, speculation, corrupt methods of bosses and political machines that have characterized other sections have not flourished in the South. Our officials expended public funds with the strict economy

that was so necessary for years, but with increased development their policies have been more liberal, but always attended with such splendid judgment and sterling honesty that the credit of the States has steadily risen. Each department of the local government has been administered with such practical judgment and wisdom as to command the respect of the nation.

It is true that in national affairs the South has not regained her lost prestige. During the period since 1860 she has not furnished the presidents for the nation as she did before 1860. Our statesmen have not had and do not have the influence in the Senate chamber that they once had. But who will deny that, though slowly, yet surely, we are regaining our lost influence? Winning more and more the confidence of other sections, because of our industrial supremacy commanding the respect of the world, ourselves becoming more liberal and enlightened, is there not every reason to believe that at no distant day the South will again come into her own? Hear these words from Massachusetts, from a man whose voice is now silent, a voice that in life spoke from the heart of one of America's greatest statesmen. Senator Hoar said, in substance: "You men have come up here from the South year after year and stood on principle. I opposed you, yet I respect you. You could have gained favor and position by becoming the balance of power between the Democratic and Republican parties of the North, but you refused to sell your birthright and remained true to principle. If every man of the North were to die, the South with the virtues it has cherished from the beginning, of love of home and love of State and love of freedom, would take the country and bear it on to the achievement of its destiny."

Indeed, do not recent occurrences indicate very strikingly the respect in which our States are held? Only a

few months ago the Governor of North Carolina, backed by the sentiment of the State, by the sentiment of the South, took up the cause of the people against a great corporation, hurled the "bull" of States' Rights at a Federal judiciary that was tracking the letter but strangling the spirit of the Constitution, and his voice was heard.

Moreover, the builders neglected no part of the structure. They endeavored to give it correct proportions and symmetry. While some were laying the cornerstones for our industrial and political advancement, others were making secure the foundation for the intellectual and spiritual life of the people.

We must call attention to those who came to our deserted colleges and began the work so abruptly suspended. Dr. Lyman Abbott says: "Comparing conditions as they existed in 1867 with the conditions as they exist in 1907, I think, if he is unprejudiced, one must admit that the educational development of the South in the last forty years is without parallel in the educational history of the world. Gen. Robert E. Lee, laying down the sword and taking up the pen, by the homage he paid to popular education when he accepted the presidency of Washington and Lee University, set an example which has proved an inspiration, first to his own State, then to all the Southern States, and lastly and too tardily, to the whole nation."

There are more men than we know who, following the example of their commander, returned from the conflict against the armed foe and began the equally ardent battle against the more subtle foe—ignorance. There are more of them than we know who, again like Lee, refused handsome salaries and easy positions in other business, content to remain in the school room on half salaries and

no salaries. There are such men throughout the South—there are such men in Wake Forest. They move quietly among us, apparently unconscious of the fact that they are heroes by every definition of the word. Some of them sit in this building to-night, the pictures of some greet us from the walls of the Philomathesian and Euzelian halls each week as we gather there; the pictures of others look upon us from the walls of this building to-night, men whose very lives have been built into the South as truly as brick and mortar are built into this house. Now that the brilliant rays from the searchlight of education are beginning to pierce even the more remote sections of the Southland, now that ignorance is being everywhere expelled, now that Southern colleges are being equipped and endowed, now that even we boys from the farms and the shops may dare look up and hope for college training, let us not fail to place our tribute of sincere gratitude at the feet of those builders of the South who during the "forty years in the wilderness," that forty years of night that we can never properly appreciate, did not wander, but stood, and toiled, and sacrificed.

As we read the record of the South's achievement let us never forget that through the period of struggle and despair the faces of other builders shine, illuminating the dark pathway trodden by our fathers with the light of inspiration and hope—the faces of the women of the South, of our mothers.

Just as in war, they had displayed heroism that can never be described, so, in the "wilderness," they shared the burdens, assumed the new responsibilities, accustomed themselves to the new conditions, and cheerfully, side by side with their husbands, marched onward and upward. No words of mine can properly describe their work or laud them. But they need not words from any

one—their achievements are their everlasting monuments.

These builders all, men and women,

> "Held it true with him who sings
> To one clear harp of divers tones
> That men may rise on stepping stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things."

In conclusion, we would say that a consideration of these men and women should make us all better, more patriotic citizens. As we become Southern patriots, we become American patriots. National patriotism is the sum of local patriotisms. Only through love of our own locality can we love the whole country. Henry Grady says, "He loves not mankind less, who loves his neighbor most." And George Eliot, "The germ of the best patriotism is in the love that a man has for the home he inhabits, for the soil he tills, for the trees that give him shade, and the hills that stand in his pathway."

We should love the South, cherish her traditions, and keep the memory of our "Southern builders" green at all times. And in this day of transition, this day of prosperity which they created and in which we are inclined to be forgetful of how the prosperity came—forgetful of the duties and problems before us—this memory should put iron in our blood and purpose in our hearts. Remembering these and their deeds, none of us could falter or be recreant—the very memory would remind us, in words of another, that:

> "New occasions teach new duties
> Time makes ancient good uncouth;
> They must onward and still upward,
> Who would keep abreast of truth.
> So before us lies the future,
> In it let us motors be;
> But we ne'er must try that Future's Portal
> With any weak Dishonored Key."

IN MEMORY

By J. H. Beach.

Sorrow has come,
  Grief fills my heart to-day;
My friend, my boyhood chum,
  Has passed away.

In shady nooks,
  In fields of new-mown hay,
By rills and babbling brooks
  We loved to play.

Our hearts were light,
  Our minds from sorrow free;
No gloom was there, no night
  For him and me.

But pleasures end,
  Not all of life is bright,
Daylight and darkness blend—
  Then gloomy night.

God called him home,
  He knoweth what is best.
He softly whispered, "Come
  And take thy rest."

A FATAL ACCIDENT

By J. E. Hoyle, '10.

Soon after "Uncle Sam" established his present system of handling mail, I became the unfortunate substitute for the carrier of Route 2, K——, N. C. I say, unfortunate, first, because I was usually put on the road during the hard winter days, and the rainy ones of all seasons; and, secondly, because during that memorable winter of 1905-1906 I accidentally heard a conversation, deplorably sad, which will never be forgotten; and saw the deepest marks of grief written on the face of one of my patrons that ever mortal man was doomed to bear.

As I had to be away from home from seven in the morning until four in the afternoon, my meal at noon consisted of a lunch, which I generally ate in my buggy; but the second of December, being an unusually cold day, I stopped in a "Little Red Store" to warm a bit while I ate my lunch. Things were exceedingly quiet in the store when I entered, though I noticed more people than I usually saw at the place. But without asking any questions I drew a chair near the fire and began eating.

Beyond the stove, with his face buried in his hands, sat Mr. M——. I soon found that he noticed only one thing. To every click of the door-latch he turned an anxious eye. His face became a study for me, and as each turn toward the door gave me a better view of his bereaved expression, I was soon convinced that something terrible had happened. Finally, as a tall man entered the doorway, Mr. M—— arose and met him with a strong embrace. And thus, by feeling the touch of a sympathetic hand, he was able to give outward expres-

sion to inner feeling, and for a moment his sobs were heard by all in the room, while his tears flowed thick and fast. Then he resumed his former seat while the visitor took a chair by his side.

For a while all was silent until the stranger inquired: "Brother Tom, tell me how it all happened, and the condition of Wesley."

"How can I," said Thomas M——, "tell accurately the tragedy which has brought such a cloud over my life as can be removed only by death? For should Wesley live I will never be happy again, knowing that he is a cripple on my account, and if he dies, which is most likely, God grant that I may go with him.

"Last Thursday, you know, was Thanksgiving day. Wesley and I had arranged to take a turkey hunt. We had decided that there was no game in the country and were making long strides homeward when we ran across a fine flock of turkeys at the head of Van's old mill-pond. Observing that they flew beyond the mill on the farther side of the creek, Wesley and I separated, he going out by the bridge below the mill while I went further down and crossed the old foot-log. I had given up hopes of finding the turkeys a second time when suddenly there fell upon my ear a distinctive "yelp." I knew that I must be quick, for thirty minutes more would send the birds to roost and cover the sky with stars. I proceeded a few rods, answered the call and listened. Again the call came, loud and clear, and again I answered, quietly advancing in the direction whence it came. Then, almost automatically my rifle leaped to my shoulder. There could be no mistake. About fifty yards from me, crouching beside a large tree, sat my turkey, and never before did I shoot more accurately.

"When the report of my gun had died away a death-

like stillness reigned. I feared to approach the object which had fallen, lest in the dim twilight I had mistaken man for bird and killed my sister's husband."

These last words were spoken as I left the room. Those who are acquainted with the duties of a rural letter carrier know that he must be prompt in his work; so I renewed my journey, hoping that my next visit to the "Little Red Store" would finish the story.

* * * * * * *

And it did. I was not called into service again for four months. During this time I had forgotten the conversation which had taken place in the country store. Winter had passed and "gentle spring" had filled the land with joy and gladness. But as I drew up in front of the store familiar scenes recalled the former conversation. And being anxious to know the end of the turkey hunt I inquired of the clerk whether it was a turkey or Wesley that Tom killed on the last Thanksgiving day.

"What!" said he, "have you not heard of the death of Wesley M——? His suffering has been the talk of the community for four months. Yes, he received the contents of Tom's rifle on that unlucky day. The ball struck him between his shoulders, ran down his back and lodged on the spinal cord. Paralysis followed, and he was never again able to move himself."

"Was there no effort made to remove the ball and relieve the suffering?"

"Oh, yes," continued the clerk, "there was effort enough. He was first taken to a hospital at Wilson, but when they brought him home three weeks later he had only grown weaker. Not being satisfied with this effort to save him, Tom took him to a hospital in Pennsylvania. The day you saw Tom here was the only time he spent away from him from the accident to the grave, and you remember he was here then to meet his brother."

"Yes, I responded. I suppose he found some comfort in seeing that he had good attention, but was he not improved by the Northern Hospital?"

"Yes, I think he was," for it was from there that the death angel took him to a better world. His body was embalmed and sent home for interment. I wish you had seen Tom at the grave, though I am sure you would not have known him. His confinement during Wesley's illness had taken every tint of health from his face. He told me at the burial, which occurred last week, that he had not slept any since Wesley's death, four days previous to that time. Such lines of grief and agony have never before been seen on a human face."

Just then a person entered the store with nervous, uncertain step. I knew by the crepe on his hat, the emaciated hands and face, the sunken eyes and contracted brow that it was Thomas M——. He did not bear a single resemblance of the personage he possessed as he began the hunt, which brought death to Wesley and worse to himself.

Here my work called me from the store to the road, and I am glad that it did, for no one can feel at ease in his presence. The suffering written in the lineaments of his face becomes a part of all who look upon him. By reference to my watch I found that I was already thirty minutes late. Catching up my lunch box and mail pouch I hastened on with my work.

As I passed Wesley's home I saw there in the family graveyard a newly made grave covered with withering flowers, beautifully pathetic.

POLONIUS: A CHARACTER SKETCH.

By J. C. Brett, '11.

Polonius was one of the most prominent characters in the play of Hamlet. He held the important position of Advisor-General of the State and of the people at the court. He was continually giving advice to his children. Hamlet and Polonius were not the best of friends because Hamlet realized that Polonius was a doting old eaves-dropper and he had no patience with him. Horatio, Hamlet's bosom associate, held the same opinion of Polonius as did Hamlet.

Polonius may be properly termed "a meddling old fool." It has been said by some critics that he acted very foolishly and talked very sensibly. Again, it has been said that he talked wisely at one time and foolishly at another. The advice which Polinius gave to Laertes was especially fine, but the advice which he gave the king and queen respecting the madness of Hamlet was ridiculous. But this difference may be accounted for in this way: the counsel given to the son was bestowed upon him by a father who was sincere, while that given to the king and queen was conferred upon them by their Lord Chamberlain.

Polonius was a great moralizer, but he never lived up to his morals. In one of his speeches to his son he said:

> "Give thy thoughts no tongue
> Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
> Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
> Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
> Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice,
> Neither a borrower nor a lender be.
> This above all: to thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Polonius's age made him garrulous; his disposition made him shrewd and subtle. He was a fawning, superficial, time-serving proverb-monger. He was wise in that he gave such excellent advice, but of true wisdom he never had any. What Shakespeare wished to demonstrate was that wisdom, like that of Polonius, which consisted of a code of maxims, was not the outline of a profound nature, but a store of long and superficial experiences.

Polonius and the king were the best of friends. Claudius did not wish to tell his state affairs and troubles to Gertrude, so he took Polonius into his confidence. Polonius did not understand Hamlet, for Hamlet, realizing the weakness of the old man, spoke to him in riddles and fooled him in every way possible.

When Laertes went to Paris, Reynaldo was dispatched as a spy upon the conduct of the son on whom Polonius had bestowed so many blessings and so much advice. Polonius did not look for ideal morality from his son, as was natural. Laertes sowed his wild oats. If Laertes had come home an accomplished soldier, a skillful horseman or a professor, Polonius would have treasured him up in his heart and would have forgotten his son's bad deeds. Polonius loved his daughter and Hamlet loved her, too; but because Polonius did not like Hamlet, he would not allow Ophelia to receive Hamlet's attentions. Polonius had complete power over his daughter, and whatever counsel he gave her, she took obediently. One great truth he had among his maxims was this: "Dress well, don't lend or borrow money; to thine own self be true."

Polonius was of a fretful disposition. He was always trying to pry into some one else's affairs. He delighted in finding out anything about Hamlet and then telling

his news to the king, who was ready to hear it. When Polonius tried to find out from Hamlet the cause of his madness, he found out that Hamlet was too shrewd for him. When Hamlet was having the interview with his mother, Polonius resolved to hide behind the arras and listen to the conversation. In this he made a fatal mistake. For Hamlet, hearing a noise behind the arras, thought it to be the king and stabbed him. Hamlet was somewhat sorry for the deed because he hoped to find the king dead instead of Polonius. He tried to recognize in the death of Polonius the pleasure of heaven:

> "I do repent, but heaven hath pleased it so,
> To punish me with this, and this with me,
> That I must be their scourge and minister."

The character of Polonius has a dramatic use in the play. In the first of the play he acts the part of the fool and in the latter part of the play the grave-diggers keep up this comic element. The tragic element in the play is so great that if Polonius was not introduced the strain on the mind would be too great. Polonius has many good qualities and many weak qualities, but the weak ones are rather in the preponderance.

THE MISSING FLOWER

H. F. PAGE.

Through all this Autumn afternoon,
  Many a flower-haunted spot
By hedge and stream I've searched,
  But found thee not.

Tired, awhile here let me rest
  Upon this furze-flankt knoll—
Ah, lovely those October hills
  That skyward roll!

But all their glory unto me
  Is an imperfect dream,
Till I shall find thee by
  Some hedge or stream.

Across the barren waste of years
  A memory calls to me,
And life has little else to give
  Save it and thee.

And what if I, this search resumed,
  Should fail as oft before?
I can but yearn and dream and seek
  Forevermore.

AUNT JULIE'S PROPHECY

By J. H. Beach.

"Nathan," cried Aunt Julie, poking her kinky head out of the kitchen door, as she tossed a plate of bones and bread scraps out to old Fido, "'Never ye git dem hogs fed I want ye to git dat ah baskit outen de corn-crib and fetch me a baskitful ob tatahs fum de tatah hole."

In a few moments Uncle Nathan appeared with the potatoes.

"Now," continued Aunt Julie, "Go and ketch me dat ah domnic roostah what's been a crowin' 'round heah so big. Missus tells me dat Henry is comin' home dis eben and dat he is gwine to fetch a nudder feller wid him. Now ye knows we's jis' got to fix up a lettle extry, case it's pore grub dem college fellers gits."

Uncle Nathan went about his task in a more pleasant mood because he thought the world of Henry and would do anything to please him. Aunt Julie lost no time in setting things right in the kitchen, for she delighted in helping her missus make everything look neat and inviting. Since the death of Dora's mother seven years ago a most intimate friendship had grown up between her and Julie, and to her Dora would always go for advice.

Dora had not been idle all this time, but had changed the parlor into a little paradise for the reception of her brother and new friend. She did not have to wait long for their arrival. As she tripped out on the piazza she saw Henry and Mr. Clyde Powell coming toward the house. She greeted them with a pleasant smile and led them into the parlor, and for the next few hours their

cup of joy was full. Henry was happy with the thought of again being at home. Clyde was happy in the presence of Dora. She was a picture of beauty, a blooming lass of eighteen summers, with auburn hair, rosy cheeks and piercing blue eyes. She, too, was happy, because she was trying to make others so. Their conversation was interrupted at length by the ringing of the supper bell. At supper the party was lively, with Henry and his father leading the conversation. Uncle Nathan and Aunt Julie, nestled by the kitchen fire, listened to the ring of merry voices as it came to their ears through the open door, were perhaps the happiest of all.

The evening was a very enjoyable one, enlivened by Dora's sweet music. Very naturally, of course, Henry and his father were soon lost in conversation, leaving Dora to entertain Mr. Powell (a thing to which he did not in the least object). Before they were aware of it the old clock was heard striking the hour of midnight. Soon all were to bed and lost in sleep. All asleep did I say? No, not all. Clyde lay on his pillow and thought! Thought of college life and its hardships, of this pleasant evening; how different from college life! and, lastly, of Dora. He fell asleep to dream! To dream of her and a possible happy future with her.

The next day was spent as pleasantly as the previous evening had been, and was, oh! too quickly gone. Dora grew more beautiful, more charming. Clyde became more handsome, more gentlemanly—to Dora but not to Mr. Harper. Clyde's furtive glances and pleasant smiles, the particular attention he paid to Dora, aroused her father's suspicion and ill-will.

Monday came, and it was time for Clyde and Henry to return to college. And Julie would not agree for them to leave without taking a box of dainties prepared

by her own hand. As she handed them the box with tears trickling down her wrinkled cheeks, she told them how much she loved them, and in her heart prayed for their happiness. As Mr. Harper drove them around the bend of the road they looked back and waved a farewell to the girl and the colored pair, who stood watching them out of sight.

A week passed by before Henry wrote. When Mr. Harper brought the mail there were two letters, one to himself and the other in strange handwriting to Miss Dora Harper. They began to come regularly. Mr. Harper was opposed to the correspondence and urged Dora to stop it. He became angry when she persisted in writing. Dora went to Aunt Julie for consolation.

"Honey," said Aunt Julie, "Yo pah dun got his back up case ye is cospondin' wid dat Mistah Powell, is he? Jes' ye go on and cospon' wid him and I'll see dat ye git his letters and dat he'll git yourn. I jis' ain't gwine to let ye be exposed upon no sich ob a way. Doan ye fret 'bout it ef ye loves Mistah Powell and wants to marry him. My proffisy is dat de good Lawd will p'vide some way foh ye to git him. Yo pah sey he shan't come heah no more, but he'll git ober dat some time. Sumpen'll turn up to make him wush he hadn't sed nuthin' about it, 'cause dat Mr. Powell is a peach, he is."

Dora consoled herself with Aunt Julie's words and trusted to the future.

Commencement came. Henry and Clyde received their diplomas. Henry returned home to spend the summer. Clyde traveled for a shoe company.

Late in July Mr. Harper and Dora took a pleasure trip to the mountains. While out driving one afternoon their horse became frightened and went dashing away at lightning speed. Half a mile down the road was a

very dangerous curve. On one side of the road was a mighty rock hundreds of feet high; on the other was a deep ravine. The road was wide enough for only one buggy to pass. Mr. Harper was unable to stop his horse. In a few moments they would be at the curve. It would be almost sure death. Before they knew it some one held the rein. With his mighty grasp he clung to the bridle, although the horse dragged him within two feet of the ravine. In their fright Dora and her father had failed to recognize the man who stood between them and death. It was Clyde Powell. He had been indulging in a pleasure walk up the mountain road from a neighboring hotel; he had seated himself to rest for a few minutes beneath the overhanging rock and had noticed the runaway team just in time to rush out to their assistance. He accompanied them to the hotel and was a frequent visitor until their return home. Mr. Harper's attitude toward him was wholly changed. He had found something noble in him. When the time came for them to part he urged Clyde to pay them another visit.

Two months after the return of Dora and her father the whole Harper homestead seemed overflowing with joy and happiness. With more cheerfulness than ever before Uncle Nathan brought the potatoes, killed the chickens and carried in the stovewood. With her usual taste and skill Aunt Julie decorated the dining-room. With more eagerness than on the previous occasion Dora set the parlor in order for, on the morrow, was to begin the realization of Clyde's dream and the fulfillment of Aunt Julie's phophecy.

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CHAS. T. BELL, Business Manager.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

HERBERT PEELE, Editor

The Mercer Debate

No event in the whole college year is looked forward to with quite the same degree of interest as our annual debate. Mercer University, for the past two years, has been our antagonist, and, undaunted by two consecutive defeats, this college will meet us again, in Atlanta. Already among us excitement is manifest and speculation is rife. Probably no college in the State has a greater percentage of victories to its credit, in contests of this kind, than Wake Forest, and an inglorious defeat she has never known. We realize, however, the tremendous odds against us this year. We must meet the Georgians, who, we hear, are straining every nerve to beat us in this last debate of the series, on their own territory; we must speak before their friends, and make our argument before Georgian judges. All this, too, is in the face of the fact that our previous victories will influence the decision, in case of a close debate, in Mercer's favor.

Nevertheless, with the approach of Easter Monday, enthusiasm is increasing and confidence is growing stronger here every day. We believe that despite all odds Wake Forest will win; and we are sure, whatever

happens, that our debaters will do themselves and their college honor.

Last year some measure of the glamour and the glory of victory was lost because our students had not the privilege of attending the debate. The triumphal return of our speakers and the celebration in their honor was grand, inspiring, never to be forgotten. Still every one who has ever been present on such an occasion knows that for arousing enthusiasm, for awaking ambition and emulation, nothing can quite take the place of seeing Wake Forest's representatives walk over their opponents.

Victory or no victory, then, we should like to see Wake Forest "put the rousements" on the Georgians this year. There is talk of a special train and cheap rates, and if we get these—why by all that's great, we'll have a larger representation in Atlanta than Mercer herself. Here's to the trip,—and to victory!

The Athletic Association

One of the most hopeful signs of growth and development at Wake Forest is the new and increasing interest in athletics which is just now manifesting itself. Basketball has come to stay, track athletics is attracting no inconsiderable share of attention, and candidates for the baseball team never seemed quite so numerous. This interest is being felt not only by those who take active part in athletic sports, but is extending itself also to the student body as a whole. The crowds that attended our basketball games during the past season were gratifyingly large, and already an unusual number are turning out in the afternoon to watch the practice on the diamond.

It must be remembered, however, that our athletic teams, to be most successful, must have also the backing

of a strong and well-organized Athletic Association. Many students seem to think that they will have done their full duty when they have attended the games and contributed their share to the rooting. This is not true. Our teams can not live without an Athletic Association, and an Athletic Association can not exist without members. *Our* Association deserves the support and needs the influence of every one of us, and no excuse that a man able to attend college can give for refusing to become a member is valid. Indeed, it seems to us, the member of the College community who fails to identify himself with this Association is doing both himself and the College an injustice.

Now, it is a matter for congratulation that the membership of our Association this year is unusually large, but it is greatly to be deplored that even yet a considerable number of students are holding back to criticize and to watch their companions struggling with a burden which all could carry so easily. To every one in this group, whether he be a laggard, a knocker, or simply asleep, we propound this question:

Friend, what sort of a college would Wake Forest be
If all of its students were just like thee?

This is a corruption of a classic illustration, but "jes' put it in your pipe and smoke it," as the old negro preacher used to say. And then—why, join the Athletic Association, of course.

The Student Essay and Fiction Medals

It may seem strange that it should be so, but one of the most time-consuming and difficult tasks of the editors of THE STUDENT is to secure a sufficient number of suitable contributions for the magazine. In fact, we believe that had the editors published during the past years only the un-

solicited articles that are turned over to them, THE STUDENT would long ago have degenerated into a magazine of departments; that is, one in which practically all the work is done by the editors.

But though it has always taken tactful persuasion and tireless effort to induce the average Wake Forest man to work up a contribution for THE STUDENT, the difficulty, during the present year, seems to have increased tenfold. Not only have the editors been compelled to make repated visits to the rooms of those whom they believed to be most capable of writing for the magazine, but they have been reduced to the expedient of searching through piles of compositions in the English department for promising material. Indeed the only evidence of interest in the publication that many students have shown has come to the editors in the form of complaints that THE STUDENT is not up to its past standard and that it is never out on time.

Now, besides the twenty-five dollar prize for the best poem this year, there are offered to the contributors of the College magazine two medals, one for the best story submitted to the editors during the year, the other for the best essay. A very small number of eligible contributions have been handed in, and there are but two numbers of THE STUDENT yet to go to press. To the wise this word should be sufficient. It's time for somebody to get busy.

Overwork Not only is there complaint on the part of THE STUDENT staff of unusual difficulty in persuading men to contribute to this publication, but members of the Literary Societies are also declaring that the work in the Society halls this year is far and away below the standard. This can not be ex-

plained on the ground that there is a dearth of speakers or a lack of interest in Society work; for when an old query is brought up for discussion sessions are as long as ever and debates are marked by all their former vigor. With all sincerity, then, and without an atom of disrespect or ill-feeling, we ask our instructors if there is not some truth in the generally prevailing notion that the faculty are making the class-room work too heavy? Is it not true that the lesson assignments are sometimes rather long, that tests are increasingly frequent; and are not ghosts of the buried abominations, mid-term examinations, masquerading under the name of final quizzes? Certainly the opinion is general and oft-expressed.

We believe, however, that the students themselves, and not the faculty, are chiefly to blame for the existing conditions. Somebody struck the keynote the other day when he said, "It looks like every man that matriculated here last fall tried to load himself down with work." That comes pretty near to being the literal truth. Fully half the men, and in this there is no exaggeration, are in one way or another taking more work than catalogue regulations permit. Indeed we believe that would students but cease to evade the regulations in regard to heavy work and to undertake tasks beyond their ability, the greater part of the present discouragement, and discontent, together with much of the fruitless inveighing against the faculty, would be eliminated.

Now, it is very human, having gotten ourselves into an unpleasant situation, to look around for somebody else to lay the blame upon. This, however, is both unjust and unwise. Let us realize rather, then, that faults, as well as their remedies, "oft in ourselves do lie,"—and act accordingly next year.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

HILLIARD J. MASSEY, Editor

—1900. G. E. Spruill is pastor of the church at Crawfordsville, Ga.

—'98. A. B. Bryan is succeeding in the practice of law at Wayesville.

—'03. Rev. W. B. Creasman, at Sylva, has taken the place of Rev. A. M. Burleson who has taken the church at Hamlet.

—'—. J. L. Pritchard is doing well as a practicing physician at Windsor, N. C.

—'85. J. A. Beam, who for a number of years so successfully conducted the school at Bethel Hill, is now doing a great work as principal of Leaksville Institute.

—'05. Jesse Parker is principal of Lewiston High School.

—'05. R. D. Covington has severed his connection with the lumber business and is now secretary Sanford Buggy Company, Sanford, N. C.

—'80-82. Rev. W. B. Oliver is pastor of the Baptist Church at Florence, S. C.

—'06. Ray Smith is in business at Timmonsville, S. C.

—'05. Rev. J. R. Cullom, who will finish his course at Louisville Seminary this spring, has been called to the pastorate at Salemburg.

—'99. Rev. C. H. Utley is making a fine record, not only as a minister, but in the capacity of Superintendent Public Instruction, Pender County, he is contributing much to the educational development of our State.

—'05. Wilson Price is vice-president Peele Commercial College, Greensboro.

—'04-'06. J. A. Bryan is operator of wireless telegraphy on the steamship *Bernaudian*, running between New York and Bermuda Islands.

—'05. R. S. Kendrick is teaching at Elizabeth City.

—'98. "One hundred and eighty-six is the enrollment since Christmas." Such is the attendance record at the Wingate School, in Union County, under the principalship of Prof. M. B. Dry, one of the best educators of the State.—*Biblical Recorder.*

—'90-'91. Rev. A. A. Butler after an interval of some time in Virginia has returned to North Carolina and again taken work in his native State.

—'66-'68. J. B. Brewer, president of Roanoke College, Danville, Va., has in a large measure raised this school to its high standard of excellence.

—'94-'96. W. Brickhouse is Clerk of Court of Tyrrell County.

—'76-83. Prof. T. J. Simmons, president Shorter College, is in Italy where he went to attend the opening exercises of the new Italian branch of Shorter College to be located at Florence, Italy. This enterprise will be of great value to American students, as it will give them much needed protection while in a foreign country.—*Christian Index.*

—'72-'73. Dr. M. C. Chamblee, firm of M. C. Chamblee & Sons, Wakefield, N. C., is a prosperous business man. For several years Dr. Chamblee practiced medicine, later he turned his attention to farming, and finally has given his time to business. In whatever he has undertaken he has been successful.

—'81. R. A. P. Cooley, of Nashville, is among the leading lawyers of North Carolina.

—'79-'80. J. B. Pearce, of Boylan-Pearce Co., is a leading business man of Raleigh.

—'87-'89. Rev. A. A. Pippin, who for some years past has resided at Wakefield, has a large and important field of work and is doing effective service in his section.

—'75-'78. J. Y. Hamrick is editor and manager of The Shelby *Aurora*, one of the leading county papers of the State.

—'90-'92. J. E. Dowd has charge of the school at Garner and is bringing things to pass for educational development.

—'71-'73. J. L. Kelly is a progressive and prosperous farmer of Granville County.

—'90. T. W. Bickett, of Louisburg, is recognized as a strong and capable lawyer. For a number of years he has been actively connected with all movements for the betterment of his county and State. He represented Franklin County in the last Legislature.

—'03-'05. C. A. Smith is teaching at Garland, N. C.

—'89. Prof. E. L. Middleton, who as principal of Cary High School, has done much for education, has recently been chosen secretary of Sunday School Board of North Carolina, succeeding Rev. H. C. Moore, who is now editor of *The Biblical Recorder.*

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

CHARLES S. BARNETTE, Editor.

In reviewing the February magazines, which have reached us, we note a marked improvement over the January issues, both in quality and quantity of material. We are likewise glad to observe that the majority of the magazines contain more or less verse, some of which may be classed as poetry. Nothing helps a college magazine so much, both in appearance and interest, as a few well-selected poems appropriately placed in between the essays and stories. It gives the magazine a neater appearance, rests the eyes as well as the mind, and in every way adds to its attractiveness. Not all college students can write poetry, but in every college there are generally a few students who, although not under the watchcare of the muse, can produce verse of a fairly good order; some of which will favorably compare with much of the jingling rhyme found in many of our more pretentious magazines; and it is well for the student who possesses this "knack" (if such it may be called) of writing verse to develop his gift. Not disputing the old saying "that poets are born and not made," however in reading the early writings of some of our most highly recognized poets and comparing them with the productions of later and more mature years we can not fail but notice the steps by which they climbed "to glory" and, admitting the truth of the above proverb, conclude that they were brought forth gradually and not spontaneously from the muse's womb. Practice in any profession has its value and we believe that it is not less valuable to the would-be poet.

The *Vanderbilt Observer* comes to us this month well filled with good reading matter and after a careful review of it we do not hesitate to place it among our best exchanges. It contains three well written poems, the best of which we think is "The Poet." "Henry Van Dyke" is a good sketch of this famous American, and right here we would like to emphasize the view which has been expressed by some of our contemporaries before, and that is that college students should not devote so many essays to the "lives" of great men like Tennyson, Milton, etc., who have long since passed to rest and whose lives, to the smallest details, have been recorded by so many writers. Let them select as their subjects men who are now living and give us something new. "The Misogynist" contains a unique plot which is well developed—and it is this uniqueness that saves the story for the theme is the same that has been dwelt on many times before—a

bachelor and a girl; in "The Misogynist" a dog and an automobile are thrown in, which in a way serve to create interest. The most entertaining story in this issue is "Pete, Awganizer." It is written in negro dialect and is well done. "Pete" recounts some of his interesting experiences in "pohticipatin' in de joys ob life," as he calls it, and finally attributes his downfall to "craps." We do not criticize "My Friend, Mr. Broomfield," as the whole of the story is not contained in this issue.

"Poetry and Religion" in *The Mercerian* shows good thought on the part of the author and is written in a clear and interesting style. "The End of the Chase" is an imaginative ghost story. The author holds the reader's interest, and gradually reaches a climax that well suits this kind of story. However the author is either unacquainted with fox-hunting or the sport is pursued in his part of the country differently from what it is in the locality from whence we hailed. He describes it as occuring at night, while from our little fox-hunting experience we thought it to be entirely a "day-time" diversion. Did he get fox-hunting confused with that greatest of all hunting, 'possum and coon-hunting? The magazine contains several poems, the best of which, we think, is "The Child King." All of the departments are conducted with ability, and the page devoted to caricatures of college life enlivens the magazine considerably.

The *Emory and Henry Era* is very deficient in literary material, containing only two stories, one essay and three poems of little merit. "Browning's Optimism" is the best article contained in this issue. The author shows familiarity with Browning's works and handles his subject very well. The departments are conducted with credit and completeness. We suggest that the editors encourage the students to write more articles of a literary nature. The literary department of a magazine should be the most important department, and all effort made to keep it up to a high standard.

The *Sothwestern University Magazine* is full of good reading matter, which is well balanced. On its first page, however, it has a poem clipped from one of its exchanges. We think the better position for this would have been in the exchange department. It would be well for the body of the magazine, this first page especially, to contain only original poems. "My Uncle, the Murderer," is a story containing a good plot developed with ability. "A Romance of the Plains" is a story dealing with frontier life in the early days and is written with considerable skill, showing some familiarity of the author with that form of literature, though the part dealing with Indians and their customs shows too much artificiality. "Far Eastern Possibilities" is a good essay, dealing with threatening conditions now existing in the Orient.

In picking up the *Davidson College Magazine* we are glad to note the full table of contents which it presents, embracing poetry, fiction and essays. "The Beginning of Poetry" is the best poem contained, though it is rather superficial in conception. "The Masquerade" is a love story with a tragic ending. The author shows some style and some ability in developing the plot, but he gives one a rather sudden fall in the climactic ending. "Our Ancestors—The Sea Kings," is an historical essay, dealing with the wanderings of the Norsemen. For such an essay it is well written, but presents no new thoughts. We are all familiar with that period of history. We think a more modern topic well discussed would be appreciated much more. However the magazine as a whole is good. The material in the departments is well arranged and prepared.

We are glad to acknowledge receipt of the following: *North Texas State Normal Journal, The Wesleyan, The Acorn, Randolph Macon Monthly, Hampden-Sidney Magazine, The College Message, The Furman Echo, The Limestone Star, The University of Virginia Magazine, The H. S. Enterprise, The Mirror, The William Jewell Student, The Concept, The Buff and Blue, The Susquehanna, The Chatterbox, Newberry Stylus, Black and Gold, New Bern H. S. Magazine, The Central Collegian, The Criterion, William and Mary Magazine, Howard Collegian, M. W. C. Criterion, The Colgate Madisonensis, The Red and White, Winthrop Journal, The Palmetto, The Phialomathean, Guilford Collegian, Wofford College Journal, Trinity Archive.*

CLIPPINGS

"Oh! Tom," she said on greeting me,
In tones of great alarm,—
"They said that in the game to-day,
You'd broken your right arm.

I calmed her tender, groundless fears,
With vehemence and haste,
And just to prove the arm was sound,
Slipped it around her waist.

So, nestling close beside me, she
Smiled sweetly in my face;
"That's great," said she, "not broken,
Nor even out of place."—Ex.

"Evolution," quoth the monkey,
"Maketh all mankind one kin;
There's no chance at all about it,
Tails we lose and heads they win."—Ex.

Though they had never met b-4,
What cause had she 2-care?
She loved him 10-derly, because
He was a 1,000,000-aire.—Ex.

HAVE A FELLOW.

The effort of *The Ladies' Home Journal* to prod pastors and church-members to greater effusiveness in welcoming strangers to public services may lead to overloading hospitality in various ways. One of these ways was revealed to a warm-hearted Western pastor. Coming down from the pulpit after the evening sermon he found a stranger in the person of a fair-haired Swede, and, greeting her with a cordial handclasp, said: "I am very glad too see you. I want you to feel at home here. I'd like to become acquainted with you. If you'll give your address I'll call and see you." "Thank you," she replied, "but I have a fellow."—Selected.

HE SPOKE.

"Speak to me," she pleaded, and looked into his deep brown eyes. "Speak to me," she repeated, and stroked his soft curly hair. And this he could not resist. "Bow-wow," he said.—*The Princeton Review.*

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" I said,
And she nodded a sweet permission;
So we went to press and I rather guess,
We printed a large edition.

"But one edition is hardly enough,"
She said, with a charming pout;
So again, in the press the form was placed,
And we got many "extras" out.—Ex.

A Fresh. stood on the burning deck,—
As far as we can learn,
He stood in perfect safety,
He was too green to burn.—Ex.

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
One Romeo and Juliet;
And since that time he's been in debt,
For Romeo'd what Julie't.
—*The Red and White.*

"Crossing the Atlantic with Mark Twain last summer," said a W. C. T. U. woman, "I asked his opinion of the prohibition law. His reply was very characteristic, very humorous.

"'I am a friend of temperance and want it to succeed,' he said, 'but I don't think prohibition is practical. The Germans, you see, prevent it. Look at them. I am sorry to learn that they have just invented a method of making brandy out of sawdust. Now what chance will prohibition have when a man can take a rip saw and go out and get drunk with a fence rail? What is the good of prohibition if a man is able to make brandy mashes out of the shingles of his roof or if he can get delirium tremens by drinking the legs off the kitchen chairs?'"—*Rochester Herald.*

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

LEE M. WHITE, Editor

—Anniversary—*gone!* Baseball time, hurrah!

—Glad rags; oh, my, did you see them?

—Some hearts are sad, especially among the newish.

—The Athletic Association met Wednesday night, February 12th, for the purpose of electing a football manager. Mr. Leslie Hardy was the lucky man. Here's to our football team of 1908—the first in sixteen years!

—Mr. W. D. Upshaw, of Atlanta, editor of *The Golden Age,* addressed a large audience Tuesday night on Prohibition. His address was good and he kept his hearers interested from start to finish. A compliment which he paid one of our professors must not be omitted. His words were somewhat to this effect:

"That marvelous master of linguistic loquacity, that refreshing wonder of rhetorical grandeur, that conquering hero of the Wake Forest Endowment, Prof. J. B. Carlyle!"

Good for Mr. Upshaw! Even Georgians have to admit Wake Forest's supremacy in everything.

—Prof. Gulley (on Law Class): "Mr. B., why did Mr. Blackstone write his Commentaries?"

Mr. B.—"He wanted to *extinguish* himself among the great men of his time."

Prof. Gulley: "Right, sir; exactly right, sir; only you're exactly wrong, sir.

—To the delight of all, practice for baseball has begun and there are many eager contestants for the different

positions. Forty men have signed up—who says we're not going to have a crack-a-jack team? You just wait till Temple gets to shoving the goods across the plate to our premier catcher, Hamrick; and if there should be one chance to roll to Hammond, or Benton, or Couch, look out for the umpire's shout—"you're out," when any of them shoot it to first base. Now about that first sack: There are two men showing up well for that position—Josey and Nelson. Good luck to both. None of us envy Crozier his job of selecting the best man. Then if a chance ball should roam to the outfield, there's Freeman, Dawson, Blanton, Leggett, Creasman, Duffy or H. T. White, and a score of others who might tuck it away in their gloves; Blanton and Couch pretty good for second pitchers. We pledge, with a deep draft of cool water—Raleigh has gone dry—our loyalty, and we hope that the season of 1908 will be one that all of us shall remember.

The sophomore basketball team has challenged Littleton for a game. Littleton has accepted and the match will be pulled off some time soon. We see no reason why the Sophs. shouldn't win—they're a fast set for a basketball quintette.

—On February 15th, the college basketball team, consisting of Couch (Capt.), Little, Gay, Duffy, White, T. C.; and Oliver and White, L. M., substitutes, along with the coach, Mr. Crozier, left for a week's trip. They played five games, winning two, the game with Asheville School and the game with Atlanta Y. M. C. A., and losing three. All the games were hotly contested from beginning to end. The last three games they played under great disadvantages. Several of the men were crippled up and this handicapped the team work considerably. We understand from Mr. Crozier that he is fully satisfied

with the trip. Especially did the team meet hard luck in Asheville and Auburn. Those teams did not play basketball—the games from beginning to end were slugging, rough and tumble fights. The schedule consisted of five games: Asheville School at Asheville School; Asheville Y. M. C. A.; Atlanta Y. M. C. A.; Columbus Y. M. C. A.; and Alabama Technological Institute at Auburn.

That Wake Forest is still the champion of this State, we would like to inform those gentlemen of the Asheville Y. M. C. A. The game we lost to them does not decide which team shall be champion of this State until they have played us here. Let the Asheville quintette mark these words and beware—they are stamping on wobbly ground.

—The basket-ball men report that they were received courteously at every place. We wish to thank the different teams for the kindnesses tendered our team.

—Dump White (in the sleeper smoker): "Oliver, throw these peelings out the window."

Oliver: "All right,"—trying to open the window, rings the bell. At this all the other fellows run out on the platform.

Porter: "Yes, sir!"

Oliver: "I—I—di—dn't want you for anything particular."

—Miss Anna Kitchin, of Scotland Neck, is visiting her relatives.

—The preliminary, held for the purpose of choosing speakers for the Mercer Debate, was held Thursday night. The subject: *"Resolved,* That the present tendencies of centralization of power in the national government are beneficial to the best interests of our Republic." The question was well debated, both pro and con.

The Mercerians have chosen the negative. To defend our side, the affirmatlve, the judges of the contest, Drs. Poteat, Gorrell and Paschal, have chosen as our representatives Messrs. F. F. Brown and F. T. Collins, with H. T. Stevens as alternate. This is a good team and they should come back from the contest with colors flying and with another victory to be celebrated with the happy hurrahs and cheers of a loyal student body. April the twentieth, Easter Monday night, will decide!

All the other speakers, Hipps, King, Tilley and Henderson, make good speeches. The preliminary was judged the best of any that we have had in a good long while.

—Mr. Horton, the representative of Whiting Bros., was on the Hill three days the latter part of February.

—Mr. Koppel, of Norfolk, with a fine lot of spring goods, made us a visit the first part of the month.

Such visits as these remind us that spring and the baseball season is near.

—Mr. Rufus Hunter, of Raleigh, spent a day on the Hill the latter part of the month.

—Dr. Poteat delivered an address before the A. & M. Y. M. C. A. on the subject, "Plans for Chosing a Life Work," Sunday, February 16th.

—Mr. W. B. Smith, of Forestville, died Saturday, February 29th, after a few hours of illness. Funeral services were held at the home of the deceased the next afternoon, Sunday, the first.

—Mr. James Adams was taken sick suddenly on Saturday, the twenty-ninth with appendicitis. The college physicians, Drs. Rankin and Gaines, operated the next afternoon. We understand that his case is progressing favorably. We are glad to hear this and hope that he will soon be back at his work.

—Sunday morning, March 1st, Dr. Gaines preached in the absence of the college pastor, Dr. Lynch, who was kept away from his pulpit on account of sickness. Dr. Gaines's sermon was listened to with much interest.

—The new grand-stand is rapidly nearing completion. For a long time we have needed a new one, and we take this opportunity to thank Mr. Crozier for his efforts in that direction. The diamond will be practically in the same place. We understand also that it is the intention to construct bleachers. This will add much to the Athletic Field, and will make it much more convenient for the fellows. Heretofore it was rather inconvenient to stand up during a game. With the new bleachers, this will not be the case and the fellows can go out and enjoy the game with more comfort.

—On Sunday morning, February 23d, Professor Highsmith addressed the Baraca and Philathea classes of the Baptist Church of Benson on the Baraca work. We understand that Prof. Highsmith's address was well received.

—Sunday, March 1st, Prof. Highsmith addressed the Baptist people of Wise on "The Ideal Life."

—On Monday, February 24th, Professor Highsmith carried his Practice Class in Education to Raleigh to observe the work in the schools there. The class visited Wiley School, the High School; also Shaw University, to get a practical knowledge of the industrial work being done there. Every one reports a pleasant and profitable trip.

—Friday afternoon, the 28th, Mrs. Crozier entertained the ladies of the Hill. The occasion was a celebration of Washington's birthday. The parlors were decorated with bunting and flags, and pinned about everywhere

were the little hatchets, symbols of Washington's much-boasted veracity. Contests of various kinds were engaged in, which made the time pass pleasantly. Prizes were given to the successful contestants. Miss Lulie Dunn, Miss Hallie Powers, Miss Ruby Reid and Mrs. Timberlake were the lucky contestants. Delightful refreshments were served, consisting of fruits, candies and Tutti Frutti Cream. All the ladies of the Hill were present at this delightful occasion.

—The following is the schedule for the Wake Forest baseball team for the season 1908. Manager Couch is to be congratulated on arranging such an excellent schedule—especially considering the difficulties and hindrances with which he had to contend last fall.

March 12—Orange Grove School at Wake Forest.
March 21—Warrenton High School at Wake Forest.
March 24—Randolph-Macon at Wake Forest.
March 26—Trinity Park School at Wake Forest.
March 30—North Carolina Deaf and Dumb School at Wake Forest.
April 1—Elon College at Wake Forest.
April 3—Colgate University at Wake Forest.
April 4—Colgate University at Wake Forest.
April 11—A. and M. College of North Carolina at Wake Forest.
April 14—Davidson College at Wake Forest.
April 16—University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.
April 17—Guilford College at Guilford.
April 18—Delaware College at Wake Forest.
April 20—A. and M. College of North Carolina at Raleigh.
April 21—Charlotte League at Charlotte.
April 22—Charlotte League at Charlotte.
April 23—Davidson College at Davidson.
April 24—Greenville League at Greenville, S. C.
April 25—Greenville League at Greenville, S. C.
April 28—Guilford College at Wake Forest.
April 30—University of North Carolina at Raleigh.
May 1—Mercer University at Wake Forest.
May 2—Mercer University at Wake Forest.
May 9—Eastern College of Virginia at Wake Forest.
May 11—A. and M. College of North Carolina at Raleigh.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

VOL. XXVII. APRIL, 1908 No. 8

SPRING

J. H. BEACH, '09.

Come mild, reviving Spring,
And with thee verdant fields and fragrant roses bring.
Return, Oh joyful time,
When birds in sweetest melodies their notes do chime
To bless the passing day.
Return, Oh season sweet,
When lovers 'neath the moon's pale beams their vows repeat.
Abide with us, we pray.
But No! The march of Father Time we can not stay;
Good-bye, thou must away.

VOLTAIRE

By Hubert McNeill Poteat.

Francois Marie Arouet was born on November twenty-first, 1694, at Paris. Had the world, by some supernatural means, known how wonderful a man was brought to the light that day, may we not reasonably surmise that many of the great of the time would have made pilgrimages to his cradle?

Most writers have supposed that the name Voltaire is a sort of anagram from the name "Arouet le jeune," others that it is merely a *nom de plume*. Whatever its source, this much is certain, that wherever it is spoken, it is a synonym for justice, reason, and enlightenment.

The elder Arouet, a worthy burgher, and a notary of good repute for integrity and skill, seems to have exerted less influence over his son than did the mother, who is said to have been a woman of considerable intellectual alertness. It was through her, too, that young Francois was introduced into good society.

At the age of ten he entered the Collége Louis-le-Grand, where he was entirely under the influence of the Jesuits. Having received no education until that time, he was naturally subject to their every teaching, and we may well believe that he obtained there many of the ideas and principles which afterwards ruled his life. Voltaire's irrepressible temper was very quickly discovered, and along with it a wonderful originality. Before leaving the Collége Louis-le-Grand, the Abbé Chateauneuf had him introduced into the Society of the Temple. This society was noted for levity and trifling intellectuality and, no doubt, had a great, lasting, and baleful influence on Voltaire's character.

In 1711 he left college and, as was entirely natural, had a serious tilt with his good father, who wanted him to be a lawyer. For a while he submitted and so was taken to The Hague by a brother of the Abbé Chateauneuf,—the one who first taught Voltaire the doctrines of deism. Here he became involved in a love scrape and was peremptorily sent home by the Marquis. In 1715, the year in which Louis XIV died, Voltaire became twenty-one, to his great delight, and, we may well believe, to the intense satisfaction of the elder Arouet, who was by this time glad enough to get such a troublesome member of his household off his hands.

At this time young Voltaire, falling under the influence of the Duchesse du Maine, wrote some lampoons on Philip, Regent D'Orleans, who was on the throne during the minority of Louis XV, which first caused him to be driven into exile and afterwards landed in the Bastille, where he remained for nearly a year. After he was released he spent a checkered eight years until his visit to England. During those memorable years he saw his tragedy, *Oedipe,* produced with great success, completed his *Henriade,* received a beating at the hands of a government spy, visited the Netherlands, was exiled again, had a case of smallpox, and in many other ways managed to pass away the time. In April, 1726, he was again placed in the Bastille, because of a quarrel with the Chevalier de Rohan-Chabot, but was released shortly on condition that he would leave France. He concluded to go to England.

The importance of that visit to England can hardly be measured. During the three years of his stay there he learned the language, witnessed the performance of many of Shakespeare's plays, and studied very carefully and enthusiastically Newton and Locke. As has been

said, deism was the first doctrine which Voltaire had been taught, and in reality the only one; and hence his visit to England during the period when deism was most widely embraced naturally had the result of establishing his belief in the deistic doctrines. He was also greatly impressed with the advanced social conditions and the freedom of speech and thought in England as compared with the absolute monarchy in France, not only in the realm of state, but also in literature and opinion. Says Condorcet: "The example of England showed him that truth is not made to remain a secret in the hands of a few philosophers." The visit to England had, then, the effect of rendering absolutely free from restraint a nature which was born for liberty and of turning into a well-defined channel a life and intellect such as the world has rarely seen. His purpose thenceforth Condorcet has thus expressed: "From the moment of his return Voltaire felt himself called to destroy the prejudices of every kind, of which his country was the slave."

He returned to Paris in 1729 and proceeded immediately to exhibit some results of his stay in England by the publication of his epistle, *A Uranie, Temple du Gout,* and *Lettres Philosophiques.* He was compelled to leave the country again when the last-named work appeared, and so took refuge at the estate of the Marquise du Chatelet in Cirey, near the border of Lorraine. It has been said that the Cirey residence was the first stage of his literary manhood. While at Cirey he wrote indefatigably, *Alzire* and a treatise on the Newtonian system being his chief products. The ban was taken off him in 1735, but he returned to Paris but seldom, for, as he writes Madame de Champbonin in 1739: "Paris is a whirlpool wherein peace and tranquility of

soul, without which life is but a troublesome discord, are lost. I lose my vitality, too; I am carried, or rather dragged far from myself into the turmoil. I come and go; I dine at one end of the city only to feast the next day at the other. From the companionship of three or four intimate friends one must needs rush to the opera, the theater; one must view the sights like a stranger, embrace a hundred people in one day, give and receive a hundred declarations of good-will; not a moment to oneself, to time to write, to think, nor even to sleep! I feel like that man of the olden time who perished under the weight of the flowers which were thrown to him." We are hardly surprised, therefore, that he remained at Cirey almost continuously until the death of the Marquise in 1749, after which he accepted the invitation of Frederick and took up his residence at the Prussian court.

It may be well to mention at this point the fact that in 1745 Voltaire obtained one of the greatest desires of his life,—admission into the Academy,—by means of the success of *La Princesse de Navarre,* a light operetta which Rameau set to music. In order to pave the way for this triumph and, in fact, before the composition of *La Princesse,* he had written a most flattering and hypocritical letter to the prefect of his *alma mater,* declaring in the words of Corneille: "I am ready to submit my writings to the judgment of the church," and further, "I declare * * * that if my name has ever been printed under a page which could scandalize even a parish sexton, I am ready to tear it in pieces before his eyes; further, that I wish to live and to die in peace in the bosom of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman church, without attacking anybody, without injuring anybody, without advancing an opinion that could be offensive in the least: I detest everything which is able to introduce the slight-

est trouble into society." He closes his remarkable letter with these very un-Voltairean words: "C'est dans ces sentiments que je serai toujours, avec respect, mon révérent père, votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur." May we not suppose that as he sent that letter he indulged in a very characteristic Voltairean smile at his ingenuity?

His stay at the Prussian court was one of mingled pleasure and pain, peace and conflict. He thus describes his duties to Madame Denis, his niece: "Ma fonction est de ne rien faire," and continues: "I give one hour per day to the King of Prussia to smooth out a little his works in prose and poetry. I am his grammarian and not his chamberlain." Piqued by what he considered an affront at the hands of Maupertius, the President of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, Voltaire wrote and had widely circulated his diatribe of *Doctor Akakia,* which confirmed the king in his dislike for his guest,—a dislike and even disgust which he had felt quite a considerable time; and so poor Voltaire was again forced to move,—the same Voltaire who had declared with such good grace: "Je déteste tout ce qui peut porter le moindre trouble dans la société"! His work of greatest value while in Berlin was the completion of the Siècle de Louis Quatorze.

From Berlin he went first to Strassburg and then to Colmar, where he attended to the printing of his *Annales de l'Empire.* Failing in his attempts to return to Paris, by reason of the king's disfavor aroused by the *Pucelle,* Voltaire purchased considerable property in the neighborhood of Geneva, and settled himself in a country home which he called Les Délices. Ere long he abandoned this for Ferney, another place a short distance away, which he had purchased. At Ferney he spent practically the remainder of his life.

Perhaps the most important and interesting occurrence of his residence in the Geneva territory was his spirited tilt with Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Morley thus states the positions taken by these giants with reference to the existing social conditions: "Voltaire's theory * * * was that the temporal order was safe and firm, and that it would endure until criticism had transformed thought and prepared the way for a régime of enlightenment and humanity. Rousseau, on the contrary, directed all the engines of passion against the whole temporal fabric, and was so little careful of freedom of thought, so little confident in the plenary efficacy of rational persuasion, as to insist upon the extermination of atheists by law."

With the exception of this controversy the last years of the "patriarch of Ferney," as Voltaire loved to call himself, were spent in peace and happiness, but by no means in idleness. Among his chief works, written during the last twenty years of his life, we may mention *Tancrède, Philosophie de l'Histoire,* and the ponderous *Essai sur l'Histoire de l'Esprit humain du temps de Charlemagne jusqu à nos jours.* In his eighty-fourth year (1778) he wrote his last complete work, *Irène,* and went to Paris to see it played. The ovation he received would have well graced a victorious Cæsar. He was elected president of the Academy, and began at once to work on a new dictionary. But the excitement and intense exercise overcame his feeble body and he was taken ill about the middle of May and died on the thirtieth, surrounded by priests, and leaving as his last words to the world which had buffeted, scorned, and derided him: "I die in the adoration of God, in love for my friends, without hatred for my enemies, and with my curse upon superstition."

In attempting any delineation of the character and personal traits of Voltaire one is all but forced to the conclusion that there has never lived a man whose life has more completely baffled students or who has been more universally misunderstood or more hated. Surely he, of all men, is heart and soul, mind and method, *sui generis.*

He was far from prepossessing in personal appearance; lanky, thin, with a very prominent nose, and keen, glittering eyes. It is said that he took almost no exercise. He was rather more sober than one would expect, considering his environment, and, in fact, appears to have confined himself almost entirely to coffee as a beverage.

Fearlessness was one of the most prominent traits in Voltaire's character. He seems to have faced without hesitation every situation with which he was confronted and every enemy with whom he had to deal. Had he not been fearless can we believe that he would have assailed so vigorously the social and political conditions of France, libeled and slandered every crowned head in Europe, thundered at the gate of the Vatican, and shaken to its foundations the established church?

Along with fearlessness went a remarkable spirit of independence and freedom of thought and action, which more than once drove him from his father-land. Such a combined love of courage and independence, incarnated, as it was, in Voltaire, could but long and strive for the emancipation of the prisoner, whatever his prison: whether the Bastille, the accepted doctrines of theology, the superstition and mystery of the church, or the tyranny of the ruling classes. One instance is sufficient to show Voltaire's intense hatred for injustice. In 1762 Jean Calas was executed for the murder of his

eldest son, his property was confiscated, and the younger son banished. Voltaire made the acquaintance of the young man and having concluded that the decisions of the court were unjust from beginning to end, all but overturned Europe for three years to have the judgment set aside, and finally succeeded.

There are other characteristics which might be discussed; such as his genial and kindly spirit towards his friends, his remarkable gift of humor, his prolific literary productivity, his untiring energy, his platonic friendship with literary women; but we merely mention these and turn to the darker side of his character.

One of Voltaire's worst faults was his unscrupulousness. He never hesitated to deviate from the path of truth and honor when the deviation could possibly mean any pecuniary gain or personal aggrandizement. A prominent instance is his speculation on Saxony treasury notes and his subsequent law-suit with his Jewish agent, a transaction which left upon his name some little suspicion of unfair dealing.

Among his faults we are forced to notice, too, his all but unmitigated superficiality. He seems never to have gone to the bottom of anything, whether science, sociology, or theology; although his consummate shrewdness and acuteness of style in many cases furnish a sort of covering for the shallowness beneath the surface.

Voltaire had a habit which, for a man of his good sense, was as curious and even pitiful as it was destructive of his peace of mind, namely, his foolish quarreling with men far beneath him and in every way unworthy of his notice. Morley says: "Instead of the silence, composure, and austere oblivion, which it is the essence of strength to oppose to unworthy natures, he habitually

confronted the dusty, creeping things that beset his march, as if they stood valiant and erect; and the more unworthy they were, the more vehement and strenuous and shrill was his contention with them."

So much for his faults.

What a mixture of good and evil, of false and true! What an example to be emulated, but at the some time, what a duplicity to be shunned. What a power for justice and yet what hypocrisy! In truth, a combination, nay, a heterogeneous mixture, of darkness and light, of the utterly depraved and the truly divine.

Let us now pass to a brief consideration of Voltaire's work in the different fields of literature.

We have already spoken of his enormous literary productivity. He himself writes in 1768, just after the appearance of his works in forty-five quarto volumes: "When I consider all this trash which I have written I am tempted to hide myself underneath it, and I am quite ashamed. I have always said that one ought not to go down to posterity with too much baggage."

Let us take first his drama. Between fifty and sixty plays are credited to him, the best being his tragedies. *Zairé* and *Mérope* probably rank the highest. It cannot be said that Voltaire's plays possess any very extraordinary literary merit, but for sustained interest, clearness of style, and adaptability to stage effect they are hard to surpass.

Of his poems proper, including the *Henriade,* the *Pucelle,* and other smaller pieces, not so much praise can be given. There is a certain artificial grace, it is true, a certain wit, to be sure, but no passion, no sense of the beauty of nature, and but little imagination and suggestiveness.

The third division of Voltaire's works consists of his prose romances or tales, and it is here that he is at his best, for they are the very choicest products of his genius. Although all of them were composed with a purpose in view of attacking some enemy of his, this purpose always disappears in the piece,—a proof of the genius of the author.

The fourth division is composed of Voltaire's historical works, the chief of which are the *Siècle de Louis Quatorze, Siècle de Louis Quinze, Essai sur les Moeurs,* and *Annales de l'Empire.* While in these works Voltaire still displays his unsurpassed style, there is evident much prejudice, a great deal of inaccuracy, and the same superficiality, which we have already noted as one of the most glaring faults in his own character.

His scientific writings show such a dearth of deep and careful research that they hardly need to be mentioned except that it may be said that they too display marvelous style.

Voltaire's distressing superficiality is nowhere more manifest than in the fifth division of his works,—his philosophical writings. The *Dictionaire Philosophique* is the most important of these, and consists of the articles which he wrote for the Encyclopédie, and of several minor pieces. It is in this work that he shows most strongly his feelings against the Established Church.

In his criticism Voltaire displays much pungent wit, but also a good deal of prejudice and lack of deep discernment. For instance, of Shakespeare he says: "His is a fine nature, but very wild; there is no regularity, no clearness of view, no art; there is baseness along with grandeur, buffoonery with tragedy: it is a chaos of things terrific in which there shine a hundred beams of

light." A few years afterwards Voltaire, angered because an editor of an edition of Shakespeare had called him "dieu du théatre," wrote a terrific tirade in which he allowed prejudice and anger to carry him to a ridiculous extent.

The last division is made up of his huge correspondence, the store of which is being constantly increased by new discoveries. In his letters, which were written to perhaps the widest and most distinguished circle of correspondents of which any man has ever been able to boast, we find his character in the boldest relief and his style most variegated; from the letter to the Duchesse de Choiseul, presenting her a pair of silk stockings made by himself, to the pious and dignified missive addressed to Father de la Tour, in which he made a devout public profession of faith,—an act of consummate hypocrisy, committed, as we well know, in order to obtain admission to the Academy.

Such then, in brief, was the work of Voltaire. Of his style in general Morley has this to say: "It is like a translucent stream of purest mountain water, moving with swift and animated flow under flashing sunbeams." What more can we add to that beautiful characterization?

Let us, therefore, pass on to discuss Voltaire's religion.

Among the majority of people Voltaire's name has long been but a synonym for infidelity, heresy, and unbelief; and we may well believe that if the old man were alive to-day he would be forced to continue his all but nomadic life, in order to save himself from the onslaughts of his enemies.

If Voltaire had any set theology we must conclude that it was deism, "that faith which sought above all to establish the certainty and sufficiency of natural religion

in opposition to the positive religions, and in tacitly or expressly denying the unique significance of a supernatural revelation in the Old and New Testaments." We have already seen that the first training Voltaire received was along deistic lines. His visit to England, however, was mainly responsible for his life-long belief in deism. It is easy to understand how a man of Voltaire's independence and absolute freedom from constraint of every kind would embrace gladly a religion which taught liberty and light and which accepted nothing which could not be entirely explained and understood by even the meanest intellect.

Important as was his visit to England, we must not lose sight of the great influence which his early deistic training exerted on his religious views. He himself was most strongly convinced that early education, environment, and influences largely determined belief. In his matchless tragedy, *Zaire*, he makes his heroine say: "Custom and law turned my first years toward the religion of the merry Turks; I am perfectly sure that the care which is taken of us during our childhood forms our sentiments, our manners, our belief. On the banks of the Ganges I should have been a devotee of false gods, a Christian I should have been in Paris, a Mohammedan am I here: instruction accomplishes everything, and the hands of our fathers engrave on our yet plastic hearts their first characters, which time and future example combine to wipe out and which, it may be, God alone can efface.

Let us notice at this point Voltaire's attack on religion and its motives.

The well-known and all but universally misinterpreted phrase, "Ecrasez l'infame," which has been twisted and tortured into meaning even "Crush the Christ," was his

war-cry, and his foe we may denominate "persecuting and privileged orthodoxy."

There were two distinct elements underlying Voltaire's enmity towards Christianity, which one of his biographers outlines as follows: "One of them was the intellectual element of repugnance to a system of belief that rested on miracles and mysteries irreconcilable with reason. The other was the moral element of anger against the expounders of this system, their intolerance of light and hatred of knowledge, their fierce yet profoundly contemptible struggles with one another, the scandals of their casuistry, their besotted cruelty." As has been stated before, Voltaire had no sympathy nor even tolerance for any belief other than that founded on justice and on the established and visible facts of nature. Supernaturalism in religion was to Voltaire an imposition on ignorance, and was therefore altogether banished from his creed.

His exalted sense of justice rebelled at the cruel practices which characterized the administration of government under priestly authority and which made the church appear the enemy of truth and justice instead of their incarnation. Says a recent writer: "Upon the monstrous death by priestly authority of the poor Huguenot, Voltaire raised in behalf of outraged humanity a shout that well-nigh shook to its ruin every religious establishment in Europe."

We must conclude, then, that Voltaire's attack was not on religion itself but on the form of it by which he was surrounded, and on the outrages which were perpetrated with its sanction.

Let us now review some of Voltaire's ideas of religion and the beliefs which he exemplified in his own life.

In the beginning we must admit that he was very, very far from being a pious man. His persistent and unyielding attack on Christianity,—that is, on the so-called Christianity of his day, leaves us no room to doubt but that he was far from being the saint which he declared himself to be in his letter to Father de la Tour. Such hypocrisy appears inexcusable to us, but the fact remains whenever there was a possible pecuniary, social or political gain involved, Voltaire's conscience remained inert.

His distressing superficiality was also much in evidence in his attitude toward religion. He always contented himself with the surface, the outward appearance, the shell of religion. Had he given much deep and serious thought to the fundamental principles of Christ's kingdom, we are compelled to believe that he would have been a far different man and a far juster critic.

Despite his faults and shortcomings, and despite his life-long war on the church, we must conclude that Voltaire was farther, much farther from being an atheist than the world has believed. His was a religion of reason, enlightenment, and justice, where God reigned supreme and manifested His right to the throne by mercy, truth, and goodness, and not by injustice, cruelty, and superstition. His was a religion of nature and not of smoking incense and mystic miracle. He conceded to no man, dead or alive, the right to be called "saint," and acknowledged the power of none but God in nature and life. Think of the church Voltaire erected on his estate at Ferney. How suggestive the inscription over its portal: "Deo erexit Voltaire." Not dedicated to Saint So-and-so, but simply to God. It is said that on one occasion Voltaire communed with the congregation and even addressed them. A recent scientific writer re-

marks: "When the Lisbon earthquake shattered not only houses, but over a wider area the faith of many, who but this smiling infidel uttered the call to faith in an inscrutible Providence in view of that catastrophe?"

May we not believe, then, that this sneering critic, this tantalizing hypocrite, this crusher of the church, had, deep down in the unexplored and inaccessible recesses of his heart, a deep and true reverence for God? True it is that he fought the church, maligned its leaders, and mocked at its doctrines, but is it too much to believe that beneath his glittering armor there beat a heart overflowing with a desire for the triumph on earth of the true religion of God, proceeding from the throne of God direct to mankind, and made clear and plain by God's own light?

Let us, in conclusion, note the influence of the life and work of this man and poet, warrior and historian, courtier and patriarch.

His influence on literature has amounted to very little, for although he is probably the most voluminous writer the world has ever seen and one of the most brilliant, yet he wrote no single great masterpiece.

Religion felt the influence of Voltaire's life very deeply and lastingly. Dr. Eggert says: "He has rendered the cause of religion a service by exposing the danger it runs when not built on intelligence and human sympathy." Morley remarks: "At the time of Voltaire's death there was not a single institution in France with force enough to be worth a month's purchase. The church was demoralized first by the direct attack of Voltaire, * * * and, second, by the memory of its own cruelty and selfishness in the generation just closing." And who but Voltaire thus aroused the ecclesiastical conscience?

His greatest influence, however, has been exerted in the direction of intellectual emancipation. All through his long life he ever kept this purpose and desire near his heart. He labored that knowledge might be extended, superstition banished, outbursts of exotic passion and senseless miscarriages of justice, due to ignorance and intellectual blindness, forever eradicated. He did not seek, as did Jean-Jacques Rousseau, to overthrow the whole social régime, but declared, as has been quoted above, that "the temporal order was safe and firm, and that it would endure until criticism had transformed thought and prepared the way for a régime of enlightenment and humanity." Surely no man ever suffered more from mental depravity and intellectual darkness in high places than did Voltaire, and his clarion calls for light and liberty have been, and shall be, through all time, as imperative and as distinct as though spoken but yesterday.

Have these pages set forth Voltaire; his wit, his wisdom, his indomitable energy, his humanity, his religion? Have they presented a picture of the true soul of the master? It seems to me that I can see him, far away, on the illimitable shores of Eternity,—he turns and looks toward me with that kindly and yet unfathomable smile, and says: "No, you have failed in your task even as all the rest have failed, for I am the everlasting enigma of the ages."

A BUTTERFLY

(Seen on a midwinter day.)

H. F. PAGE.

Whither away
  On gossamer wings,
O whither away?—
  When the bluebird sings,
Atilt and asway,
  On the lilac tree,
Some morning in May,
Thus, little fay,
  Should I meet thee.
But on such a day,
Whither, O whither away?

What can it be
  This winter day
That is luring thee,
  Far from thy home,
Away and away and away,
  Careless to roam?

Is some roguish spright,
Dapper and bedight,
  Before thee askipping?—
Be this the reason why,
  Sweet little fay,
Hillward thou fliest,
  Dipping, dipping, dipping,
Farther and farther away?

Lambs do not play
  'Mong daffodils
Anywhere to-day.
No tender flower
Kissed by sun-shower
  Gently distills
Sweets in fair bower
  Over the hills.

Some evil charm
  I fear, I fear, I fear,
Is seeking thy harm.
  Hear! Hear! Hear!
Good fairies calling—
  Calling to thee:

"Turn while thou may'st—
Quick, make thee haste,
Careless little fay,
Fly away home,
  Trust not to-day—
Come, come, come,
Wander no farther away!"

South winds will blow
  Just for to-day:
To-morrow will bring
  Skies cold and gray.
Winds white with snow,
Through wild wood bleak and lone,
Will blow and blow and blow,
  Wailing as they go—
Making moan, making moan, making moan.

Hist! little fay,
Away off somewhere
Didst hear something say?
"Beware! Beware! Beware!"
('Tis the wood voices calling
Out there in the wild.)
"Some mischief-working snare
Hidden waits in the dell—
Little fay, little fay,
Thou art beguiled
By some death-luring spell—
Beware—Come away, Come away."

Turn on thy wing
Quickly I pray,
Fly away home
And there do thou stay,
Till the thrush begins to sing
In the alders by the spring,
And the elf-trumpets blow,
Calling thee to play,
Where the brook waters throw
Up their feathery spray,
And wild hyacinths grow
Fresh with scent of May.

Beware, little fay,
Trust not to-day—
Come, come, come,
Fly away home,
Wander not, wander not farther away!

JARDY'S EVIL GENIUS

By Syngardt.

J. William Jardy dropped dejectedly into a rustic surrounded by magnolias in an obscure part of the campus. It was an hour after sunset. He had refused his usual walk with the fellows; because of indisposition, he had told them, but in reality because, from the experiences of the day, unparalleled in his life, he wished to slip away to the silence of his room and there have his "dark hour all unseen."

The moon was full as he strode along the walks, the atmosphere seductive, and the temptation of the rustic hidden away among the magnolias more than he could stand as he passed to his room. This darkened nook seemed somehow in sympathy with his thoughts just then; he yielded to the impulse to stop; half unconsciously he slid into the open arms of the seat. If the katydid, seated snugly and undiscoverably on a leaf just overhead, had been inclined to gossip, it would have said that the face of the intruder in its solitude wore, as it gathered its information from the struggling moon glances, a woe-begone expression; that dis-solicitude, dejection and even despair sat heavily upon every lineament of his countenance.

Was the fellow a weakling, pouting, petted, sentimental booby? His brow, from which was absent the quick flurry of youth, and the broad expanse of his shoulders suggested something better than that. Let us turn back the pages of his record now for the day and see.

The rising bell awakened a young man of comely looks, soaring hopes, and confident, reserved manliness. That morning would complete the round of his examinations,

and if his usual fortune supported him he would graduate only second in his class—an honor not to be despised by one who had not sought it, whose highest hope on entering had been to secure his diploma. That afternoon would see pulled off the greatest ball game of the season. The home team, of which he was catcher, was in fine trim. His own record had been almost flawless, and this final effort would decide whether he should win a place on the Southern League for the rest of the season, as he had hoped. The manager of the best team in the League would be there; it all depended, he assured himself, on this one game. And furthermore—"soft you!"—at home was a little cherub of a mistress whose hand, though ever so tiny and white, was somehow controlling all his efforts in college as well as elsewhere, whose blue eyes looked his every aspiration, whose slightest wishes when resolved proved to be his highest hopes. Oh, the noon train would doubtless bring a letter from her, in her own dainty hand—his delight,—in congratulation of his successes, and—ah, other things! J. William Jardy went to breakfast a contented and happy man.

But Philippi's are scattered all along the way, and sometimes they come without the forecast of the ghostly warning. At sometimes an evil genius assumes the presidency of a day and will not suffer the right of impeachment. At such times he is a lucky man who finds himself armed so strongly in integrity that deeds and events fall about him indifferently.

Our young subject met with a very decided affront when the paper of the examinations was handed him. It looked as if the professor had taken the whole list of questions from the two-weeks' work he had missed while measles had him in its clutches, and from the later weeks while he was away with the team. The work done then

he had not deemed of sufficient importance to demand his worrying with it except in a general way. However, he was responsible for the whole and so could not demur. He floundered around in a sea of uncertainty for the full three hours, and when at last he reluctantly surrendered his paper it was with a feeling of the utmost chagrin. The coveted honor he saw slip from him, and not only that, but he knew that he had failed of passing. There was not a solitary question of the whole list that he could answer with assurance.

After the ordeal he needed some fresh air within which to *think*. But two hours of God's oxygen failed to restore his composure, the rather it fixed him in his lost confidence. True, there was the possibility of getting another trial, but the suggestion failed to appeal. Already the examination had been put off to the last date at his request. Commencement was beginning. And, besides, the Faculty were none too well-disposed toward members of the ball team whose work failed of satisfaction. To ask for another trial would be a kind of imposition as well as concession of his manhood. Could he pay the price? Could he fail to graduate?

Indecision was harrowing up the mind of the young man when the whistle of the fast mail was heard. It would bring Marjory's letter—ah, there was consolation in that. But poor Marjory! If the worst should come, how would she take his failure? A tear glistened on his cheek, but he brushed it away almost rudely, as if unmanly of him. The next few moments swallowed up his troubles as he indulged in sweet anticipations of the dear things he would find in that love-tinted letter.

Maybe his hand trembled a little as it grasped in the box for the familiar missive, but it was a tremor of pure joy, of solace to his wounded spirit. Somehow the letter

felt thin. Eagerly he broke the seal—only one sheet! Was the dear girl sick? His heart swelled with sympathy. He turned quickly away to devour its contents. Only two or three lines met his astonished gaze. They were these:

"My dear Mr. Jardy:—I have heard all about your attentions to Miss Sellwood. Perhaps you had better cease whatever pastimes you may have been indulging in with me.

Woundedly, MARJORY."

"The Hell!" It was the only word in all the wealth of languages that occurred to him, and if a philologist had cared to make research on the instant he would have found it was the language of the heart. "Who was Miss Sellwood?" Ah, yes, he remembered—merely a passing acquaintance he had made at the game at L—, and he had almost forgotten her. Who, under demonic maledictions, could be his malicious informant? Thoughts of so base an action for the moment almost drove him frantic, but the memory of his morning's experience sobered him. What if— and he felt a vague unrest at the idea—what if the fountains of his fortune had gone dry and now was left only the brackish waters of adversity to slip in and overwhelm him? Surely not that!

The opposing teams were on the field for practice a full half hour before the game was called. Jardy, of the home nine, came in a little late, but no notice was taken of it. Always he was in fine trim. Promptly at the appointed hour the umpire stepped into the box and called the game. Jardy took his stand fully accoutred behind the bat, looking so manly, so athletic, and in sooth, so sure to win that a burst of applause rose from the grandstand. But at his heart there was a tugging dread. He would not have been surprised if the ghost of his dead Cæsar, whoever or whatever that might be, had sud-

denly appeared before him and proclaimed this his fatal field.

The first two or three innings passed well enough. In the warmth of the game a little of the dead weight slipped from the conscience of the athletic catcher. Maybe—? But in an unlucky moment, in an instant, while a fit of preoccupation was upon him, a ball slipped through his hands, bumped against the wire netting in front of the grandstand and fell with a thud upon the ground and likewise upon the bosom of the catcher. A man for the visitors slipped in and scored while another took his place on third. It was strike three for the batter who, with a sneer, appropriated first. It was a costly error, but Jardy pulled himself together to redeem it. A few more plays were made, but at length a misunderstood sign sent another ball through him and the second man from third tallied. The captain muttered under his breath and ground his teeth. Jardy set his face as flint. Another ball came seemingly touched with venom for the unfortunate catcher. The batter smote the air frantically and the ball found its old home in the catcher's mit as if moulded there. At the same time he of the first was making a wild dash for second. With a feeling of fierce joy Jardy swung the ball high in air, gave it the full poise of his mighty arm, and sent it soaring full two feet above the second baseman's reach. The runner continued his flight to third and passed that goal just as the ball was finding final lodgment in centre-fielder's hands. That fielder delivered the ball back with dispatch by the same route it came. Jardy caught it while the runner was full two yards away, but—unlucky chance!—some unkind fate tripped him and he measured his length upon the ground. The fall was seemingly unprovoked, so the captain gave relief to his

pent-up feelings in open abuse. At which poor Jardy picked up his garments and left the field.

An hour after nightfall found him as we have described, seated on the rustic among the magnolias in the solitude of the shadows and his own thoughts. The hot flush that had possessed him when last seen on the ball field had passed away and in its stead mournful dejection sat. An hour of this did not revive him from his profound melancholy, into which, (who shall deny?) he had naturally fallen; it rather fortified his disconsolation. One change took place, however, within those racking moments. His face from irresolution assumed the fixedness of decision. And with him, even in this embattled state, to decide was to act. He picked himself up from the rustic and bent his course resolutely toward his room.

He had a few hours within which to pack his trunk. Under the weight of his other troubles he hadn't the heart to ask for another examination. He would take the night train for home. To what extent will not a proud heart sometimes go in the first hours of broken fortunes! You who are wiser will perhaps condemn our friend in his hasty action; but in your judgment reflect upon your own first great stroke of adversity and see whether or not in your course you followed undeviatingly the path of wisdom. Friends gathered around in sympathy and remonstrance, believing that he was impelled only by physical ailment. His excitement had induced a kind of fever, and so he was justified in explaining that he was unwell. What mother's son will not sometimes hide even from the friendliest eye his most grievous wound? They knew only of his misfortune on the ball ground and pitied rather than censured him in it.

As the deluded Jardy boarded the train that night he took care to push his ticket secure in his purse, into the lowest depths of an inside waist-coat pocket. To lose it was as he saw it the only possible calamity left that could befall him.

The people at home were of course very much surprised at, and anxious over the prodigal's sudden return, when notified by telegram of his approach a few hours before his arrival. The long ride, coupled with his bitter chafing at his ill-fortune, had made him downright ill, and he looked it every inch when he stepped from the cars. Loving hearts and open arms were there to receive him; and, if a question of his action had abode with any, it vanished at sight of his haggard appearance, to be replaced with kindly concern and sympathy. His reason for leaving was manifest enough.

Three days of careful doctoring, nursing and rest had brought hopeful indications of the patient's speedy return to health. Friends, relatives, physicians were just beginning to breathe congratulatory breath that he had been snatched in the very nick of time from a dangerous attack of fever. Time, the effacer, was responsible for whatever advancement may have been made toward his recovery. Still the issue was a little doubtful.

The morning of the fourth day dawned beautiful, one of those glorious eras in latter May. Its exhilarating effects were noticeable everywhere. The languid Jardy was sitting up in a half-dressed way drinking from the balmy air tonics far more invigorating than the frequent draughts he was compelled to take from the labeled row on the table by his bed. He was lapsing into reverie, fatal enemy of his, just then, when he was recalled by the sharp ring of the postman at the door.

Ah, what a world of meaning there is in each summons to the door! There is the quick, sharp ring of business which says: "Up, the world is stirring! Hustle! Get! Don't keep me waiting!" Then a half hour may bring the indolent *l-i-n-g! l-i-n-g!* of the idle caller, which says: "Well, I am here just because I have come; however, up and do me honor." Then follows the hesitating, timid ring of the shy and modest, willy-willy calling, and echoing faintly, "I am afraid I am trespossing. I'll go if you wish." Then lastly comes the confident, assuring call of love and good-will, loud enough but not annoying, sharp enough but not of admonition, slow enough but not careless, low enough and gentle but not meek; and strangely enough, its spirit is catching, within. Who has not noted with changing feelings the varied ringings of the door-bell?

The postman's ring was evident enough. A moment later a servant entered with a few letters. Most of them from sympathizing friends, both at college, but one in particular elicited his attention. It bore the mark of college officialdom. He knew its contents, he said to himself, Why harrow him further with his failure to graduate? He broke the side and read:

My. dear Mr. Jardy:—This to inform you that your examination under Prof. G—— lowered your standing slightly, so that you are awarded place three in the assignment of honors instead of two as you otherwise had the right to expect. Your diploma will be forwarded you at once.

Very truly yours, JAS. C. FINCH,
Sec. to Faculty.

And in postscript was added:

We greatly regret that sickness was so untimely as to take you away from College before commencement. We hope you are already recovered. Sincerely, etc. J. C. F.

Spirit flowed back into the young fellow's deserted veins. The spell of his evil genius snapped. He felt the

cords loosen. It beamed upon him that he wasn't disgraced as he had felt assured was the case, and the rays were elixir in his blood. Indeed so far on the road to rehabilitation did the papyrean message carry him that he bethought himself of dressing and stirring abroad. Again his old decisiveness moved him to action.

The toilet was hardly complete when a second ring was heard—this time a tiny, tremendous one. The mother approached the door and a voice answered that was unmistakable to the young man above. Please, ma'am, could she see Mr. William? the voice of the caller pleaded almost falteringly. The kind-hearted matron divined sweet Marjory's mission, for she it was, and warmly drew her into the parlor. A moment later, on entering her son's room, she was surprised to find him already dressed and looking so well; but it was the glad surprise of a mother who sees the uncertainty of her child's welfare dissolved in the ruddy glow of returning health.

The rejuvenated William needed no invitation to descend into the parlor. His impetuosity had almost carried him there when he remembered and paused at the threshold. Marjory had not yet explained. He raised him eyes and from his position saw a shadowy frame approaching him with outstretched hand. Perhaps he was almost unceremonious in his entrance into the room, but ceremony wasn't needed. He was inside before the figure had advanced half way to him, and held the proffered hand incased in both of his.

"Cousin Rob has just told me," the lady hastened to say, "that he was only joking about your attentions to Miss Sellwood. He was at the game at L——. Oh, I think he is——." But the voice stopped, overwhelmed with feeling. And perhaps it was well that it did, for

by so doing it escaped a most violent smothering in the next moment's actions. The mother wisely had not followed down the stairs.

A few moments later the voice began again. This time from the region where only a few nights ago he had so carefully stowed his ticket away, and with it a sly look through tears and a tangle work of downy hair. "Are you much sick?" it queried. But the young man did not answer, at least not in words. I think, however, the sweet lady understood. The impetuosity of his embrace hardly indicated a severe loss of physical strength.

The next postman brought another letter. It was from the manager of the great League team, a place in which Jardy had aspired to fill. What did it contain? Maybe it was a rejection of his services proffered just before the fatal game; maybe it was an acceptance of them. Sportsmen usually know well enough not to judge a man from one game's record. Whatever might be its contents it possessed little interest for Jardy now. Slowly he took a match from his pocket, struck it, and applied it to the unbroken letter. A moment later it was in ashes with its secret. Two dreams that he had thought vanished had returned to enrich his life with realization; a possible third, which had been only a fad from the first, he was willing to sacrifice in his extreme gratitude for the other two.

CALHOUN—A SKETCH

By Reinhardt.

John Caldwell Calhoun, whose paternal ancestors originally came from Ireland, was born in Abbeville District, South Carolina, March 18, 1782. His grandfather emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1733; in 1756 the family after having lived for awhile in Virginia moved to South Carolina and settled in the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge. Calhoun's father was a prominent man in the affairs of the government prior to and during the Revolution. In politics the Calhouns were Whigs, thus naturally incurring the animosity of the Tories.

Born just at the close of the struggle for independence, John Calhoun was reared and nurtured in a time and in an atmosphere fit for the production of statesmen. In him were happily combined the firmness and determination of his father and the impulsive enthusiasm and ardency of feeling which characterized his mother. His school advantages in early youth were few, almost entirely limited to the lessons taught by his parents. When he was thirteen years of age his father died and the management of the farm soon devolved upon his youthful shoulders, thus seemingly debarring him from further pursuing his education. Indeed he showed a decided preference for the farm, and never in after life, during the years he was involved in the service of his country in the capacity of a public man, did he lose the early affection for rural pursuits. But physical weakness unfitted him for this life and soon after we find him attending the school of his brother-in-law in Georgia. In 1804 he was graduated at Yale and returned to Charles-

ton where he entered a law office. He was admitted to the bar in 1807 and began to practice in Abbeville District. The confidence and patronage the people at once centered in him. In 1808, as the result of a brilliant speech delivered before the people of his district, he was nominated for the Legislature, and was easily elected. This was the begining of his political career which was destined to place him among our foremost orators and statesmen.

The valuable services he rendered to the State while in the Legislature at once suggested to the people that he would creditably represent them in the national government. Accordingly, at the general election of 1810, he was chosen to the House of Representatives. His first speech was delivered December 19, 1811, during the debate on a bill which urged immediate preparations for war with Great Britain. Calhoun, young and inexperienced, as he was in this new sphere, ably defended the measure against the onslaught of the eloquent John Randolph, who bitterly opposed the bill. With convincing argument he showed that in the face of repeated insults on the part of England the United States were justifiable in declaring war. By this speech he won numerous friends and the older members of the House at once realized that another political genius was added to the catalogue of illustrious men.

While inclining towards the Republican party in opposition to the Federalists, Calhoun was bound by no party affiliations. Possessed with a deep prophetic insight into the problems which confronted the nation at that time, he arnestly labored for the best interests of the whole country. In 1812 and again in 1814 he was re-elected to Congress.

The war with England was now over and various questions agitated the government and the country at large. For awhile there was debate in Congress as to what branch of the government was vested with the power of treaty-making. Again, as a result of the Embargo Act and the national debt contracted during the war the finances of the country were in wretched circumstances, and, throwing aside all minor matters, Congress and the Senate were busied in devising some means for the disbursement of the debt. The scheme of a National Bank paying only specie, or notes based on specie, was suggested. Calhoun was favorably impressed with this idea and supported measures for the accomplishment of the proposed plan. Among others, on February 4, 1814, he offered a resolution for establishing a bank in the District of Columbia. On the 19th inst. it was accepted by the Committee on Ways and Means, but it later met with opposition and did not pass its final reading. Congress now adjourned and before it convened again Calhoun's views on the bank question underwent a change, due to a careful study of the matter. When Congress next met he still supported the bill, but only as a temporary means for relieving the strained condition of finance and business. Soon after the bill passed and became a law authorizing the incorporation of a National Bank.

During this same session a measure was introduced which was afterwards known as the Resolution of 1816, or, the Direct Tax. Calhoun's position in regard to the resolution was severely criticized at the time, and in subsequent years the stand which he took on the tariff question exposed him to the thrusts of political opponents in the North. But a careful examination of the matter will reveal that he was consistent as related

to tariff. At this time the army and navy were weak, our coast defenses were insufficient, internal improvements were needed, a war debt was to be paid, and the manufacturing industries of the country were in their infancy. With these facts in mind Calhoun favored tariff as a revenue and as affording *encouragement* to the *infant* industries. When these things had been provided for and manufactories were fairly on their feet he advocated that tariff should be repealed.

Calhoun had now served in Congress six years. At the election in 1816 Mr. Monroe was chosen President. At the beginning of his administration he invited Calhoun to become Secretary of War. The affairs of this part of the government were in a bad condition and no doubt this consideration led the President to select Calhoun as the proper man to reconstruct the system. For awhile he was reluctant to leave Congress and assume the responsibility of bringing order out of chaos. But considering it his duty, against the advice of friends, he accepted the position, and in March, 1817, entered upon his duties. In an amazingly short time he reorganized every department of the army and navy, reduced expenses nearly one-half, and instituted a system of military and coast defense, which proved not only a temporary benefit, but which remains essentially the same to-day. During both terms of Monroe's administration he conducted affairs so well that even political enemies did not refrain from commendation.

At the Presidential election in 1824 John Quincy Adams was chosen Chief Executive with Calhoun as Vice-President. In this capacity his conduct was in accord with his professed policy for the advancement of the country at large. Not being pressed with work he devoted much time to the study of history and the rise

and fall of governments. This course, no doubt, helped him in the great forensic struggles which he was to wage with political opponents in future years.

In the election of 1828 he was re-elected Vice-President under General Jackson. The same year a resolution was passed in Congress to raise the rate of tariff. Calhoun was opposed to tariff because it tended to enrich the North at the expense of the South. He held that it should be so regulated that it would fall upon all sections alike. On this belief he based his famous doctrine of State's Rights—Nullification. In address to the people of South Carolina, July 26, 1831, he set forth his opinion concerning Nullification. He claimed that the Constitution was a compact between the States; that any State had the right to oppose or veto a law passed by the other States if it conflicted with the interests of that State; that in becoming members of the Union each State delegated certain minor power to the general government and reserved certain other powers to be used at the discretion of the people constituting the individual State.

In thus declaring the doctrine of Nullification Calhoun was accused by the North as disloyal to the Union and as advocating secession. He has been called the "Father of Secession," and it is true that a casual glance there are striking resemblances between Nullification and Secession. But Calhoun in his letter to Governor Hamilton, of South Carolina, August 28, 1832, clearly distinguished the difference between the two terms. This letter is a document full of argument and logic. It shows the analytic power of Calhoun's mind and seemingly no unprejudiced reader can peruse it without concluding that the doctrine of Nullification was backed by the Constitution. If Calhoun was wrong in upholding

this great principle, he was sincere in his error. His attachment to the Union was firm and devoted; he ardently desired to see it perpetuated. And yet with the foresight of a statesman he predicted that disunion would be the result unless the wrongs to the South were redressed.

In 1832 a tariff law was enacted which pretended to lower tariff, but really it was more odious than the former tariff bill. Calhoun and the people of the South would have been contented with even this law had there been any provision for its repeal when the public debt was paid. But this was not intended. And when the canvass for the next campaign was begun it was realized that trouble was brewing. The people of South Carolina were determined to resist to the last. At this juncture General Hayne, the Senator from that State, was elected Governor, and Calhoun was at once chosen to succeed him in the Senate. So thoroughly aroused were the people of the State that they succeeded in electing a majority of State's Rights men to the Legislature. The first act of this Legislature was the passage of a law authorizing the election of delegates to a State Convention. Delegates were selected and the convention met at Columbia in November. On the 24th they adopted the Ordinance of Nullification which declared that South Carolina would resist the tariff and revenue laws and, that if the general government tried to collect duties by force of arms, the people of that State would proceed to form an independent government.

It was at such an exciting time that Calhoun took his place in the Senate, which was soon to become the theatre of his proudest triumphs. He was the recognized leader of Nullification and against him as such his enemies directed their united efforts. In a few days after en-

tering the Senate he introduced a number of resolutions which embodied the grievances of his people, and provided that Nullification be recognized by the government. The resolutions were rejected. Mr. Webster, as a member of the committee appointed to settle the trouble in South Carolina, helped to frame a bill which was introduced as the Force Bill. The object of this measure was to enable the Chief Executive to enforce the collection of revenue in South Carolina. While the bill was pending in the Senate not a single Senator arose to defend it: even the eloquent Webster declined. When this became known to Calhoun he took the floor in opposition to the bill and ably defended the cause of his State. In the course of his speech he said: "It has been said by the Senator from Tennessee (Mr. Grundy) to be a measure of peace! Yes, such peace as the wolf gives to the lamb—the kite to the dove. Such peace as Russia gives to Poland, or death to its victim! A peace by extinguishing the political existence of the State, by awing her into an abandonment of the exercise of every power which constitutes her a sovereign community. It is to South Carolina a question of self-preservation; and I proclaim it, that should this bill pass, and an attempt be made to enforce it, it would be resisted at every hazard—even that of death itself— * * * There are thousands of her brave sons who, if need be, are prepared cheerfully to lay down their lives in defense of the State, and the great principles of constitutional liberty for which she is contending."

Webster replied to Calhoun in his usual eloquent manner. When he had finished Calhoun arose and refuted his argument, maintaining his own position. In regard to this debate one of Calhoun's biographers says:

"Rarely has such intellectual championship been wit-

nessed in the halls of Congress as on this memorable occasion. It was a contest between giants. Never before had the great powers of Mr. Calhoun been made so clearly manifest. Mr. Webster was specious and technical; Mr. Calhoun's argument proceeded link by link 'till he had formed a chain of adamant. The blows of the former were truly formidable, but they were spent in great part upon the air, while every stroke from his antagonist drove the nail home. Mr. Webster argued like a lawyer—Mr. Calhoun like a statesman."

A short time afterwards *The North American Review* remarked: "Mr. Webster himself tacitly conceded that he was beaten. He never attempted to reply to the reply of Mr. Calhoun, but in moody silence and with frowning brow regarded the demolition of the argument he had taken so much pains to construct."

The Force Bill became a law. But by this time the agitation in South Carolina had subsided. A little later matters were adjusted by the Compromise Act, which surrendered the protective principle and established the *ad valorem*. Thus the advocates of Nullification won a decided triumph.

After the settlement of the Force Bill and the Compromise Act, the old question of a National Bank again aroused the people and the government. In 1837 there was a surplus of twelve millions of dollars in the treasury of the government as a result of the continuance of the protective tariff. The opponents of tariff suspected that the Chief Executive was using this money for campaign funds and other illegal purposes. In view of this situation Calhoun favored a complete separation of the government from the bank system. Or if this could not be accomplished he held that the surplus, which had been illegally removed by the President, should be deposited in a re-chartered bank.

In March, 1835, Calhoun had been re-elected to the Senate. At the session of 1835-'36 his attention was attracted by the abolition petitions which Abolition societies in the Northern and Middle States were sending to Congress. In February, 1837, he delivered a speech on Abolitionism, in which he exposed the insulting and offensive measures which were being made against the slave-holding States. He traced the agitation back to its source and proceeded to show how it had been fostered until it was becoming to assume alarming proportions. While yet Secession was a quarter of a century away he saw its approaching shadow and sought to avert the catastrophe.

During the last fifteen years of his life Calhoun occupied his place in the Senate. He often expressed a desire to retire to private life and enjoy a few years of repose, but the love for the battle of words and the clash of argument, combined with the request of friends and a sense of duty, impelled him to lead in the cause he held so dear. These last years were largely spent in labor upon the slavery question. But the strong man was declining: the workings of a giant intellect weakened the physical man. Day after day he took his place in the Senate, until it became evident that he must desist. Then he prepared his last speech—the one on slavery,—but being unable to deliver it, Judge Butler read it before the Senate March 4, 1850.

In answering to the question, "How can the Union be saved?" he said:

"There is but one way by which it can, with any certainty, be saved, and that is by a full and final settlement, on the principles of justice, of all the questions at issue between the two sections. The South asks for justice, simple justice, and less she ought not to take.

She has no compromise to offer but the Constitution, and no concessions or surrender to make. She has already surrendered so much that she has little left to surrender. Such a settlement would go to the root of the evil, remove all cause of discontent, and satisfy the South that she could remain honestly and safely in the Union, and thereby restore the harmony and fraternal feelings between the sections, which existed anterior to the Missouri agitation. Nothing else can, with any certainty, finally and forever settle the question at issue, terminate agitation, and save the Union."

After a steady decline Calhoun died on the morning of April 1, 1850. In his death South Carolina and the South lost their greatest statesman. He was no politician, but a statesman of the highest rank. No personal ambition ever caused him to turn from the path of duty. He was intensely devoted to the Union, yet he believed that State's Rights was a doctrine of paramount importance. "If you should ask me the word," said he, "that I would wish engraven on my tombstone, it is Nullification."

Calhoun followed his own convictions regardless of public opinion or consequences. "Miss Martineau termed him, the cast-iron man, 'who looked as if he had never been born.'" Yet despite this apparent reserve could be detected the warm and generous heart of the man. Beneath the long gray locks reposed a brow whose lofty proportions indicated a mighty intellect; while the fiery eye, the square set mouth, and the angular features bespoke a Southern gentleman with aristocratic and knightly attributes.

By some it has been said that Calhoun was not an orator. Whatever may be the conclusion as to his position as an orator, we can not fail to accord him the first

place among our forceful and logical debators. While he may not have been so popular and eloquent as Webster, yet, in respect to presentation of argument, he surpassed Webster; he never recognized a superior.

For a time Calhoun was not given due recogntion. Probably his attitude in regard to State's Rights and slavery, which were the immediate forerunners of the Civil War, were the causes of this neglect. But now, after the lapse of half a century, when sectional prejudice is rapidly disappearing, a generation of unbiased judges and critics willingly concedes to Calhoun a high place. Let us hope that at the hands of posterity he may fully come to his own.

BAD LUCK

By R. L. McMillan.

Come on Sam, you gut de hoe?
You know hit's time we'se gone.
Come on boy, you is so slow.
Go git de bait; now run
We ought ter ketch dem cats ternight.
Hit's jist de kind I lacks,
Wid dis here bait dey'll *hab* ter bite;
Quit steppin' in my track.
Bad luck ull git you, trifln' scamp,
Ef you don't quit dat way
O' followin' folk's heels, you tramp;
Der you hear whut I say?
Is dem poles crossed? Now look here boy,
You wants ur ole-time beatin'.
Come straight to me now Sam McCoy,
I'll gib your back some heatin'.
Take dat—and dat—and go on home,
And git off fum here quick.
Do one ur tudder, you can't come,
Ur take anudder lick.
I hates ter make de boy go back,
He lacks cat-fishin' so,
But he mus' keep out o' my tracks
Ur I'll ketch no cats, sho'.

AGAINST THE FATES

By E. D. Poe, '09.

"Once in a while within our own
We clasp the hand of a steadfast friend;
Once in a while we hear a tone
Of love with the heart's own voice to blend;
And the dearest of all our dreams come true
Once in a while."

Last Wednesday evening on the way home from my office I happened to be right in front of Colonel Hamilton's mansion just as the front door opened. I heard cheerful greetings, and by the soft light in the hall recognized two of my friends—one of whom I had not spoken to in fifteen years or more—"Mirandy," the daughter of Colonel Hamilton; the other a tall, handsome missionary student of comparatively recent acquaintance, having known him, however, since he came as a student to the Seminary four years ago. But somehow we have got to be chums, and he often comes to my place and we tell each other everything. But I passed and saw nothing more of them, except a brief glance through the half-closed blinds, as they entered the elegant parlor.

When you know the circumstances as I do you can imagine how I felt. To save my life, I could hardly keep from talking to myself about the matter. Could it be the same girl I used to know as "Mirandy"—far away in that little village in the South, where the pines sob sleepily to the summer breeze and sigh so sorrowfully to the scanty snows of winter! My thoughts were raging for expression.

I used to live down there, but soon after "Mirandy" came here, Fortune seemed to lead me this way too.

Somehow though, when "Mirandy" left down there I didn't notice where she went,—and you will understand why by-and-by—but I hadn't been here long before I recalled the fact that she was here somewhere, and located her. That was fifteen years ago. I have always kept sight of "Mirandy," but she was so little when she knew me, and had moved so far, I supposed she never dreamed of such a thing. But recent developments make her story interesting.

II.

Twenty-one years ago one cold, wet morning, the report spread through the village, that on the night before, a mulatto infant had been left at old Uncle Jerry's door. The report being mostly concerned with the negroes, it soon subsided and there was nothing else said about the baby; and though Uncle Jerry had in his old age one child of his own, he informally adopted the castaway infant into his family, and called her "Mirandy." She had come to them mysteriously, and, in their superstition, they thought it was a token of blessing, so the crude love they had lavished upon their own child was now largely bestowed upon "Mirandy."

So extraordinary was she that she soon showed real marks of individuality. I recall one scene that will always remain vivid. One hot afternoon in June old Aunt Jenny and old Uncle Jerry were "cooling" on the little porch of his shoe-shop. "Mirandy," then about five years old, had the yard swept, and there before the door was drilling a band of the neighboring children on some of the current "coon songs" of the village. She had them all well under control, and was their chief in every way. And the most picturesque touch of all was old Uncle Jerry sitting there with his leathern apron on, his sleeves

rolled up above his elbows, bareheaded and great drops of sweat standing on his forehead, saying:

"Dah aint no use uv sayin' dat it aint nat'al fer Aff'icans t' obey white folks—Jis look,—de las' one ob dem chulluns look up to Mirandy jis ease her skin bes whiter dan dearn;"—And old Aunt Jenny, with a white napkin tied about her bushy head which had, owing to her age, taken on the color of a black sheep, and, to make the scene complete, with a big black-gum "tooth-brush" abundantly supplied with "flip," placed far back in her jaw, answering:

"De good *Laud* gim us Mirandy. He know de res' ob dese chulluns need somebody to show 'em how to do. I dun' no' why de Laud's done it, but Jesus know whut he's doin'."

One could see that these simple old black people loved Mirandy as passionately as Silas Marner ever loved Eppie, and were more inseparably attached to her, if possible.

III.

In the following year a great change come over "Mirandy." She began to notice things,—began to notice the white people. To one who observed, it was plain that she was becoming conscious that she was not in her natural place,—no more than a dove would be among ducks. This was evidenced by such question as, 'Daddy, why ain't my hair like brudder's?"—and, "why ain't I de same color as dem?" The old negroes heard these questionings with an ominous belief that "Mirandy" had taken them from the talk of white people.

That winter Mrs. Hamilton spent a few months at the "Resort" in the village. Old Aunt Jenny did her washing. "Mirandy," assisted by her so-called "brud-

der," delivered the clothes. Often on Friday they passed, on their way to the "Resort," with the large basket, laden with fresh-laundried clothes, swinging between them, one carrying one side and the other the other. Thus they would go, often setting the basket down to 'swap sides" in order to rest their hands.

These children had been trained to call each other brother and sister. Mrs. Hamilton remarked considerably about the great contrast in the appearance of the two children, and doubtless learned some things she had not known, and it will never be known, perhaps, whether she was the cause of the great awakening and change in "Mirandy" about this time or not; but at any rate she became immensely attached to Mrs. Hamilton and stayed with her at the "Resort" as much as the old negroes would allow.

One morning before Mrs. Hamilton came down to breakfast there was a tap on her door. When she opened it "Mirandy" said:

"Howdy, Mrs. Hamilton,—Mrs. Hamilton, mammie is sick—" and she went on and told all about how the old negress was taken, how she suffered during the night, and finally began to sob and asked Mrs. Hamilton if she would let her go and stay with her, if "mammie" died. Mrs. Hamilton comforted her as best she could, and told her she would take care of her.

A few days later Mrs. Hamilton hearing that her old washerwoman was seriously sick, decided to go over in the afternoon to see her. It was one of those soft, breezy, hazy, lonesome days in late February in the South.

Mrs. Hamilton was already pensive, and when she reached the rickety little "planked-up-and-down" cabin her pensiveness was turned into real sorrow, for all the attendants had despaired of old Aunt Jenny's recovery,

and seeing such grief among all the darkies, and remembering the faithfulness of the old washerwoman touched hre heart. Mirandy soon came to Mrs. Hamilton and with quiet grief led her into the poor, dark cabin-room to the beside of old Aunt Jenny, and with a voice tender with grief, told her old black foster-mother that Mrs. Hamilton had come to see her. Mrs. Hamilton spoke to her and expressed her sympathy, but the old negress did not seem to notice anything, but with a vacant stare turned her head from side to side and gasped, "O Lordy!" Mrs. Hamilton then took the old negress by her hand and felt her pulse and spoke to her again; and as she did the last surge of strength came through the old sick negress. Opening her eyes, she saw Mrs. Hamilton; and as if given this last revival for a special purpose, in a moment she said: "I dun' no' whut's gwine'er come uv 'Mirandy' and de rest, I'z nearly gone. Bless you, Missus, I want you to take 'Mirandy' when I iz gone."

She ceased to talk. But rallying again, she spoke in a fairly clear voice, "Missus, you please take 'Mirandy,' de ole man kin kear fer Tony. I neber tol' one thing about 'Mirandy.' I jis wanted 'Mirandy,' but I allus b'lieved she wus a white baby. When I found her der's a note pen' on her and I coul'n't read it, but I kep' it all dese days. Look down in de corner ob de clo's chis an' you'll fin' it wrap up in a poky-dot rag."

It was a revelation to all, and some of the negro women in the room looked and found the note and handed it to Mrs. Hamilton, and when she had read it, she assured the old negress that "Mirandy" would be cared for.

The old negress manged to say, "Bless de Laud," her eyes closed and she was dead.

Three days later, after she was buried in the little burying-ground in the edge of the pines, Mrs. Hamilton brought "Mirandy" North with her. When first she wished to rescue "Mirandy" from her environments she little thought this would be the way she and old Aunt Jenny would be separated.

IV.

It has been fifteen years now since "Mirandy" first arrived in the city. The ill-sounding negro-enunciated name of "Mirandy" has become Miss Miranda Hamilton. I noticed an announcement in the papers some time ago and it was so interesting to me I clipped it. I'll read it to you:

J. G.—"A coming marriage of interest is that of the Rev. Mr. Banks and Miss Miranda Hamilton. The marriage will be celebrated on May 22nd, at the bride's home at Twelfth Avenue. Miss Hamilton is the daughter of the late Colonel Hamilton, and is a popular, accomplished and attractive young woman, being a favorite among her associates. Mr. Banks is the son of Hon. J. L. Banks, and is a gentleman of unusual natural gifts. He has just taken his degree at the Seminary preparatory to going as missionary to the dark continent. Immediately after the wedding they will sail together for their future home in the benighted land as servants for the betterment of the world," etc.

It certainly is wonderful how such great changes come in the lives of some people. Miranda, though, is more than an ordinary girl. From the time she came home with Mrs. Hamilton till now she has developed into one of the most fascinating and beautiful characters you ever saw. Mrs. Hamilton herself is utterly surprised at the extraordinary force of her character. The first

few months convinced Mrs. Hamilton that there were great possibilities for her. She was a perfect wonder at singing. She was so delicate in taste and everything,—that, even though Mrs. Hamilton did not expect to let her take the family name when she brought her home with her, she soon began to call her "daughter," and thus she has come up and is known as the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Hamilton. They have given her all the advantages of school training; she has made a specialty of music, but is efficient also in the classics. Everybody in the city knows her as a singer of sacred music. In church circles her voice is a standard topic of comment.

But fair as was the outlook about this time, a cloud was gathering. The unconquerable fates, it seemed, were making their last struggle to clip the thread of Miranda's destiny. Just now when Miranda's heart and soul thrilled with such a fair prospect of achieving the one great end of existence and entering upon the one work for which her life, as she felt, was given to the world; and just as Mr. Banks was feeling that all suspense and indecision for the future was thing of the past, and preparations for his marriage were being rounded up, he received an anonymous letter that read thus:

"Rev. Mr. Banks, you may not thank me for writing you this note. But knowing some things, which, I feel sure, you do not know, I feel it my duty to apprise you of the fact that the woman you are announced to marry at an early date is a negress. I have no envy, please remember, against her. I would not do anything to injure her. I do not know you, but I chanced to notice the announcement of your marriage in the paper, and if I can save a man of your profession and position a

misfortune which, if not averted, would wreck his life and happiness, I should only feel I had done my duty. With all sincerity and disinterested regard for you, as one who knows, I would advise you to investigate the matter before you go further.

"With very best intentions, and with no other purpose than to do you a kindness, such as I would have you do me, I am yours sincerely, ——————."

When Mr. Banks received this note he was undone. He did not know even where it came from, much less from whom. To be sure no one could be tampering with such a sacred and serious matter as this falsely. In affairs like this trifles light as air were sufficient to move the profoundest depth of his soul. His ambition sickened. If this warning were true his life would have an everlasting scar upon it, at the very best; all troubles he had ever experienced before were as nothing to this which made him feel that—

> "All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;
> The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
> Is left—."

Torn to pieces by this apprisal, at times he would resolve never to see Miranda again; and then he would decide that he had gone too far to retreat; sometimes he half believed it, and then he would loath himself for entertaining such ideas. The strain upon him was tremendous, and with such conditions existing all the lotus of Africa and sleeping potions in the world could ever give him back again the peace he had experienced in his expectations since he had met Miranda.

But the whole matter might be easily adjusted, perhaps, and he resolved to face it squarely and act the man. So he took the letter he had received and went over the next evening to see Miranda.

V.

A day or two later Mr. Banks met me on the street as I was going to my office. He walked on with me,—and to make a long story short, here's what he told me:

"You know I came to you with that note—your revelations helped me considerably. You ought to suffer some yourself for not coming to my rescue sooner. I was in trouble. But after you told me what you did about her, I was in a heap better mood to talk to her. Last night I went over to see her. The house-maid met me at the door and inviting he into the parlor, she told me that Miss Miranda would be in presently. She soon came in. She was the most sensible looking girl I ever saw. She had always been the one woman of all the world to me ever since I met her, but last night I thought of all the sweet and good and beautiful women the poets have ever told us about, but I felt that, if, one by one, from all of them, you took something good to make a perfect woman, Miranda would be unparalleled.

"Yes, as I saw her coming into the parlor and extending her hand to salute me, I was sorry I had felt as I had. I said in my very soul right then that I never would mention the things I had heard.

"But after a while, Miranda began, 'Mr. Banks, I have a story which I have long been wanting to tell you.'

"My heart leaped, for I felt just like she was going to begin about the every thing I had come to discuss. I assured her though that anything in the world she wished to tell would be interesting to me. Then with a grace and sweetness rarely possessed by mortals, she told me the whole story of her childhood just as you had; and when she was through, she added, 'Now there are some people in the world who think to this day that I am a negress. Against this I have but two evidences—

one is my own appearance; the other is a note that was pinned to my clothes when I was found by the old negress. I wouldn't take the world for it. But you may read it.'

"I took the little crumpled and worn piece of paper, and found these words written upon it:

"This is a white child. Without doubt her parentage will remain unknown. Kind Heaven forgive their wrong; bless the tender babe."

"When I turned my eyes from that note, I confess there was a great lump in my throat and as my eyes met Miranda's and saw them suffused with tears—there was a scene.

"Holding her hand in mine and pressing it to my lips, in slow and hesitating words, while silence spoke, I assured her that I considered her experiences the very demonstrations that there is 'divinity that shapes our ends'; and that I believed it was all preparing her for the real mission of her life. We talked at length of our work upon which we are soon to enter, she often speaking of how, ever since she had been old enough to consider life seriously, she had hoped for a way to open for her to give her life to help save Africa; and after all again with all the love of my heart I reassured her of my abiding trust and enduring devotion.

"Then with a look of ineffable sweetness, as I was taking my leave for the evening (she spoke through her tears, 'All through life I have carried a burden of suspense which none but myself ever knew, but, O my dearest, it's all gone at last.' "

DANIEL WEBSTER THE AMERICAN

By C. D. Creasman.

It is perhaps safe to say that Daniel Webster towers above all our public men in intellect, statesmanship, oratory and magnetic personality. Sydney Smith saw him in Europe and exclaimed, "Good Heavens! he is a small cathedral by himself." George Ticknor, who had known him all his life, said, after hearing the Plymouth oration, "when I came out I was almost afraid to come near him. He seemed like the mount that might not be touched and that burned with fire." Thomas Marshall heard the Reply to Hayne and near its close thought he could see a halo around the speaker's head, and Edward Everett declared that his eyes literally emitted sparks. John Adams witnessed the trial of Warren Hastings and heard Pitt, Fox, Sheridan and Burke, but after reading the Plymouth oration he declared that Burke was no longer entitled to the praise—"the most consummate orator of modern times." Carlyle said that "as a logical fencer, or parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him at first sight against the entire extant world." One of his friends said that he was "a living lie, for no man could be as great as he looked." Josiah Quincy said that he was a figure cast in heroic mold, which presented the ideal of American manhood," and F. W. Stewart, who so bitterly opposed his views on slavery, said that "whatever else concerning him has been controverted by any body, the fifty thousand lawyers of the United States concede to him an unapproachable supremacy at the bar." Perhaps he, as well as any man who ever lived, fits the greater part of the description of the divine bard: How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties!

in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!"

Webster did as much for America, perhaps, as any man who ever lived. J. F. Rhodes, who wrote the best history of the period of 1850, down to our own day, said that the political history of the country for twenty-seven years preceding 1850, might be written as well and fully from the speeches, State papers and letters of Webster as the story of the latter days of the Roman Republic from the like material of Cicero." Edward Everett, putting it stronger, said, in 1852, that "whoever, in after times, shall write the history of the United States for the past forty years will write the life of Daniel Webster."

At the early age of thirty-two he delivered his Plymouth oration, through which he sprang into national reputation as an orator in contradistinction to his already pre-eminent position at the bar. From that time till his death he was the efficient, faithful servant of his country. He had already settled, in the Dartmouth College case, before John Marshall, that a State Legislature had no right to take what did not belong to it and apply it to such purposes as it saw fit, and when he had finished his argument Marshall was in tears. He had already settled, in the Gibbons v. Ogden case, also before Marshall, that a State had no right to grant a steam navigation monopoly on its waters. And with the Plymouth oration began that series of matchless speeches which have formed so much federal legislation and become in so large a measure American diplomacy, statesmanship and history. Soon thereafter he was sent to Congress from Massachusetts, where his first speech made him the foremost Congressional speaker, which reputa-

tion he never lost. Four years later he went to the Senate where he remained till his death, except when serving in Tyler's cabinet.

Until the prejudices and passions of that terrible war, which he best foresaw and most earnestly opposed, had passed away it was impossible to obtain a just opinion of this great Leviathan; and not yet has our day accorded to him the high position which his marvelous talent and unprecedented devotion should long ago have won. Although few people, even during the time of his unpopularity in 1850, have denied him the first position as an orator, still, just here, with the great majority, his reputation ends, and just here, in fact, it ought to begin. He was surely greater as a statesman than as an orator, and greater as patriot than as either. To appreciate his ability to see and his willingness to do for his country we have but to glance at some of his greatest achievements. In 1830 he delivered his Reply to Hayne. This speech, as a literary production, has been compared to the oration of Demosthenes on the Crown, but it lives not because of its literary value, but because in it Webster proclaimed principles which, although at the time admitted question, are now known to be fundamental; and although it took a terrible war to establish them, they are now sealed with the blood of a host of martyrs and have become an important part of our civil government. The results of this speech were to make Webster the lifelong champion of Northern sentiment and give him the opportunity to instill into the North and other sections of the country his great conceptions of the union. It pealed the death knell of nullification and gave birth to the principle which was to stifle forever the right of secession and mold the States into one permanent and indissoluble union. It also heralded the coming of a man who was an American and not simply a Whig.

For the next twenty years Webster was busy pleading law, masterfully defending his own State, whose constitution he helped re-write, making laws and serving his country; but most of all teaching the people that they must demand "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseperable."

But we must pass rapidly over his years of activity, pausing only to note a few things which show the character of the man. I have said he was not merely a Whig but an American. He was true to his party when he thought its policies were best, but when, in his opinion, they were not be opposed them. He contended, on all occasions, for the great essential principles of the Federal government and faced the rebuke and contumely of his party time and again without flinching because he had to go out of its bounds to serve the country. In 1833 he supported Jackson, the Democratic President, and refused to support a compromise measure proposed by the leaders of his own party, saying that it would be yielding principles to faction, and that the time had come to test the strength of the Constitution and the government. He was doubtless disappointed when, in 1839, his party nominated William Henry Harrison for President instead of himself, but he supported and helped elect him. At Harrison's death, one month later, he continued as Secretary of State to John Tyler, although his party stoutly demanded that he resign and in the face of the fear that his action would perhaps place the presidency forever out of his reach. He saw the possibility of a war with England and knew that he, better than any other man, could affect a peaceable adjustment; and his ambition for the presidency was forgotten in his ambition to serve the country. The result of his patriotism was the Ashburton Treaty, which removed all

possible cause of hostility between England and the United States.

But his supreme act of party independence and national patriotism was yet to come. In 1850 slavery agitation threatened disunion and war, and it was time for bold action. Clay and Calhonn had delivered their great speeches on sectionalism and nullification, and on the 7th of March Webster, the greatest of the Senatorial triumvirate, rose in the Senate to deliver his wonderful speech on conciliation. Let us not doubt that the night before had been spent partly in deep meditation, the result of which was the determination to utter his opinion without reservation. On that day the Senate hall was crowded. The galleries were strained to the utmost. Reporters were at their desks and the nation was pausing to hear the greatest living exponent of her rights. But there was something deep buried in the bosom of the mighty hero which he well knew would turn his praises into curses, his laurels into willows and his hopes into despair. Still he had determined that his country's need demanded the utterance of his fated speech, and he stood defying the people he loved in order to defend the country he loved. Looking into the faces of the throng which were soon to pronounce his name with hisses and curses, he perhaps had a vision: he saw the multitudes turned from him and calling him a recreant; he saw the newspaper columns all over the country denouncing him as a traitor; he saw Massachusetts enraged and Boston hostile and Faneuil Hall closed against him; he saw the presidency, which he doubtless aspired to, but which he demanded as his right rather than begged as a favor, retreat forever from him—for surely he who could look ten years into the future and see a war so terrible that he could not describe it, could not

fail to know the temperament of those who were heedlessly, but deliberately agitating it—but in that hour his character blazed forth in transcendent glory, and, anchoring his fate on his distinguishing characteristics, honesty and patriotism, he announced his purpose to the assembly: "I have a duty to perform and I mean to perform it with fidelity. * * * I have a part to act, not for my own security or safety, for I am looking for no fragment upon which to float away from the wreck, if wreck there must be, but for the good of the whole, the preservation of all; and there is that which will keep me to my duty during this struggle, whether the sun and the stars shall appear or shall not appear for many days." And then he threw his whole soul into his last great interpretation and defense of the Constitution. But anger and rage came over the faces of his hearers as he thundered his just accusations against North and South alike; for in that assembly, as well as all over the country, passion was seated on the throne of reason, and though the very air was charged, so to speak, with the powerful lightning of his argument, still its thunders pealed against deaf ears, for "madness ruled the hour" and wisdom has no part in madness. But when the speaker had done what he thought to be his whole duty he ceased; his last great effort had been spent; his blinded countrymen turned from him in rage and his political fate was sealed.

This speech was long to remain out of its place in the life of Webster. It brought down the unjust condemnation of the country upon him and all but crushed his great heart; and doubtless his remaining days,—those days which should have been spent in happy contemplation of the great work he had accomplished,—were filled with bitter feelings and a sense of injustice.

The charge that he was a "bankrupt politician gambling for the presidency," and, in fact, the general reception of the 7th of March speech, was one of the absurdities of American history. He knew two things which would have kept him from being false to his constituents, even if he had dared to be false: first, that he could not be elected to the presidency by the Southern vote; and, second, that if he attempted to get the Southern vote by any means he would lose the Nrthern vote, and therewith the possibility of election. And still thinking men believed that he was a "recreant son of Massachusetts," "a fallen star," and some exclaimed, "O Lucifer, thou sun of the morning, how art thou fallen;" while Whittier wrote:

> "All else is gone; from those great eyes
> The soul has fled:
> When faith is lo-t; when honor dies,
> The man is dead.
>
> Then pay the reverence of old days
> To his dead fame;
> Walk backward with averted gaze
> And hide his shame."

And yet this man, whom politicians had railed at, whom Boston had ostracized and whose sin the poets had mourned, has builded himself a monument of which nothing has said with more authority than his own life, "Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit," and his last great act of daring and statesmanship is the fitting capstone of that monument. It aroused such feelings of patriotism that long before his people had ceased to abuse him for uttering it, they had risen to defend the Constitution he defended and had saved the country he fought to save. And their battle-cry was identical with his They pro-

nounced a curse upon him for uttering it and defied Lincoln for executing it. Lincoln's immortality is based on the fact that he saved the union, but Lincoln sat at the feet of Webster and learned the great lesson of "Liberty and Union," which he made his watchword. Senator Hoar declared, some years ago, that Webster's great argument was behind every bayonet and was carried home with every cannon shot in the war that saved the union, while the historian considers that his thunder did no less in the crushing of the rebellion than did the cannon of Grant and Farragut. It is now conceded that the 7th of March speech perhaps postponed the war ten years and gave the North a decade to increase its resources, without which delay and preparation the decision of the war might have been different. James G. Blaine says that "in 1861 the Republicans took precisely the same ground held by Webster and acted from precisely the same motive that inspired the 7th of March speech."

As we look back upon him we can see now that he was grossly misunderstood and wrongly abused, and that he was indeed a true man. When asked what was the greatest thought that ever possessed him he replied: "My individual responsibility to God," and if he had been asked what was his next greatest thought he would doubtless have said, "My individual responsibility to my country and my fellow-man." He was no saint, but surely these words of another are true of him:

"The good never die. To them belongs a double immortality: they perish not on earth and they exist forever in heaven," while his own great eulogy on Adams and Jefferson is perhaps the finest eulogy on himself:

"A superior and commanding intellect, a truly great man, when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, it is not a temporary flame, burning brightly for awhile and then

giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that when it glimmers in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire from the potent contact of its own spirit."

THE REVENGE OF COLONEL WADE

By R. L. McMillan.

It had been about six months since the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. The straggling troops in all parts of the scattered colonies were only too thankful to direct their unsteady pace toward some quiet and humble home where they could enjoy the odor of flowers and listen to music of the birds, rather than the scent of burning powder and the whistling of bullets.

Captain Culp and Colonel Wade, who had fled from Souht Carolina to the Whig encampment on the Neuse River, now felt safe in returning to their homes. After securing provisions enough for a long but not dreaded journed, the above-mentioned men with about twenty others set out.

Among this jolly group of warriors there was a cheerful, whistling boy, Willie Morgan, of about ten. Willie was the son of a Mrs. Elizabeth Morgan, of Anson County, who was the first love of Colonel Wade. As often is the case, some trivial circumstance had severed their relations; but Wade was heard to say more than once that he would love Bessie McLaren until his death. Consequently a strong and sincere affection grew up between him and Willie.

All things went on smoothly and on the night of the fourth day they encamped at the foot of Jackson's Hill, in Robeson County, near where now stands Montpelier Church. After the horses had been watered and fed, the travelers collected around the fire, some cooking, some singing "The World is Turning Up-side Down," a song which was popular at that time among the American

troops, while others talked of their loved ones left at home whom they hoped soon to see.

"Mr. Wade," spoke Willie, "is the war clear over now? Do you think the Tories will burn our house again?"

"Yes, child," answered the Colonel, while his hand rested gently upon the boy's head, "the war is over and thank God for it. The Tories and Whigs are friends now and both, in the future, will long for a glorious country and not for their brothers' blood. Don't you know your mother wouldn't let you ride one hundred and seventy-five miles on a wagon if there was any danger of your getting hurt?"

"She'd let me come if they was fightin' ever' day if you was along, for she wrote Aunt Janie that I must stay up there until the war was over, unless I could come with you."

"God bless her," murmered the Colonel under his breath. "Yes, boy, your mama is right. You are safe in my hands until every drop of blood is spilt from this body. But you must not think about fighting or you'll dream bad dreams tonight. Eat your supper now and then climb into the wagon and go to sleep. Just think, in three more days you will see your mama."

The boy, after eating his supper and telling the men good night, ran over to the wagon where he was to sleep. The men were perfectly quiet and their eyes rested upon Willie as he climbed into the wagon. In a few minutes the child's voice could be heard: "God, please don't let the Whigs and Tories fight any more. Bless mama, Colonel Wade and every body, and let me see mama soon. For Christ's sake. Amen."

"Fellows," said the Colonel with trembling voice, "let's try to make our lives as pure as his."

Without a word they went to their sleeping places, leaving one man as sentinel.

About 12 o'clock all was hushed save an occasional answer which a bull-frog, perched upon a cypress root, sent forth in response to the unceasing question of an owl. Now and then the sudden cry of a whippoorwill, from a post-oak near by, would break the death-like stillness.

Presently the drowsy sentinel raised his head, peered down the dark road and listened intently. More and more audible became the sound of galloping horses.

"Who are you," yelled the sentinel, as a number of horsemen neared the circle of light made by the camp fire.

No answer came.

"Halt or I fire," said the watchman.

The only answer was a curse from some one.

"Bang," went the sentinel's gun. Almost instantly a flash of fire was seen in the road, the report of another gun, and the sentinel dropped dead in his tracks. In a few moments the little camp was being ransacked by the Tories. Some turning over pots and breaking cooking utensils, while others slew the astonished Whigs as they rose up from their beds. Culp and Wade, however, luckily escaped into the swamp by dodging around the wagons and trees.

"Water! Water!!" gasped a man while the blood flowed freely from a sword wound in his side.

"I'll give you water," answered Neill Ferguson, a heartless Tory, and with a single blow severed the head of the man entirely from the body. Just then, Willie, who had been waked by the firing, rose up from his bed and cried out:

"Save me! Save me." Let me see mama before you

kill me. Colonel Wade! Help!" He then jumped from the wagon and dropped upon his knees, pleading for mercy.

"I'll save you," said Ferguson, and started toward the boy with drawn sword. The latter, on seeing the sword, tried to escape, but was soon overtaken by the merciless Tory, who, with one blow from his heavy sword, split the child's head entirely open; one side falling upon one shoulder and one upon the other.

"You are brutish, Ferguson, you are brutish," said the Tory leader, somewhat angrily.

"But remember, he is a Whig," said Ferguson, as he wiped the blood from his sword.

"That's true," said the other, "and I guess there is nothing too bad for the devils. Did you get Wade and Culp?"

"No," answered some one, "they were too quick for us."

"I'd rather have Wade's head," spoke the leader, "than every man we've killed."

They then began to place in a heap everything that they wanted. Before the Tories left, the wagons were pushed together and what things they did not need thrown in them and the whole set on fire.

"Well, let's go," said some one, "there is no more use to hunt Wade in that swamp than a certain minnow in the river."

II.

Two men crept stealthily through the thick undergrowth along the edge of the swamp. One, a man of about forty, clad in closely fitting military clothes, bore a gun, while a sheathed sword dangled from his side. The other, somewhat younger, was armed in the same way and followed closely in the former's tracks.

"It can't be more than a hundred yards distance, for yonder surely is the oak where Willie saw the squirrel," said the man in front, who was no other than Colonel Wade.

"Then make for the clump of huckleberry bushes, where we lay hid," spoke Culp, "and from there we can tell whether any of the hell-hounds are prowling around."

The scouts then pressed on slowly, always careful as to where they stepped, lest a dead limb might snap under their weight. They soon stood within the clump of bushes and both peered about the scene of desolation until assured that no Tories were about. "I suppose that the bodies were burned with the wagons," said Wade, as he and his companion crept about the place of their encampment. "They were not satisfied with burning the wagons, but have actually come and taken away the tires."

"What's that?" said Culp, as the twigs nearby were heard to snap. The two men rushed for shelter among the huckleberry bushes and awaited the appearance of the intruder. In a few minutes a gaunt and famished-looking wolf stole out from the swamp and began pulling at a partly buried object.

"A piece of beef, I suppose, which the scoundrels didn't want," said Wade as he and his comrade walked toward the beast, which, snapping and snarling as if hating to leave its prey, leaped into the swamp. "Lord have mercy," gasped the Colonel, as he dropped upon his knees before the mangled and half-burned form of Willie Morgan.

"My child!" broke out the Colonel in sobs, "not satisfied in taking you from my sight, they have slain you in a savage manner and left you here for the wild beasts to devour. What will your mother think when I tell

her that you were thus butchered while in my charge. God forbid that such a hellish thirst for human gore should be shown by white men on American soil."

The Colonel then rose to his feet, brushed the tears from his cheeks and with his right hand held above his head he made the following vow: "By the help of Almighty God, the blood of that innocent boy shall be avenged." The scouts soon found the other bodies and quietly buried them so that they would be safe from the wolves. The body of Willie Morgan was torn worse by the wolves than any of the others. One side of his head, which had been split open, was torn off, while the other was eaten to the skull. While they placed the bodies in the earth, buzzards and carion crows sailed over their heads and gazed downward, as if wondering why they should be deprived of their newly found dinner.

Wade and his companion again entered the swamp. Before going but a few steps they heard some one whistling down the road. "If he is a Tory he must die," spoke the Colonel bitterly.

"Don't shoot," said Culp, "or in less than twenty minutes these woods will be as thick with Tories as bees around a bee-hive."

As soon as the whistler came in sight, notwithstanding the entreaty of Culp, Wade fired. They rushed to where the man fell and found him in an effort to escape, as he had been shot in the left shoulder but not mortally wounded.

"Spare my life," pleaded the captive, who was a youth of about eighteen. "I am the only child of a poor widow who depends on me for food. Spare me! for her sake spare me."

"Spare you?" asked Wade ironically, and with one blow from his heavy sword the head of the victim was

severed from the body. The bleeding corpse of the youth was then borne to a large oak, the limbs of which spread out near the earth.

"We'll hang him by his feet on this limb," said the Colonel.

"We had better not," answered Culp. "Let's hide the body or in a few minutes we'll be in the hands of the Tories, for surely they will suspect something from that shooting."

"Quick, man! Quick!" said the Colonel. "Tie his feet over this limb while I hold him up."

When the headless form was suspended Wade pulled from his pocket a bit of paper, upon which he wrote in large, bold letters, "REVENGE." He then pinned this to the shirt bosom of the dead Tory and hastily pushed into the swamp, followed by Culp. When they had gone about two hundred yards they heard on the road where they had left the body a horrible scream. It was the mother of the boy, who, after waiting for him to return with the cows and somewhat alarmed by the shooting, had gone to find the cause of his delay.

"I suppose it's the poor widow grieving over the loss of her son," said Wade, somewhat affected.

Let's move on in a hurry," spoke Culp, "for the whole country will soon be aroused." No sooner had he spoken than the voices of at least a dozen men were heard as they pushed into the swamp. The two Whigs rushed on toward the stream until the Colonel stopped and spoke:

"We can't make the river. Follow me and not a word." He then led the way into a clump of gall-berry bushes and dropped into a hole, which could not be seen for leaves and trash. Culp followed and drew the cover over the opening. The place was large enough for both men to stand on their knees.

"And how did you know of this retreat when your home is one hundred miles from here?" asked Culp in a whisper.

"There are not many crooks and turns in this swamp that I don't know. I found this den about two years ago when fleeing from some British troops," replied the other.

"Sh—Sh," said Culp, as footsteps were heard a few yards away.

"I've lost the track since we left the mud," whispered a Tory.

"Surely they wouldn't attempt to make the run, or if they do they'll meet their fate at the bluff," spoke another. The two Tories kept up their search for about ten minutes, one actually passing through the edge of the bushes without detecting the den, until they became discouraged and directed their way toward the hill.

"A pretty narrow escape," spoke Culp, with a thankful sigh, after the slosh of the Tories boots in the mud could no longer be heard.

"It is not long until dark," said Wade, unheeding the other's remarks, "and then we'll make for the boats."

As darkness settled over the swamp and the owls began hooting, the two Whigs crawled from their retreat as warily as a raccoon would slowly back down from his home in a hollow cypress. They were soon nearing the bank of the river, which they knew by the sound of the water as it wrestled with a log projecting from the bank.

"Just where I left it, and not a pint of water has leaked in," said Wade, as he unwrapped the boat chain from around the trunk of a stout black-gum tree. Two paddles were then dragged from amidst a pile of logs that had been washed ashore during a freshet. The two men then stepped into the boat and glided out into the run. "Ah, how free I feel when I am skipping over the

surface of the Lumber River," said Wade, as he lifted his dripping paddle from one side of the boat to the other.

It was a grand night. The pallid moon poured her silvery light through the treetops, while the reflections danced merrily beneath the waves made by the skiff. Now and then the silence was broken by the "kachunk" of a frog, when startled by the noiseless boat, as it glided by his perch on a tussock, it took refuge beneath the water. A deep-voiced bull-frog was then heard as he called out for "more rum, more rum, more rum." The whole swamp then became alive with the "mud choir"; the bull-frogs leading with "more rum," while others sang out, "fish up, fish up," entirely off the tune. The tenor was sung by the spring-frogs, which invariably cried out, "sweeten it, sweeten it," referring, I suppose, to the rum.

Mile after mile the boat covered, guided by the skillful hand of Wade. About 11 o'clock the boat grated upon the sand and the two men stepped ashore at McLean's Ford, (where now is McGirt's Bridge), fifteen miles from the point at which they had started. They did not attempt to hide the boat, but only dragged it out enough to keep the swift current from floating it down stream. The two Whigs then walked about one hundred yards from the river and found themselves standing in front of a dwelling.

"Wait here," said Wade, "I'll be back in a few minutes." He then opened the yard gate and walked toward the door, patting the head of a dog, which seemed as if it would devour the intruder with caresses. A short while after the Colonel had knocked at the door, Jonathan McLean, a gray-haired man, bent with years, came to the door in his night clothes, bearing a lighted candle in his hand. A few indistinct words passed between the men at the door and then McLean walked to the kitchen

and spoke to a young slave, sleeping soundly upon a pallet, "Sam, Sam, get up. Bridle and saddle Mag and Bob as quick as you can." The negro rose from his bed, gazed about sleepily and, with a yawn, started toward the lot, as he worked and slept in the same clothes.

In a few minutes Wade and Culp were astride two stalwart beasts, which took them down the road in a brisk gait.

III.

On a hot and sultry July day one hundred Whig horsemen, led by Col. Thomas Wade, passed Gilchrist's Inn, in Richmond County. They turned off from the stage road and followed the one which leads northward, parallel with Lumber River. [Lumber River divides Robeson and Richmond counties.] After leaving the stage road about a mile, with a signal from their leader, the soldiers stopped in front of the home of Archibald Patterson, a Tory of near threescore years. This place was opposite Jackson's Hill, where Wade's men had been massacred.

"Tell your master to come out," yelled Wade to a negro who was entering the house with a bucket of water.

In a few minutes old man Patterson came limping to the gate.

"Good day to you all, and may your mission be a godly one," spoke the old Tory, while he threw a hurried and suspicious glance over the body of horsemen.

"Our mission may be godly for some and ungodly for others, for it is our purpose to send a number of Tories to their doom before sunset," said Wade, as he leaped from his saddle and hitched his horse, while a dozen of his men did likewise.

"Old man, you being a staunch Tory, no doubt, have heard of the butchery which took place at Jackson's Hill, right across the river, on the night of June 12th, and we wish you to give us the names of all those who participated in the slaughter."

"I must confess that I do know most of the men who attacked a body of Whigs, their enemies, but I can not say that it was a butchery. I will say also that I do not care to reveal to you the names that you desire," spoke the Tory in an unsteady but determined voice.

"Old man, give us the names in less than ten minutes or you die."

"I *will* not."

"Seize him, men."

Patterson was dragged to a vice near by, and one of his hands placed between its jaws. As the vice began to tighten on his hand Patterson clenched his teeth, while his face writhed in pain. The Tory, able to stand it no longer, began to scream: "Turn me loose; for God's sake turn me loose."

"Will you tell?" asked Wade.

"Ah,—ah,—ah, yes," said Patterson, as the blood broke the skin and poured freely from his hand. While in this agony, Patterson hurriedly mentioned about a dozen names, one of which was his son, and then fainted. The vice was slackened and the bleeding hand slipped from its imprisonment. Some of the men bore the unconscious form to a couch in the porch and went to work restoring the man to his senses, aided by the latter's weeping daughter, who had just arrived from a neighbor's house. Patterson soon regained consciousness and was left in charge of his daughter. The soldiers then mounted and galloped away.

It does look cruel," said Wade, solemnly, "but I can not face Bessie Morgan and tell her that my vow to avenge the death of her son has not been fulfilled."

As the Whigs rode around a bend in the road they came to a field where four Tories were hoeing corn. A number of guns were fired and the Tories fell, each pierced by several bullets. The revengers followed their

course until, in about five minutes, they came to the house of Duncan McSweene. In the porch of McSweene's house were seated Daniel Clarke, John Blue, Peter McFadgeon, Neill Ferguson, and two others. The men in the porch tried to escape through the back part of the house, but it was immediately surrounded by the Whigs. One man was shot down as he attempted to leap a fence behind the house. Another was pierced by several bullets while crawling under a barn. Neill Ferguson, who had so savagely slain Willie Morgan at Jackson's Hill, rushed around the corner of the house where Wade was seated upon his horse and began pleading for mercy. One of the man's arms had been shot to pieces and his left shoulder was bleeding freely. Before Wade could speak, Ferguson fell, pierced by the sword of Culp.

"Search the house. There are two inside," spoke the Colonel. A number of men then entered, and presently a voice was heard:

"Don't kill me, don't kill me. Burn my house. Do anything else, but spare my life. I have a wife and babe to support. Let me see your leader; he will be merciful." Duncan McSweene was led before Wade.

"What are your orders, Colonel?" asked one of the Whigs, with his sword held above the head of the victim.

"Give him a whipping, boys, and let him go," said the Colonel. The other Tory was then brought from the house and both were whipped until the blood gushed forth at every lick.

"That's enough," said the Whig leader. The two men then dropped to the ground, groaning from pain.

As the Whigs leaped into their saddles to leave, a woman's voice was heard in the house: "O Lord, why didn't you save my boy, my only child. What will I do?" Several of the Whigs, among whom were Wade and Culp, dismounted and went into the house. They found, seated

upon a bed, Mrs. James Black, the mother of the boy whom Wade slew when he and Culp were scouting, with her face buried between her hands, weeping bitterly. The woman did not seem to heed their presence, but only continued to deplore the loss of her son.

"What has become of your boy, woman, that you should weep yourself to death?" asked Wade.

"He was cruelly murdered by a cursed Whig," said the broken-hearted woman, wringing her hands in anger and grief.

The Colonel's face turned pale. "I never thought," said he, "that the day would come when I would be accused of shedding innocent blood; but thus it seems."

"Men," said the Colonel to his followers, "enough has been done. This woman, though a Tory, may have loved her son as well as I loved Willie Morgan." On mentioning the name of the boy, to whom he was so closely attached, the Colonel's voice almost failed him, and tears formed in his eyes. "Our work of revenge, though yet young, is accomplished."

The soldiers looked at one another in bewilderment. Many of them longed to satiate their revengeful thirst upon some special individual against whom they had a grudge, but they knew too well that their leader's word was law.

"Woman," said Wade to Mrs. Black, who had never ceased her weeping, "can you tell me who slew the boy at Jackson's Hill?"

"'Twas Neill Ferguson, and his dead body is out there near the corner of the kitchen."

"Who is your leader around here?" asked the Colonel, as if his mind was fixed upon a certain purpose.

"Duncan McSweene, the man in the blue coat that you whipped. I have no time for your questions. My boy, my boy," broke out the wretched woman between her sobs.

"Bring in McSweene," said Wade in a milder voice than usual. In a few minutes McSweene walked into the house, partly held up by two of the Whigs.

"You are the leader of the Tories of this section, I believe?" spoke Wade.

"I am," answered the victim, in a voice which showed that he was ready for the worst.

"Who is this woman, and why is she here?"

"She is my sister and has been here for about two weeks since some of your men slew her only child."

"Yes," screamed the woman, frantically, "my only child is dead."

"I, Col. Thomas Wade, of the American forces, and not one of my men, killed your child. And may God in heaven forgive me for the dastardly deed."

"Is that Colonel Wade?" stammered the woman, peering beneath her swollen eyelids into the face of the Whig leader. "I thought he was a wicked looking man, but he looks more like a preacher."

"Ah, yes! I have been wicked, but hereafter I shall strive to atone for my past inhuman acts."

"I, too, have seen the Tories commit some hellish crimes, which should not be allowed in a civilized land," spoke McSweene seriously, somewhat recovered from the bruises caused by the whipping strap.

"McSweene," said Wade, walking toward the former and looking him straight in the face, "are you willing to come to terms?"

"Yes, yes, a thousand times yes," answered McSweene.

"Ben," said Wade to one of his men, "you and Smith bring the body of Neill Ferguson in here. McSwene, will you, as leader of the Tories of this section, keep down all disturbances between them and their enemies, the Whigs, and sign your name to that effect?"

"By the help of Almighty God I'll do my best," answered McSweene, as the two Whigs entered the room with the body of Ferguson.

"Place the body near the table," said Wade. He then seated himself beside the table, drew from his pocket a piece of paper and a goose-quill pin, dipped the pin into the blood of Ferguson and began to write. A stillness like death reigned throughout the room, while the eyes of the entire group were fastened upon the man at the table. Not a breath stirred save the arm of the scribe. Presently Wade spoke: "Bring in the other Tory," referring, of course, to the one who was whipped with McSweene. The man was immediately brought forth. "Your name, please?" demanded the Colonel.

"Peter McFadgeon," was the answer.

"Sign this, please Mr. McFadgeon." McFadgeon leaned over the table and did as directed. Wade then called forth McSweene, Culp, the woman and another Whig, all of whom signed the paper in the blood of Ferguson.

Wade then slowly rose from his seat and read the following informal but effectual treaty of peace:

JULY 26, 1782.

HOUSE OF DUNCAN MCSWEENE, RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C.

This agreement, written in the house of Colonel Duncan McSweene (Tory), by Colonel Thomas Wade (Whig, who slew the boy Henry Black), in the presence of Mrs. James Black (widow, and mother of Henry Black), and written in the blood of Neill Ferguson (Tory, who slew Willie Morgan at Jackson's Hill), is to certify that from this date, (July 26, 1782), through the mercy of Almighty God, the Whigs and Tories between the Cape Fear and Pee Dee Rivers shall be at peace.

Signed { COL. THOMAS WADE (Whig).
COL. DUNCAN MCSWEENE (Tory).

Witnesses { MRS. JAMES BLACK.
PETER MCFADGEON (Tory).
CAPT. HENRY CULP (Whig).
DANIEL MCNEILL (Whig).

Suffice it to say that the above agreement was sacredly kept from that date until this.

OVER THE VIOLETS

H. F. Page.

Over the violets,
  Skies over you,
Elsie, lovely Elsie—
  Sunny-tressed Elsie.

You smile above them,
  They smile at you;
Skies, too, are smiling
  Blue, softly blue.

What may your thoughts be?
  Ah—wish I knew—
Over the violets—
  Eyes dreamy blue!

THE ABOLITION MOVEMENT IN LITERATURE

J. F. J., '08.

Slavery became restricted to the South at a period when a world-wide humanitarian sentiment, the direct outgrowth of revolutionary ideas concerning the rights of man, was condemning the system as unnatural and contrary to the ideal relations of man to man. While it was perhaps the best possible solution to the labor problem of the Southern planter and the "open sesame" through which the negro stepped from a low degree of savagery into the enjoyment of civilized life, the system had outlived its usefulness in Europe and had become a fungus growth on human progress. Hence the South was compelled to defend an institution which could be maintained but not expanded; excused but not vindicated. Under such conditions, with its whole life woven into this unpopular form of society, the South could not hope to produce a literature which would be expressive of the life of its people and appeal to the great elementary feelings and passions of the world.

At the North conditions were more conducive to literary effort. Free institutions, fostered by such convictions as had driven the first settlers to seek self-government in the new world, combined with the advantage of a more sympathetic relation to the great reform movements of Europe, made the North a fertile field for advanced and independent thought. True to the Puritan and Quaker standards of morality, the literature of the North was early allied with the forces which ever hurled denunciations against slavery in the South. Even before it had become the chief agent in a sectional strife, which was to culminate in such a pathetic tragedy, the

liberal conceptions and altruistic ideals of the Quakers caused them to urge gentleness in dealing with the negro and gradual emancipation.

Such liberal tendencies among the Society of Friends did not arise from inherent principles of their creed, but can be traced almost directly to the writings of *John Woolman,* an humble, illiterate preacher of New Jersey, whose free and simple utterances assumed a style of exquisite purity and grace. The steady current of Woolman's interests and convictions is shown by his *Journal,* an autobiography begun in 1756, when he was thirty-six years old, and continued until his death at fifty-two. He espoused the cause of the slave at a time when abolitionists were despised by the "respectable" people of all sections as fanatics and anarchists. But the sincere expressions of his soul were not moved by any harsh notes of prejudice and false sentiment, and his gentleness and utter unselfishness gave his advocacy of the cause a persuasiveness more effectual than the Puritan vehemence of a later day. His voice was heard from New York to the Carolinas, and the mal-practice of slavery was ever the burden of his theme; his thirst for humanity was insatiable and, like many other great reformers, he builded better than he knew. Woolman did not live to see the current which he had set in motion develop into that strong wave of national sentiment which was destined to revolutionize American ideals; but he had made straight the path for the coming of the great Quaker poet and apostle of emancipation, John Greenleaf Whittier.

To form a just estimation of Whittier's influence in the anti-slavery movement, it should be borne in mind that he was distinctly the poet of the people, and that out of a depth of filial devotion to the land of his birth

he sought the heart of New England as truly if not so grandly as did Burns to his beloved Scotland. When he spoke the people listened. Impelled by a deep hatred of oppression and a zeal for liberty approaching religious fervor, Whittier gave not only his songs but himself to the cause of the abolitionists. For more than thirty years his anti-slavery poems formed the chief part of his poetical productions. Abolition was still the unpopular cause—made so by an idealistic faction which, finding that the institution of slavery would not fall at the first blast of their horns, were advocating immediate dissolution of the Union in order to break away from the slave power. It was Whittier's task to quell this mad outburst of frenzied enthusiasm and to awaken the public conscience to the integrity of the anti-slavery movement. Literary and political ambitions were hazarded in his efforts to accomplish this purpose. "Fame could wait, his cause could not, and it was more than fame." His anti-slavery poems were intended only as weapons to be used in the war he was waging, and, consequently, fall below the level of his best verse.

Whittier's ideals were radiant with an inspiring vision of the equality and brotherhood of man. And, while such poems as *Expostulation, Massachusetts to Virginia, Ichabod, The Christian Slave,* and *The Benediction* would suggest an inadequate knowledge of Southern character and would deny the slaveholder that interest which he felt for the welfare of his slaves, one can not fail to recognize in them the intense sincerity and strength of the man. His labors were rewarded. Abolition, from being the bugle blast of a frenzied few, was elevated to a position of serious thought in the public mind; and thus the chasm was opened which divided a nation against itself.

Through the efforts of Whittier and his contemporaries the abolition sentiment steadily gained strength in the new Puritanism as transformed and liberalized by transcendentalism.

In 1844 Lowell, inspired by the question of the annexation of Texas, abandoned the realm of love and beauty to rank side by side with Whittier as the poet champion of the abolitionists, and in that year wrote his first strong abolition poem, *The Present Crisis.* For twenty years the lofty, patriotic strain of this poem never ceased to echo through public halls, sending a thrill through the manhood of the North:

> "For mankind are one in spirit and an instinct bears along,
> Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong,
> Whether conscious or unconscious yet Humanitys vast frame
> Though its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame:—
> In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim."

Above the torrent of sectional prejudice and animosity, Lowell's voice rings out like a trumpet shout the true ideal of our democracy. By the strength of his moral fiber and the noble ardor of his patriotism, Lowell stands as the foeman most worthy of Southern steel when a jealous sectionalism was hurling its abusive taunts in the face of an exasperated Southland.

Important as was Lowell's contribution to the anti-slavery movement in such poems as *The Present Crisis, Stanzas on Freedom* and *The Biglow Papers,* his chief service was rendered as an editorial writer. Through the columns of *The Pennsylvania Freeman, The National Anti-Slavery Standard* and *The Atlantic Monthly,* his splendid genius flashed its message like an electric current through the aroused conscience of the North and enlisted a broader sympathy than ever Whittier had been able to awaken.

In 1842, Longfellow, yielding to the pressure of the on-rushing tide, stepped out of his realm as the laureate of the simpler emotions and domestic affections to write his seven brief poems on slavery. His advent into this new and untried field was hailed with delight by the abolitionists. The alliance of this bard who had transfused a beauty, warmth and sentiment into the severely practical and colorless life of Puritan New England, filling it with a grace of romantic associations, was fraught with the most sanguine hopes of the anti-slavery agitators who appreciated the power of his influence over the public mind. But this anticipation was rudely shaken. No one was quicker to perceive that he had attempted a task unsuited to his genius than Longfellow himself, and the poems on slavery were omitted from the first collected edition of his poems. His sentimental and romantic treatment of the subject lacked the deep conviction and "fighting edge" of Whittier's and Lowell's, and bore no relation to America's great social problem. "I have attempted only to invest the subject with a poetic coloring, wrote Longfellow to John Forester; and how true that coloring appeared to men who really knew the character of the negro may be inferred from the following lines in the *Slave's Dreams*

"Beside the ungathered rice he lay
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his native land.

He saw once more his dark eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand!—
A tear fell from the sleepers lids
And fell into the sand."

Such sentiment could not win intelligent conviction. It was ten years afterwards that the emotions and sympathies of the negro were for the first time clearly and definitely portrayed in literature when Stephen Collins Foster published his three immortal songs: *My Old Kentucky Home, The Swannee River,* and *Massa's in de Cold Ground.*

The large group of secondary writers who occupied themselves in advancing the abolition movement, for the most part, followed in the wake of William Lloyd Garrison and his idealistic fiction, who were advocating the most extreme measures to accomplish their purpose. They all related the same story of the Southern white man's cruelty, arrogance, and ignorance, while the persecuted slaves were a people of more intelligence and refined sensibilities than their masters.

The story of Charles Carleton Coffin, in which a Colonel who is harboring a fugative slave in his regiment is the hero, and a Kentucky Judge, represented as a true exponent of Southern chivalry, the cruel master, illustrates the general character of such writings. The following is an extract:

"The Colonel went out and found the negro, Joe, a poor, half-starved, undersized boy, nineteen years old. He told his story. He belonged to the Judge, who had let him to a brutal Irishman for $50 a year. He had been kicked and cuffed, stoned and whipped till he could stand it no longer. He went to the Judge and complained, but had been sent back only to receive a worse thrashing for daring to complain. At last he took to the woods, lived on walnuts, green corn, and apples, sleeping among the corn-shucks and wheat-stocks till the army came. There were tears in Joe's eyes as he rehearsed his story."

The coloring which these lesser lights gave to the subject is well expressed by the following extract from an article in a recent number of *The American Journal of Sociology:* "To the Northern imagination slavery presented itself as a subversion of the very laws of (American) nature; with a thrill of indignant sympathy the Northerner pictured himself as a slave, with his sensibilities blunted, his aspirations blighted, his instincts outraged, and his very manhood crushed out of him. And the sense of this moral degradation even more than the ceaseless toil and actual physical torture supposed to be inseparably connected with the system entered like iron into his soul and his conscience revolted from dooming millions of his hapless fellow-mortals to a fate so appalling."

The Northern imagination, inflamed by the numerous tales of such brutality and crime as was pictured to exist in the South, received its maddening impulse by the appearance of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as a serial story in *The National Era* in 1851. The effect of Mrs. Stowe's novel is too well known to require a rehearsal in this article. When completed it was published in Boston, and its popularity was so immense that it soon sold in four stereotype editions to the extent of four hundred thousand copies. The immediate result of its publication, as Mrs. Stowe claimed, was to precipitate that struggle which had been impending since the birth of the nation.

A SUPREME EFFORT

By Odus Moore, '08.

Jack Seaman sank unhappily into a large arm chair by the table in the middle of his room. A fit of melancholy seized him. Outside the wild rain of the night beat angrily against the walls of the old dormitory. He had just returned from the preliminary debate, which was to decide who should represent his Alma Mater again in an inter-collegiate debate with Stanton University on the coming Easter Monday. This was an honor that Jack had courted. As an orator and debater he had been the recognized leader of his class, the peer of any man in college. But to-night he had not come up to the expectation of his friends. He, too, felt that he had not done himself justice. His ambitious opponents had outstripped him in this the final test. No doubt about it. Would his previous record as a debater sustain him in this hour of uncertainty? The issue was doubtful.

He ran his hand into his inside pocket and drew out a dainty little envelop, opened and read:

Dear Jack:—You have again been delinquent about writing; and I have another friend who is awfully nice. Whatever relation you sustain with me must cease. I can not write you again. Let this be final.

Sincerely, Lucille McGee.

He read and re-read. Could it be possible? Yes—he had compared the chirography—unmistakably it was her handwriting. These awful lines penned by her own deft little hand. Had she failed him? She who had been the dream of his youth; the ideal of his manhood, snatched from him now like a flower in the morning of summer.

A reaction set in, within the inner-man a mighty conflict was being waged; a demon seemed to possess his very soul. With a crash that shook the furniture in the room, he brought his big fist down upon the table.

"To the devil! What's the use of anything at all?"

Lost! lost! Faith in God and womankind. It seemed that fate was against him. In a fit of mad reverie, he struggled with phantasy and hallucination till his brain was tired, and worn out by sheer exhaustion he fell asleep in his chair.

About ten o'clock next morning, Jack was awakened by a knocking at his door. It was a friend who brought the news that the President had announced at chapel service that morning that Jack had been chosen as one of the representatives of the college in the coming intercollegiate debate. The pendulum had reached the extreme and now was turned and making a great stride in the opposite direction.

Jack rallied and pulled himself together again. The sleep had refreshed him. As he inhaled the exhiliarating morning air he felt himself charged with a new ambition. He was proud and sensitive. Noble blood coursed through his veins. He reviewed the achievements of his grandfathers. Would he fail? No! The word was unknown to his family. No weaklings came from his race. He would win; he would make a supreme effort. During the few weeks time that Jack had, he worked like a demon, day and night unceasingly, many times not going to his meals; his friends became anxious about him. The shelves of the college library were ransacked, every piece of information suited for his purpose he devoured with the zeal of unconquered youth and manhood.

Through all this time of hard work and worry not a word was heard from Lucille. She had apparently for-

gotten him. This, however, did not trouble him now. He would follow duty though his body die in its wake.

* * * * * * *

It was night, Easter Monday, in the academy of music at the old State Capitol. The curtain was raised. An almost endless sea of faces was turned toward the speaker. In the right-hand tier of the balcony were seated the girls from the University for Women in the city. Like a snow-capped mountain peak they seemed to Jack, all dressed in ruffles, ribbons and frills. Almost instantly he caught Lucille's eye. Certainly it was she. But she was not bedecked with college colors like her companions.

The Secretary read the query and called the first speaker on the affirmative, a representative of Stanton. He finished, and the first on the negative, Jack's colleague, followed. Then came the other man from Stanton. Jack was last on the program. His opponents made a good fight, almost riddling the argument produced by his colleague. He knew he must do his best, but he felt confident.

The last man took his seat and the secretary called again. Jack arose, young, tall and handsome. His voice rang clear over the audience. Concise, clear, and eloquent; there was something in his whole attitude that compelled attention; the sheer force of personal magnetism; the commanding statue of the youth.

Gray heads leaned forward to catch his words. Men and women opened their eyes and ears. He could sway them at his will. By the clear presentation of facts, and argument that could not be refuted, he won the sympathy of his hearers. He made the argument of his opponents appear as child's talk. There was not a flaw in his logic, his grammar was perfect, his rhetoric elo-

quent. With silence grim as death he took his seat. Now the spell was broken, and a great roar of applause went up.

After several moments of agonized suspense, the chairman of the judges announced the unanimous decision—the negative had won.

With a common impulse the great congregation surged and reared, hats, canes, umbrellas and handkerchiefs were hurled topsy-turvey overhead; shout upon shout echoed and reechoed until the very foundations of the great building seemed to quiver. A hundred college boys, mad with enthusiasm, rushed upon the stage. They lifted Jack upon their shoulders, all eager for a shake of his hand. Arms were thrown about each other's necks, and they hugged one another like children.

At this point some one started the old college song, its smooth, patriotic strains fell like a calm upon the ears of the mob. The noble, sympathetic strains were instantly caught by the girls in the balcony, and the sweet chorus echoed in the rear.

Through all this excitement Lucille had remained silent. Now and then she had brushed an unhidden tear from her eyes. The strain was too much for her little soul. If only she could have a word with Jack now. Would he ever forgive her? At last, when the crowd had dispersed, she lingered at the entrance of the building, in defiance of college regulations.

Jack had lost no time in making his way to the door, where he found Lucille waiting. Her little arm slipped into his and together they walked up main street, to the old State Capitol, turned the corner and reached the University campus. Involuntarily they dropped into an old rustic, and there, in the silver moonlight, she whispered into his ear these sweet words, "You have won."

THE NEW INTERNATIONALISM

By A. T. Howard.

[Oration delivered in Memorial Hall on the last Anniversary Celebration of the Literary Societies.]

We are now entering upon an age in human history where there is imperative call for vision and courage in the field of international affairs. In all the unmeasured centuries of the past there has not been an era which in fundamental organization equals in importance for the world the era in which we live, and one might well doubt whether in all the future there will be one of equal moment for mankind.

The logic of events has brought international peace and international law into the commanding position of moral and material necessities. This development has naturally been coincident with the growth of modern democracy, and its advance is more and more rapid as we near the consummation of the universal republic. Universal republic, I say.

Would you call me an idealist? I remind you that ideals have been the uplifting force of humanity. "The visionary of to-day is the conqueror of to-morrow."

You will perhaps agree that there is beginning to exist among nations a relation which contemplates the general rather than the specific betterment; and this is what I shall call the New Internationalism, and to it I invite your thought.

We must first, however, answer the objections found in certain survivals of the period of national isolation.

You ask me of the present place of war as regards the New Internationalism. It is true that war has assisted the development and progress of the human race. One might even say that slavery, polygamy, divine right of

kings, and a multitude of other primitive and outworn institutions were, in their day, adapted to the condition of man. But the progress of humanity consists in its elevation to a higher plain where it is able to dispense with such primitive institutions and to substitute better ones.

At first the only law between the nations was the law of might, but the changes of the last nineteen centuries have established a new standard, and now the principle of right as interpreted by Christianity is the basis of all international law.

The world is at last beginning to see the true character of war; that standing armies are only hired champions for great national duals; that the cost of war is so vast that the figures convey no idea to the mind; and that "the only evils which armaments have to resist are the evils which armaments themselves bring into existence"; that fortifications and warships are commerce destroyers; that the maintenance of a navy to protect navigation is absurd since the profits of the whole mercantile marine of the country do not equal the annual expenditures of our navy; and that the command, "Resist not evil," applies equally to individuals and to nations. Much is being done to eliminate war from the text-books in the schools, and to place the emphasis upon the virtues and triumphs of peace rather than the splendors of war. The new heroism indeed manifests itself in the battle against poverty and disease.

Everything that civilizes man refines his nature and makes him revolt at war. In the words of Emerson, "History is the record of the decline of war, but the slow decline."

> "Were half the powers that fill the earth withterror,
> Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts
> Given to redeem the human mind from error,
> There were no need of arsenals or forts."

With the growth of democracy and the increase in education, the world is more and more realizing the Golden Rule of Christ and the golden age of man.

And now let us turn to the objection found in high tariff walls, which are considered hindrances to the financial and commercial amalgamation of the nations. The world is beginning to embrace the opportunity of reciprocity in order to merge more effectively its commercial interests. It must be admitted, however, that no form of reciprocity that has in it the germ of free trade can hope for popular favor, at least in the United States, in the current age, and it is likely that the idea of protection will long survive the economical conditions in which it arose.

America has a great number of commodities which the old world has not been taught to use. In truth, we have the goods; Europe supplies the opportunity. But as yet America has not engineered a commercial invasion of the old world. We sell to Europe less than 2 per cent of our manufactured output, and we do not sell more because we do not try. We do not supply the finished product. We make less money out of our own cotton crop than Europe and Japan.

But if we would have our foreign trade magnify itself vastly, the stability of our prosperity increased, and trade interests unified, America must adjust itself to the new reciprocal program in the world of commercial affairs. Are we not coming to realize that coöperation and prosperity are effected by reciprocal trade, a charming example of which Germany furnishes?

Armies and frowning tariff walls and politicians of narrow view are the only remaining obstacles to the diffusion of the world's wealth and the harmonizing of the world's industrial forces.

Again, it may be asked whether the partriotism inculcated in most countries, certainly in our own, is not antagonistic to the New Internationalism? Certainly the type of patriotism of the earlier period fostered pride, arrogance, self-conceit, and the belief in the superiority of one's nation over all others. One can hardly hear any country discussed without hearing one's own brought into comparison with it. This spirit is not less poisonous to the national system than to the individual character. Each nation has complacently regarded its own standard as that by which other nation's must stand or fall, while an individual who assumed his own to be the standard of perfection would not be tolerated. After all, a nation is but an aggregate of individuals, and should, therefore, be schooled into the feeling that those qualities which are recognized in an individual as virtues are likewise to be esteemed in the nation. And the same is true of defects and vices. Patriotism need not foster national arrogance, and self-conceit, for just as culture in the individual breeds toleration and breadth of sympathy, so in the nation intelligence must recognize in every forward movement which it makes the law of reciprocity and interdependence.

The larger one's knowledge of any section of the world, the keener also is one's sense of relation to it. When nations cease to be strangers they become friends, and the excellence of each nation becomes the common possession of all.

Perhaps this reference to the forces active against internationalism has prepared us to discuss the positive expressions of this comparatively new relationship.

The two earliest forms of internationalism are: the internationalism of discovery, growing out of exploration or curiosity, and the internationalism of conquest, grow-

ing out of war or greed. Each in its respective time has served its purpose. It is primarily the attraction and development of the resources of the earth which call out the missionary, the teacher, and the immigrant. The attitude of the missionary and the teacher has been that of arrogance and superiority, while that of the immigrant has been humble, seeking only a better condition of peace and industry, and so bringing prosperity and good will with him.

Races migrate and nations send out vast swarms of surplus population without forcing their institutions, their language and their customs upon the people to whom they go. Boston is an Irish city, but its language, customs and religion are distinctly American. Germany sends out great swarms to America, but they do not wish to conquer any of our county nor disturb our peace.

Business naturally takes a leading place in the New Internationalism. The interdependence of nations is seen in the increasing complexity of commercial relationship between the nations of the world. Commerce has no country but the world, no patriotism but an interest in the well-being of all the nations.

Our industrial and commercial life depends vitally upon international solvency and progress, for every nation is influenced by depression in any other. Inasmuch, then, as one part of the world does not produce what another part does, trade must be established between them, and this necessary commercial intercourse makes sure the foundation of our internationalism.

Most conspicuous in the intense progress of modern times is the growing sentiment in favor of trade reciprocity along with disarmament. The fast coming bond between all nations, says the Chinese Minister to the United States, is "Enlightened self-interest." The

guarantee of peaceful traffic is being applied on sea and land in all parts of the world. Some perpetual paths of peace are the Suez Canal, the route between Europe and America, and guaranteed in the near future is the Panama Canal.

The historian when he traces the forces that led to practical realization of the dreams of the humanitarian, will be called upon to pen one of the most dramatic and seemingly contradictory chapters in economic evolution, for he will be compelled to admit that the latter day magnates who were denounced as international pirates, turned out to be in reality constructive statesmen in the realm of commerce, and gave stability and unity to a world of political anarchy; not conflict, but combination is their battele-cry. And thus they recognize the eternal principle of the nature of things.

Other forces making for the New Internationalism are the increasing amount of travel resulting in friendship, the printed page enabling men to think more in world terms, and the English language is fast spreading over every nation and clime.

The different people of the world are just beginning to find each other. Interchange of world knowledge is already in progress as the result of inventions and the quick communication of modern times. Whatever is best in any region is being made the common possession of all regions.

Let us now consider the four greatest forces which are active for world unity, three of which were developed in the course of history, and lastly, that bond which is created in men and inherent in their very nature.

The religious forces know no bounds of empire or republic, no difference of language or race. They recognize the brotherhood of spirit above all these divisive forces.

And what shall I say of science as a unifying force? The fraternity whose password is truth and whose qualification is devoted service knows no political or racial barriers.

And lastly, the bond of art mounts on wings high above earthly separations and in the open heavn recognizes the brotherhood of soul with soul, scorning to ask the name of the race or the nation or the class where the soul had its origin and to which it has earthly attachments.

Religion, science, and art, then, the exponents of the good, the true, and the beautiful, all affirm the unity of mankind.

And now as to the essential and fundamental unity of mankind which is to be found in the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God. Whatever boundaries or laws man may make, we must always live and act under the Constitution made by the Creator of mankind, according to which the human race is one race with common interests and a common destiny. This is a unity from which we can not escape, a unity which will triumph over all centrifugal tendencies, a unity whose ideal must be reached in peace and prosperity. Thus the very nature of mankind as a created whole is the prime fact of human existence and must ultimately unify it.

All nations are members of one body and each nation has its own role in the great drama of mankind. The relation, then, of nationalism to internationalism is the relation of members to the body.

Accordingly no nation can possess absolute sovereignty because it must bear some relation to nations outside. The recognized limitations upon the free action of men are no more real than the limitations upon the sovereignty of nations. For many years nations have acted upon the same principle which they would act upon if

they formally admitted that their sovereignty was not absolute but limited by and subordinate to the sovereignty of mankind.

Nations severally and mankind as a whole confined their greatest prosperity only by adjustment to the higher law. They must put themselves into harmony with the forces that condition their very existence and constantly control their action.

There is an unwritten world constitution which requires that nations must be humane, just and co-operative, and it appears to be on the point of taking outward form in world organization.

Although no world legislature has as yet been organized, world legislation has occurred repeatedly. An absolute example is supplied by the Universal Postal Union.

We may safely look upon the Hague Court as the beginning of the world judiciary.

Germs of a world executive have already begun to grow, as in the case of the Secretary of the Universal Postal Union and the International Committee of Weights and Measures. Central authority will not be despotic, because the parts together constitute and control the whole.

Accordingly, with the germs of the legislative, judicial, and executive departments already in operation, it will be seen that the federation of the world is no longer a poet's dream.

In the regular evolution of the world, according to law, the nations are beginning to assert themselves as of one mind. World consciousness must arise in consequence of the deliberation of the world intellect, as expressed in more than forty instances. The most important of these expressions, doubtless, is the Hague Court of Arbitration. But there must be added the creation of the Uni-

versal Postal Union, the regulations of practices in war to prevent undue barbarity, and the establishment of the prime meridian.

For more than half the history of our nation there was a struggle for national self-consciousness, which condition is now fully realized. And time and space are not nearly as much against the organic unity of the world as they were against the organic unity of the United States a hundred years ago.

And this development of world consciousness, and advance toward world unity will ultimately secure universal peace, which cause, it is true, moves slowly, but this very fact is evidence that it moves surely. In truth, this cause has made greater progress in the last fifteen years than any other cause before the world. In the last century two hundred and forty international difficulties which cover nearly every sort of question with which nations have to deal in their relations one to another have been arbitrated by courts, and wherever arbitration has been employed it has succeeded in settling questions and without a single exception these questions have stayed settled.

But let each nation, in the effort for universal peace, recognize that it must be approached by way of the organization of the world. World peace, great as it is in itself, is only a means to a greater end when the possible unity of the nations is foreseen. When this unity is complete the world will advance more rapidly in prosperity and civilization, just as the United States has advanced incalculably faster than if every State had remained politically independent of every other and if there had been no organic head to direct the development of the whole. World unity is no more a dream than national unity, and it is now for the first time definitely in sight.

The coming era of world legislation and organic union will surpass in critical importance all world events before and after. It is an era in which the diverse forces of the human race will be brought into organized form, when the different fragments will find their rightful places in the organic whole, when the thrill of organic unity will supersede forever the gratification of national domination, and the cruel exultation of man over man,

> "And sovereign Law, the world's collected will,
> O'er thrones and globes elate,
> Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill."

SILENCE LAND

(Translated from the German of Salis.)
By H. F. Page.

In Silence Land!
What pilot guides us over?
Darker the evening heavens hover,
And wreck-strewn stretches all the low white strand—
What pilot guides with gentle hand
Over, ah, over
In Silence Land?

In Silence Land!
O realms all perfects seeming!
Home of happy things! Morning dreaming
Of lonely souls! Fair promisings of life beyond,
That true through all the strife did stand
And point to where Hope's rays were gleaming,
In Silence Land!

O Land, O Land!
Over storm-surges sweeping,
The Angel of our fate, long vigils keeping,
Beckons, with torch reversed, to that dim strand,
And guides us on with gentle hand
To where the great dead, calm, are sleeping,
In Silence Land!

THE NEWSBOY HERO

By A. B. R., '10.

"Evenin' Heral', five cents."

"Let me have it," she said as she hunted in her purse for the change.

"Sure, Miss, an' thank youse besides, for its my last un, an' now I kin get some grub. Pretty hungry I'se gittin', not havin' nuthin' since this mornin'."

"Why didn't you get some dinner?" she queried as both started down the street.

"Well, business ain't bin so good to-day an' ma's sick an' I wanted to save all I could."

"What a brave little man. Where do you live? I would like to go to see your mother."

"Oh, wese live down on Johnson Alley, in de secon' house from the corner, on the third flo', fust do' to de righ er de stairs," the litle fellow replied, his pinched face lighting up with joy over the possible visit from the lady.

"Thank you. I'll be down to-morrow afternoon," she said (for she was city missionary) as she turned off at her corner.

Little Jimmy, the newsboy, was too much pleased to do anything but run off down the street as fast as his legs could carry him. He stopped only long enough to buy a loaf of bread, some cheese and an orange,—the orange being, as he said, "for ma."

The next afternoon found the missionary making her way through the intricate maze of alleys and back streets in search of little Jimmy's home. At last, after much questioning, she found the house and ascended the stairs

to the room specified. A gentle knock upon the door and it was opened instantly by Jimmy himself.

"Why, I wasn't expecting to find you here, Jimmy. Why aren't you selling papers?"

"Ma's been so bad off I couldn't leave 'er," replied the little fellow with a sob.

By the dim light the missionary could see the face of a woman wan from sickness and hunger, and the scantily furnished room which bespoke extreme poverty. With tender care the wants of the sick woman were administered to. Day after day, food and medicine were brought to the wretched hovel and in a very short time she was able to be up. Jimmy was overjoyed at the rapid recovery of his mother and almost idolized the city missionary because of her kindness to them. He was again able to sell his papers and it seemed that the number of his customers increased every day, for he was a bright, industrious, little fellow, and no doubt attracted many by his cheery voice and pleasing smile.

When one day the "missionary' invited him to come and join her Sunday School class the following Sunday, he was only too glad to accept the invitation.

So the next Sunday found him standing on the street, long before time for Sunday School, dressed in his best with his unruly hair brushed down slick by the aid of soap and water and his face aglow from the unusual scrubbing. At last the time came and he was conducted into the class-room of the "missionary." He thought it was the prettiest place he had ever seen and expressed his thoughts in words several times, much to the amusement of his fellow class-mates.

As it was the first Sunday in the year a prize was offered the one who would not miss a Sunday for twelve months. Now Jimmy at once set his head to get that

prize and for eight months he stuck to his resolution, but one day something happened and he missed.

As he was calling his papers on the corner, he heard the cry "Runaway," and glancing up the street he saw a horse and buggy rushing at furious speed toward the turn at the corner; nearer and nearer they came and he recognized his friend, the "missionary," in the buggy. With no thought of himself, but only of her he threw down his papers without a moment's hestitation and ran toward the horse. The crowd upon the street yelled at him to come back out of the way, but he did not heed their cries, for he knew that the buggy would be overturned and that *she* would possibly be killed if she allowed it to turn the corner. As the horse thundered by, Jimmy sprang for the bridle and caught it. He succeeded in thus checking the speed of the raging animal, but not without injury to himself, for he was thrown violently against a telephone pole and his skull fractured.

Strong hands soon stopped the horse and the missionary was unhurt, but poor Jimmy was taken to the hospital in an unconscious condition. The many people upon the crowded street who had witnessed the brave act looked with pity upon the limp form as it was tenderly lifted into the ambulance.

For many hours the physicians worked over the form of the little hero but the injury was such that they knew his life could not be saved but only prolonged a short while at most. The "missionary" stood by with drawn face, anxious to do something for her saver, if nothing but to thank the little fellow for his brave deed before he died. Hour after hour passed away and still no sign of returning conciousness. Finally a whisper reached the watchful ear and she bent to catch it.

"I—can't—go—to—Sunday—School—to-mor-row,-an' —I'll—miss—the—prize."

"You shall have a prize, my little hero, so don't worry," said the lady.

"An'—you—ain't—hurt?" said Jimmy, for the first time noticing the "missionary" bending over his cot.

"No, no; for you saved me," she said and tears filled her eyes.

Little Jimmy closed his eyes and lay very still. By and by, as the grey light of dawn began to sift through the closed shutters, he opened them once more. The ever watchful lady by his side saw in them the light that soon must fade, and the tears fell anew to think that he must die for her. Slowly he raised his hand from under the cover and let it rest on that of the "missionary."

"Won't—ye—kiss—me—just—once—fer—I'm—goin' —away."

She bent over and kissed the pale little face.

"Thank—you." And after a long pause he whispered these last words:

"I—kin—see—a—bu-ti-ful—shinin' place—an'—an'— angels—comin' to—meet—me—an'—an."

As the last faint murmur from the dying hero's lips ceased to be audible, the full light of the morning sun broke into the room and falling upon his face lighted it up as with the golden halo of the "great beyond" and his spirit took its flight.

The next day when the body was laid to rest the whole city was draped in mourning for the little newsboy who "died that he might save another."

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Baseball and the College

"The pleasing change of spring and Favonius" is upon us at last—upon us despite the blustering efforts of an unruly March. The snow is melted and gone, and the song of the mocking-bird in the magnolia is the first sound of the morning. Over the budding grass of the campus the cloud shadows are floating or the sunbeams are gloating all day long; while the gentle breeze which rustles the dead leaves on the ground and fans apart the drooping banners of the wakening oak comes to us laden with scent of wood and field. No longer rejoices the student in his book or the professor in his chair. On days like these study is a wearness to the flesh; the routine, the monotony, the unceasing strain of college life are hard to bear. Let's be honest enough to confess it.

Coming, then, as it does, just at this season, is baseball an evil? What would we do without it? It breaks the grinding monotony of daily duties; it slackens the continuous strain of the college routine, and gives us something fresh and interesting to talk about; it draws the students together and strengthens college spirit. College men are mortals and have no more than mortal powers.

It is absolutely impossible for them to work all the time,—even if this were desirable. Why, then, may they not spend an occasional recreation period on the ball-ground, where they may forget themselves in an unselfish enthusiasm for the team and for the College? Is not this, occasionally, better—better for body, mind, and spirit—than the regular and, therefore, more or less uninteresting work in the gymnasium?

It is natural, too, that for the next month baseball should be our chief topic of conversation—natural, yea, and well, also, for among us political issues have long since been worn threadbare; the merits and demerits of each of our professors, from the student's standpoint, we know by heart; while even the freshman has been thoroughly informed as to the peculiar difficulties of every subject in the curriculum, from Latin I to Logic. Surcease of comment on these topics is as welcome as the end of a summer drouth. And surely, if the coming season proves to be a successful one, we shall be permitted to publish our victories abroad in the land and to rejoice over them to our heart's content. No one, we hope, will claim that this will interfere with the larger life of the College. How could it?

It is a time-sanctioned and long-honored custom for THE STUDENT editor, at the opening of the baseball season, to devote a considerable portion of the editorial pages to our prospects for a winning team. We, however, though strongly tempted, refuse to walk the trodden path and will not "venture to predict" anything. But this we know: our team has been thoroughly trained and carefully selected, the season has opened most auspiciously, and the students were never so hopeful of great and glorious triumphs. Win or lose, however, the ball team is ours and we pledge it our support.

Honor Among Students at Wake Forest

What sort of a man should the College student be? "First of all," says one of our professors, "he should be a *man*. He should go with head erect, step elastic, eye steady, conscience clear. His superior advantages should make him peculiarly sensitive to every imputation of wrong-doing. Honor should be with him a passion."

These words appeared in THE STUDENT several years ago. Many of us have heard them, in substance, from the lips of the man who is their author. Yet we can not hear them too much or see them too often. They kindle our aspirations, they sound a trumpet call to the best within us. Many a fellow has heard them and lifted up his head with the purpose fixed in his heart to live himself this manly life.

Not with every Wake Forest man, however,—we confess it with shame—is honor a passion. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon, but there are traitors to the good name of our College among us—men (thank heaven their number is small), who, when put on their honor, deliberately cheat their way through on their regular quizzes throughout the year. We see it, we know it; and yet the practice continues. Whose is the fault? Shall we say that it rests with the professor who trusts his class, or with the students who permit the wrong? In other words, do we want the day to come when Wake Forest men shall be watched like convicts on every quiz, as they already are on examinations; or will we take this matter in hand ourselves and make Wake Forest an uncomfortable place for parasites and frauds?

"But you are going too fast," somebody says. "We tried the honor system, and it proved a failure. What else can we do?" Everything, if we really want to. We had

too much system and too little honor before. That's why the plan failed to make good. There's no need of the formal adoption of any sort of system to bring about a reform. What we need is to arouse the student-body from its present cool indifference to wrong, and to awaken in it an overwhelming honor sentiment. The system will take care of itself. Our attitude toward college evils while here will be our attitude toward public evils in real life. Let the men at Wake Forest, then, who are counting on becoming forces for righteousness in the land that we live in, shake off the indifference which fetters them and rise up in their might against the wrong that is raising its head and darting its forked tongue in our midst.

One of the chief objections to the honor system is that a man is compelled to report a fellow-student to the faculty before he can be brought to the bar of justice. This is not necessary. It is altogether avoided in some of the institutions in which the honor system prevails. We could avoid it here, especially in the correction of the evil which we are just now discussing. Suppose, for instance, that a man known to be in the habit of passing his quizzes by unfair means should be called upon by his class-mates and advised to leave the class. Would he be likely to give further trouble? Would the faculty ever even hear of his case?

This is merely a suggestion, but *something* ought to be done. The senior class alone could practically destroy the evil if it would dare first cleanse its own skirts of shame. Because, however, it hangs back and refuses to act, shall the crawling shape which has intruded itself upon us continue to have its way and to grow until it has wrapped its loathsome coils more fully and more firmly about us? Who will raise the battle cry for justice and right *to-day?* Fellows, it's up to you.

A Suggestion

That special train with excursion rates to Atlanta, which we were almost sure we should get a few weeks ago, and which for a few days we were so wildly enthusiastic about, has given us a bitter disappointment by ending in a fiasco. Consequently our debaters will have to meet the enemy unsupported, to any large extent, by the student-body.

We do not believe, however, that the loss to the speaker is as great as the loss to the student. Indeed we believe that unless we are given an opportunity to hear one of these debates more often than once in three years the interest in them will begin to flag,—that is, the interest of the student-body as a whole. At present no event in the whole College year creates quite so much enthusiasm or arouses so fully the College spirit. May the day not come when this shall not be so.

It is said, and we hope truly, that Wake Forest will hereafter have two debates each year instead of one. Let us hope that such arrangements will be made as to have one of these take place at Raleigh, or at some town easily accessible to Wake Forest. Again, we have made two trips to Georgia, and the Mercerians have come to us but once. If we make arrangements for three debates with another college let's have the third on neutral ground.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

HILLIARD J. MASSEY, Editor

—'92. "Life's Tomorrows" is the title of a book by Rev. Junius W. Millard, D.D., pastor of the Ponce de Leon Avenue Baptist Church, of Atlanta. It is a volume of sermons on such subjects as death, resurrection, and heavenly recognition. It is published by the American Baptist Publication Society of Philadelphia.

—'93. Mr. Josiah William Bailey, who won his law license in February with the Wake Forest law class, has been elected a member of the Wake County Board of Education.

—'81. President Edwin M. Poteat, of Furman University, declined in February an impressive and urgent call to the Broadway Baptist Church, Louisville, Ky. The institution over which he presides is to be congratulated. It is making splendid progress under his leadership.

—'55-'60. A fine record. Rev. J. A. Stradley, of Oxford, has closed one of the best year's work of his life, not missing a single appointment during the year. There were a total of fifty members added to his churches. He will continue on his same field another year. Like Caleb, his strength has not failed and he is now doing some of the best work of his life.—Biblical Recorder.

—'98. Dr. A. C. Cree, the popular pastor of the Edgefield Baptist church, Nashville, Tenn., surprised his congregation on last Sunday morning by tendering his resignation, stating that the strain through which he has passed for the last several years has told upon his nervous system, and he must rest. The members of the church protested against his resignation, and will not accept it, unless he insists upon it. Dr. Cree has done a great work since coming to the church. A new house of worship has been erected. The membership of the church also has been largely increased.—Baptist and Reflector, Mar. 5.

—'07. Mr. S. H. Beverley, now secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of the University of Alabama, at Tuscaloosa, is reported by a correspondent to have been "the live wire" of the late Students' Conference in that State.

—'77. Rev. Edgar E. Folk, D.D., editor of The Baptist and Reflector, of Nashville, Tenn., for eighteen years, has been the leader of the anti-saloon movement in that State. His remarkable success is indicated by the fact that today in only four towns in the State is whiskey sold. In a recent statement he gives succinctly his position: I put principle above party, religion above politics, moral above material interests, boys above money, and the home above the saloon.

—'91. Dr. Hubert A. Royster, Dean of the State University Medical College at Raleigh, N. C., made an address at the Polyclinic Hospital dinner in New York City February 27th, on "Surgery in the South."

—'80-'82. Rev. J. M. Bennett for several years held an important field in Stanly County. Later he moved to Burgaw. Recently he has accepted work in another section and will shortly make his home at Elm City.

—'85. Mr. E. F. Eddins, not only in the school-room but also as Superintendent of Public Instruction in Stanly County, is leading the educational forces of his section to better things. It is remarkable that Wake Forest men usually stand in the forefront. Since 1887 Mr. Eddins has been principal of Yadkin Mineral Springs Academy. This fact alone attests the kind of work he is doing and the confidence placed in him.

—'06. V. C. Ray since his graduation has given his time to teaching. For a while he was private tutor in Maryland, but afterwards he returned to North Carolina and is now principal at Magnolia.

—'84. Rev. C. M. Murchison, formerly of North Carolina, but just from the Seminary, made our office a pleasant call last week while en route to Blakeley, Ga., where he becomes pastor for full time. Brother Murchison is a man of experience and ability. He will be a valuable addition to our Georgia ministry. We extend to him, in behalf of the brotherhood generally, a cordial welcome to our State.—Christian Index.

—'05. It will be a pleasure to his many friends and acquaintances at Wake Forest to read the following extract clipped from the Illinois Medical Bulletin: "Dr. Houston Wingate Vernon, a recent graduate of the Illinois Medical College, has accepted a lucrative position with Dr. A. Baxter Miller. Dr. Vernon also received the appointment as assistant to Dr. Edward C. Seufert in the laboratory work in the college. We congratulate the doctor upon his success.

—'05-'06. Rev. A. C. Chafin, who was married soon after leaving college, is located at Willard, N. C., and is engaged in teaching and preaching.

—'03. S. G. Hasty has been at Churchland High School since his graduation. Under his administration the school has been in a prosperous condition and each year the attendance is increasing and the efficiency of the school grows stronger.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

CHARLES S. BARNETTE, Editor.

In looking through our exchanges this month we are glad to notice that the majority of them seem to be improving, both in quality and quantity of material, though there are a few whose literary departments are very slim. Among these it is noticeable that their other departments, local, athletic, etc., are amply abundant in material. This disproportion should not exist, for a magazine's literary department is the most important of all and should be the first in receiving the support of the students, who should take a pride in making it show up to the best advantage. We noticed several editorials this month calling on the students for more loyal support. It is our opinion that prizes should be given by all magazines for the best story, essay, etc., contributed. They furnish a material stimulus to writing, and if those magazines which do not offer prizes would adopt the plan the chances are that they would command more and better contributions.

The University (N. C.) *Magazine* is one of the strongest magazines, in every department, that comes to our table. The editorial department is one of the strong features of the magazine, and each month contains forceful articles on timely subjects. Nor is the literary department less deficient in quality. The present issue (March) contains several stories of a high order and one or two good poems. "Jansey, Naval Innovator," is a story in lighter vein, describing some of the naval exploits of one Jansey. The writer has an easy style and understands the art of bringing out the character of his "hero" by means of conversation. "The Return," a story of a more serious nature, is well written but is somewhat lacking in interest, caused by the frequent use of this form of story in our literature. There are other stories in this issue that deserve praise—in fact all of them possess qualities of merit. We also have a good quantity as well as quality of poetry present. "The Eternal Paradox" and "Death," both by S. H. Lyle, Jr., are especially good, and show ability on the part of the author. We like the department "Sketches" devoted to humorous happenings of local interest. Such a department as this when well conducted gives a spicy flavor to any college magazine.

The Aurora contains six stories, three of which have as their main characters children. This struck us as being somewhat peculiar for the reason that we seldom find stories of this kind in college maga-

zines. However, there is something in child life that has a peculiar fascination for most of us, and exceedingly interesting studies can be made of children. Of the three stories mentioned "Francois" is perhaps the best. Dealing as it does, not so much with action as with child-nature, and being well written, it presents a good study of an interesting subject. "Mary Hannah-Meddler," on the other hand, contains a more complex plot and hinges the story upon child action, but it is a good story nevertheless. The last of the trio, "The Journey of Lucy Marie," while written in an easy style, has not much in it to recommend it. "One Among the Brave" is a story of the Civil War and deserves mention also. "Where Joy is Found" is the better of the two poems which the magazine contains. It is better in conception, though in construction we do not believe it to be as good as "Good-Night." We respectfully call the editor's attention to one serious deficiency in this issue, and that is a lack of editorial. There is only one short editorial and that is simply a review of a recent issue of the college bulletin. A magazine as excellent in other respects as this one should contain a strong editorial department—for that is the individuality of a college magazine.

In accordance with the old proverb, "A short horse, soon curried," a review of *Chimes*, of Shorter College, should be very brief; but notwithstanding the scarcity of material there are several points on which we desire to make some suggestions. First, the literary department is very poorly supported. In this number of the magazine there are only two articles that may be classed as stories and while both of these show some ability on the part of the authors, the plots are very weak. "La Fayette," a sketch of the famous Frenchman, is well written, but contains nothing new and is entirely too short to be interesting. There is no original poetry. The next point that we wish to call attention to is the arrangement of material. Editors, do you not think that it would give your magazine a more attractive appearance to have "broken" pages occasionally? When an article ends midway of the page, for instance, begin the next article on another page and allow the blank half-page to remain so or drop in a little bit of verse. Such arrangement as this rests the eyes and adds a great deal to a magazine's attractiveness. We are glad to note, in an editorial, a plea for support of the students in the way of contributions, for without this support no college magazine can be a success.

The Davidson College Magazine for March is a sophomore number and it speaks well for that class; it contains more material than many magazines when supported by the entire student body. Among the stories "A Little Incident in High Life" deserves special mention. The "little incident" is described in an interesting manner, and the author

seems to have some familiarity with the circumstances of the story. "A Young Life Full of Experience" is also good. We think the best piece of verse in the magazine is "Despair."

"The Fate of Shylock" in *Pine and Thistle* is a story that we see no object in; after finishing reading it we feel as vacant as we did before beginning. The trouble is there is no plot. The magazine however, contains two good essays. "Our Southern Writers" deals with our literature before the Civil War and shows a close study of that period in the development of our literature. The author, however, might have his essay a little longer and mentioned some of the writers who have lived since the Civil War. "The Reform Effected by Addison" is a good sketch of the life and works of Addison; it is very entertainingly written and shows good style. The only poem in this issue, "Beneath the Old Oak Tree," while having a few good qualities, is, on the whole, very poor.

We acknowledge receipt of our regular exchanges with the addition of one or two new ones which we are glad to place on our exchange list.

CLIPPINGS

TRADITIONS.

Once there lived a Senior
Who didn't pretend to know
All knowledge worthy to be known—
Ah! That was long ago!

Once there lived a Freshman
Who studied night and day;
Those ideal times when that boy lived
Have long since passed away!

Once there was a College Prof.
Who worked himself to death;
This class of Prof's became extinct
With his last dying breath.—Ex.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to be vaccinated, sir," she said;
"Where?" he repeated (he was slightly deaf).
She flushed crimson—and quickly left.
And then—all at once he suddenly saw
That he had made an awful faux pas.—Ex.

He—"You are the breath of my life."
She—"Why don't you hold your breath awhile!"—Ex.

DISAPPOINTED.

"I will be your valentine," said the young man.
A shadow passed across the fair face of the girl.
"I was so in hopes that I would not get any comics this year," she said.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Don't let her little sister see
You kiss your dear farewell,
For all philosophers agree
'Tis the little things that tell.—Gray Jacket.

Prof. Cousins: "Miss Comba, are you acquainted with Latin poetry?"

Miss Comba: "Yes, sir."

Prof. Cousins: "Do you recall to mind a passage just now?"

Miss Comba (readily): "Boyibus kissibus sweet girliorum, girlibus likebus wants somorum."

Prof. Cousins: "That will do, thank you."—The Criterion.

Illiterate Person.—"I want some graduated sugar."

Merchant.—"I haven't any, you will have to go to B. U. W. for that."

Query—If thirty-two is the freezing point, what is the squeezing point?

Answer—Two in the shade.—Ex.

From which of her parents does Mary get her good looks?

From her father. He keeps a drug store.—Ex.

Fred—Last night as you stood in the moonlight I couldn't help but think how much I would like to kiss you.

Freda—Well, the poet says, "The thought of yesterday is the action of today."—Ex.

TIT FOR TAT.

A few days ago two young ladies hailed a tramcar, entered it, and found only standing room. One of them whispered to her companion:

"I'm going to get a seat from one of these men. You take notice."

She looked down the row of men and selected a sedate gentleman who bore the general settled appearance of a married man. She sailed up to him and boldly opened fire:

"My dear Mr. Green! How delighted I am to meet you! You are almost a stranger. Will I accept your seat? Well, I do feel tired, I heartily admit. Thank you, so much."

The sedate gentleman—a total stranger, of course—looked, listened, then quietly rose, and gave her his seat, saying:

"Sit down, Jane, my girl. Don't often see you out on washing-day. You must feel tired, I'm sure. How's your mistress?"

The young lady got her seat, but lost her vivacity.—London Tattler.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

LEE M. WHITE, Editor

—Strike!
Crack!!
Pop!!!
You're out!!!!

—The greatest ever
The baseball team of nineteen eight!

—President Poteat spoke before the Wake County Teachers's Association on March the 6th.

—Rev. W. B. Savage, Mr. T. D. Savage, of Norfolk, Va., and Mr. R. G. Camp, of Franklin, Va., were visitors on the Hill the first part of last month. Mr. Savage conducted the Sunday morning services, March the 8th. His sermon was practical and well received by the audience.

—Dr. Edwin Harrison, of Chicago, is visiting his mother, who has been ill for several weeks.

—Sunday night, the 8th, Dr. Watson S. Rankin, dean of the Medical Department, spoke before the Missionary Society on "The Relation of Medicine to Missions."

—Miss May Allen died at her home, three miles from Wake Forest, after an illness of several weeks. Her death was caused by peritonitis.

—Dr. J. L. White, of Greensboro, spent an afternoon on the Hill visiting his sons and his friends.

—Misses Gill and Harris are visitors on the Hill.

—If you heard how "Bill" Furman shot bright remarks during the Randolph-Macon game, you wouldn't be surprised that "Shug" and "Temp" kept in good spirits.

—The fellows are not getting together and yelling as they should. We should like to learn some of those new yells and show that we can "holler" and shout as well as any other bunch of college fellows.

—Sunday morning, the 8th, Dr. Lynch preached in the First Baptist Church of Athens, Ga. We understand that Dr. Lynch enjoyed his visit to that place very much.

—President Poteat, on March the 14th, delivered a lecture before the Bararca Class of the First Baptist Church of Louisburg on "The Young Man of Nazareth."

—The Astronomy Class of Peace Institute, chaperoned by Miss Mary Lyon, of the Department of Science in that institution, visited Wake Forest upon the invitation of President Poteat and Prof. J. F. Lanneau, of the Chair of Astronomy. The class consisted of ten young ladies. They came for the purpose of using the large telescope in the observatory. We are tempted to say that others, too, were star gazing that night. Whether they learned where the North Star or the Pleiades is located, we shall not say. Anyway, they saw stars.

—Thursday night, the 14th, Dr. and Mrs. William Royall entertained at their home in honor of their daughters-in-law, Mrs. Will Royall, of Raleigh, and Mrs. John Royall, of Wake Forest. The occasion was a delightful one and enjoyed by every one present. Several out-of-town guests were present.

—We are glad to report to his many friends that Mr. J. M. Adams is rapidly improving and is expected to be out of the Infirmary in a few days.

—The Sophomores played Littleton College basketball, the 5th, and won from them by a score of 40 to 3. The forwards for the Sophomores, Allen and Carrick, played remarkably well—one throwing nine goals and the other eight. The Saturday following, these teams

again met, but this time on Littleton ground. There the Sophomores won by the score of 14 to 12. This hefty quin should be congratulated on their showing.

—The College Registrar, Mr. Earnshaw, reports that the present senior class is the largest in the history of College. Fifty-six are aspirants for diplomas. Thirty-six are applying for B.A. degrees; four for M.A. degrees; seven for B.S., and nine for LL.B. degrees. The senior class last year numbered fifty-one.

—Prof. J. W. Harrison, of the Chair of Psychology in Mercer University, stopped over a short while on his way to attend the wedding of Rev. Clyde Turner, of Tatnall Square Baptist Church, Macon, Ga. Mr. Turner is a Wake Forest man. He was married to Miss Hicks, of Oxford.

—A committee, consisting of L. L. Tilley and F. T. Bennett, of the Phi. Society; J. M. Broughton and J. M. Adams, of the Eu. Society, are at work perfecting arrangements for the Mercer-Wake Forest debate to be held Easter Monday. This committee has placed in the hands of a like committee of Mercer the names of fifteen men who will be eligible to act as judges of the debate. Six of these men are to be selected by the Mercerians. Then three of these are chosen by our committee.

—Friday night, the 20th, the Carolina-George Washington debate was held at Chapel Hill. Drs. Poteat and Sikes were present, they serving as judges of the debate. The decision was in favor of Chapel Hill.

—Messrs. Oscar Sikes and James Powers were visitors on the Hill the 22nd. They left that afternoon for Jonesboro, where they have opened a law office.

—During the first part of the month, Mr. A. E. Brown, of Asheville, visited the College. He is superintendent of the Baptist Appalachain Range High Schools. His purpose was to secure teachers for next year. These schools are under the supervision of the Southern Baptist Convention. We hear that many of the fellows are interested in this work.

—The ladies of Wake Forest have organized themselves into a society which has as its object the improvement of Wake Forest school facilities. The organization is known as the "Ladies' Betterment Society."

This is well and our hope is that they may succeed in this work.

—Mr. R. Bruce White, of Franklinton, and Prof. Judd, superintendent of the Wake County schools, were here during the meeting held by the citizens of the Hill in regard to "the special school tax." They both made good speeches, urging the necessity for such a tax. A primary will be held some time after this session is over for the purpose of passing this special tax.

—Wake Forest seems on the boom. No panic seems to have molested it—and what could! If an earthquake should happen along, no thought would be taken of it. Three new buildings are in the process of construction which will add much to our town. Mr. Zebulon Vance Peed is erecting a new home on Faculty Avenue. In the course of a few weeks this will be completed. Prof. Gorrell is building a pretty home on the lot adjoining Dr. Taylor's. Also, Dr. Paschal is completing plans for his new home.

—The Glee Club and Orchestra were entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Poteat Friday evening, the 20th. Miss Louis Poteat with her guests, Misses Morgan, Bessie Poteat, and Lucy Purefoy, of B. U. W., were present at

this enjoyable occasion; the young ladies of the Hill; also Mr. and Mrs. John Royall and Mrs. Sledd. We well know that every one had a delightful time, for such affairs as this are always enjoyed.

—We are glad to welcome the *Weekly,* which has just appeared for the first time this year. The staff should be congratulated for getting out such a good issue. It is the best issue of the *Weekly* we have ever seen. If the staff continues to keep up this good work, it will never again be said: "The *Weekly* isn't any good, let's don't buy it." To rouse the best College spirit, the *Weekly* is the paper to do it, for it keeps every one in touch with the happenings about athletics, which at this time of the year are very interesting.

—Another victory has been added to our list. The first two resulted in our favor, they being shut-out games: Orange Grove Academy, 7 to 0; Bingham High School, 5 to 0. The above-mentioned triumph on the diamond was 4 to 2. The Randolph-Macon bunch played a good, clean article of ball, but, they couldn't down us. Several of the innings were exciting, yet on the whole the game was slow. During these innings the bases were either full or two men were on bases—one at third and the other on second. Our men failed to obtain the desired hit—And O, my, our hearts did ache when there was "nothing doing!" The Randolph fellows had the same luck, we are glad to report.

A good many games will have been played before we go to press again, but our prediction is that we will win four out of the six games.

—Of course every one in Wake Forest is supposed to be present at all the games played here. We noticed at the Randolph-Macon game that some were present—

watching the game from across the street. This is not proper college spirit. No names will be mentioned, but if this continues the fellows will see to it that the College men who would rather "beat" than pay the required price will be kept away. 'Nough said.

—The commencement marshals have been recently elected. From the Phi. Society, Hampton, Chief; Burke, second, and Wall, third. From the Eu. Society, Hunter Pope, Chief; Harris, recond, and W. R. White, third.

—Mr. Edwards, of Wake Forest, and Mrs. Geneva Barrow, of Forestville, were married Sunday, the 22nd.

—Mr. Guerney Brown, of last year's class, was a visitor on the Hill. His friends were all glad to see him. Mr. Brown is at present working with the United States Survey.

—As spring comes, every one becomes interested in tennis, and all the out-door sports. Interest in this game is well proved by the number of fellows who are playing. Courts are being scraped and gotten into order.

Wake Forest expects to be strongly represented in Atlanta this May. The Southern Inter-Collegiate Tennis matches are to be held there, and as this college won the Southern championship last May, she will have to be present to fight for the title again this year. The team is getting into form and expects to bring the trophy cup back again.

—We are glad to see so many interested in track. At the meet, to be held in Raleigh, we expect to be strongly represented. To have a good team and to get the fellows to come out and practice, we must have a Field Day by all means some time soon.

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WAKE FOREST STUDENT

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THE NAMELESS FLOWER

By H. F. Page.

What thou art called in books of tedious lore,
  I do not know, nor do I greatly care.
  Enough for me to look upon those rare,
Rich folds that on the air such fragrance pour,
Long rapt in wonderment, while o'er and o'er
  I question if the mind of man could e'er
  Conceive a name to match a thing so fair.

Oft when some word that charmed rhythm bore
  Was found, I've turned to find in thee
Just one charm more. And should it be my task,
  Forever unrewarded, still to ask
  A name for thee, I would not weary grow
If all thy charms unto infinity
  Unfolding one by one, I thus might know!

THE MARK OF THE RED PLASTER

By Muezzin.

I.

One evening I was sitting in my study dreaming, just dreaming and watching the figures and the shapes that the smoke from my pipe took; dreaming of the last ten years, of my college days—those honeyed days, days of love and petty remorse. Just dreaming, I repeat. You see what awkward things a bachelor can do. Truth is I believe if I had married that I could have spent my life more profitably. Hum! Funny thing for a fellow like me even to think about. I was long, gawky, countrified and freckled faced; she had light, flowing hair where the sunbeams loved to lurk and to play at hide-and-seek. And such eyes, deep blue, as fathomless as is the sea. such—

"Hey! Come in. O, that's just you, is it, James?"

"A telegram, sir. Sorry to have interrupted you."

I broke the seal hurriedly. It read,

"Your friend at the point of death. Come at once."

It was signed by a name unknown to me, a doctor James Sevair. That did not matter so much.

I read and read again the words of the message. I was completely mystified. Who on earth could it mean? It was dated April the thirteenth, Booneville, Washington. A man had sent for me from that place whom I knew and in whom I was interested. It was beyond me. But here was a call, and preacher-like I must go. I might find an opportunity to do some good anyway. I ordered James to pack up a few necessary articles that I thought would be requisite for such a long trip

and I instructed him to secure my ticket for Booneville. And again I pondered on the mystifying words of the message.

I recalled, in sequence, the happenings of my past history: the men, the events that had shaped it; the men and crises that had made me. I could attach none of these to the man who was calling to me to come across the plains to be present at his death-bed. I let the subject and the circumstances concerning this strange telegram pass from my mind and I again sank into the reverie which James' entrance had so harshly interrupted.

My thoughts wandered to the memory of her whom I so often dreamed and yearned for—the one who was to have been my wife. Oh, would that she were seated by me to share my daily pleasures and sorrows.

Many a man has hidden deep within the inmost recesses of his heart sorrows and longings that the world with its cares and selfishness does not know nor heed. How many histories are written only on the walls of the heart's chambers! And to-night I was reading again for the thousandth time the history of that crisis in my own life. This the night of the thirteenth of April—we—she and I— were to have been married just fifteen years ago. How time does fly! My heart deadens at the thought. She died on the afternoon of that day. Aye, many are the times when I am tempted to rebel. She had made me promise to take care of Percy, her only brother—for they were orphans.

He was a boy of fifteen years then. Ah, had I been faithful? I educated him as if he had been my own son. He had made comparatively a brilliant record at college; but I had heard it said that he was considered a wild, reckless sort of a chap. I had not paid much at-

tention to these reports, for I had not been a saint in my young days. *I was not disappointed in him.* At least I thought I was not. Soon after his graduation at the University, he went West and established a hospital in one of the large mining towns of Colorado. Suddenly the thought struck me: Could it be he! Impossible, for the telegram read from a town in Washington and Percy was in Colorado. But I had not heard from him for several years. No, I reasoned, it was impossible—it could not be he.

The clock on the mantel struck the hour of one. Knowing that I had to get off on the early train, I hastened to bed.

II.

In a lonely hut in a secluded quarter of the town of Booneville, a man lay upon his bed sick unto death. His face was emaciated, his cheeks hollow and his eyes sunken deep in their sockets. The man would have been taken to be at least fifty years old.

A close observer would have noticed a resigned look upon the face of the invalid and especially would one be struck by the red plaster on the right side of the face. The room was scantily furnished: the bed on which the sick man lay; three cane-bottomed chairs, a table of rough hewn planks; a book shelf of the same material, filled with well-bound volumes much the worse for wear—these especially seemed out of place in the surroundings—a large leather trunk in one corner; a wash-stand in another. The floor and walls and windows were scrupulously clean—the floor varnished and the walls plastered. These facts in themselves showed more plainly than words somewhat the nature of the man who inhabited the dwelling. By the side of the fire-place an old negro, the sick man's only servant, sat smoking a cob-pipe.

The man on the bed stirred and murmured in his delirium. The darkey painfully limping went over to the bed.

The sick man opened his eyes and for a moment watched his servant in a half dazed manner.

"Has Dr. Sevair come?" at length he asked.

"Naw, sar, masser, he ought'n to be h'ar now."

The man groaned and fell again into a fitful sleep.

Again he awoke and asked the same question. The servant was about to answer when Dr. Sevair walked into the room. The eyes of the sick man brightened and he looked at the doctor expectantly.

"Well, Mr. Cottle, how are you this evening? I sent your telegram yesterday morning after leaving here, as you requested me. The answer, I have just received. Shall I read it?"

"Yes, Yes," the other quickly replied, "read it! read it! It said that he would come, didn't it?"

Dr. Sevair looked at his patient for a moment. The sick man had not seemed to care for anything till he had requested him to send a message to the Reverend Mr. Clare. Now he was all eagerness. He read:

"Will come on first train. God's blessing.

CHAS. L. CLARE."

The man hardly moved for a moment. Dr. Sevair went quickly to his bed.

"Doctor," he almost groaned, "he'll be too late—too late. Nothing will be of use. I shall die before another sun has risen and set."

The doctor quietly drew up a chair by the bed. By his knowledge, he too knew that his patient would not live to see another sunrise. His thoughts wandered to the man who was, at that very moment, coming over the plains to be at the sick man's side in his hour of

death, and he regretted that he had not been asked to telegraph sooner.

The man on the bed stirred uneasily and began to mutter in his delirium. Neither the doctor nor the servant spoke, but both watched the sleeper closely.

At length he rose up and called to the servant to bring him a drink of water. He seemed better than usual and there was visible on his face, except where the red plaster was, the red glow of renewed life. The doctor watched him keenly for he knew what that flush portrayed.

"Lie down and you will rest more comfortably," he advised.

"No, Sevair, I know as well as you know that I shall not see to-morrow's sun. Clare can't get here. I shall tell you what I desired above all things to tell him. You'll explain to him, won't you?"

The doctor bowed his head and waited expectantly for the man to begin. For during the two years this strange recluse had lived in the town, he had been interested in him. It was common knowledge that everyone in the village supposed him to be a man with a history. And as this strange man always wore on his right cheek, a red plaster, the villagers' theory was hereby thought to be corroborated. The man would die before the morning and therefore he thought himself fortunate to be the one to learn first this unaccountable man's history.

"Doctor," he began, "I am as you and your villagers think, a man with a history. Not in the sense, though, of a public criminal evading the clutches of the law of man; but a criminal before the bar of God and my own conscience. I have fought this fight within my be-

ing with all the will of an indomitable demon. But to no avail. My conscience and the eternal right of God's law has triumphed. I am as you suspect, a man evading society, thereby relinquishing his just rights as a citizen. I fought until I was conquered. I have come bitterly to know the truth of the lines:

> The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
> Moves on: nor all your Piety nor wit
> Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
> Nor all your Tears wash out a word of it.

"Would that tears could wash out the debt; my finger wrote, this finger here wrote, signed the death warrant of one of God's chosen—an innocent man. Ha, you look surprised. I took the matter of life and death of that man in my hands as if it had been so much dust. I did it for the sole purpose of sustaining my reputation. What is reputation to a man who hasn't character to back it? Nothing! Nothing but so much spurious coin to be bartered for the devil's hire!

"I settled in a large mining town in Colorado. There I established a hospital. You look incredulous. And indeed you have a right to be. Look at those books on the shelves over there and my statement will verify itself."

Here he paused, exhausted. The doctor motioned to the servant to bring his master a glass of brandy. The sick man swallowed the liquor at one gulp.

"Yes," he continued, "it is a long story. I was making a great success out of the hospital. It was a new thing there.

"I was fresh from the University. I had been reckless and careless there. To wipe away to-night all old scores, I'll confess that I cheated on the final examinations to get my degree. Anyway, I thought if I went West

where no one knew me I could start anew. As I've already told you, I went to Colorado. I hadn't been there more than a year, when a serious case was brought to me. Up to this time I had been fortunate and hadn't been placed in any embarrassing position. But this one—I knew at once that I was up against fate; or was it God's wrath that had overtaken me? The fellow had an acute attack of appendicitis. An experienced surgeon even would have had to exercise his most deft touches. I was no surgeon! And to this day I have often tried to think what made me consent to perform the operation.

"I was proud, then, and late success had made me over-confident. I knew if I performed the operation that I could not possibly do it in such a manner as to be sure of the man's life. The fellow was what the miners called their "Sky Pilot." No man in the whole community was loved more.

"The night before I consented, I went to my room and tried to reason why I should do such an impossible thing. I had to do it. I had told his friends that it was the only way in the world to save his life. I was a fool to have hinted such a thing. There was no other doctor in a radius of a hundred miles whom I could call to my assistance. My reputation and the good will of the people were at stake. I could not afford to let them know that I was not capable. *I knew if I operated, he would die.* Then the thought: If you operate, who knows that you will be the cause of his death? Chance it. I fell into a fitful sleep. When I awoke I was nervous and felt as if every fibre of my body and brain were on fire.

"I went to the operating room. I can see him now as he lay there on the table. He, unconscious, trusting

me; and I, trembling and fearful. Such a fine specimen of manhood he was. Ah, good God, why did I punish myself?

"My hand was steadied only by the strength of my will. My brain was in a whirl and as I cut the flesh, a mist covered my eyes. I took a drink of whiskey. Two of his friends were present, but they didn't permit themselves to question why I did so. I cut again. Again the mist covered my eyes; my hands shook. To cover my confusion, I felt the man's pulse. It hardly beat. I looked at his face and saw that the pallor of death was settling upon it. I felt the pulse again. Then I pressed my hand upon his heart. *It did not beat.*

" 'Your friend is dead'; I remember saying, 'leave him to me.'

"I examined the wound and found that it was I—my knife that had caused his death.

"What remorse was mine. No one knew, but me, ME! I had sinned against my fellow-man and against God."

The sick man called for another glass of brandy.

"I left the following week. I could not bear to remain in that place. I came here and have tried to make reparation for the deed. I could not bear to confess it.

"I have paid, paid, and I expect to pay more. What a word—PAID. Paid, yes, God has made me pay.

"The first month I was here, a mole the size of a pea appeared on this side of my face"—he pointed to the side covered with the red plaster—"and on examining it I found that I had cancer. And then I knew! I was being made to pay. This is what is eating my life's blood; this is what is sapping my strength! I am not dying of fever as you think. The cancer is eating my

whole being. Pay, pay, yes a thousand times ten thousand, I have paid."

The doctor breathed deeply as the man finished speaking and he looked as if he had just come out from the influence of a trance. He glanced toward the bed and listened again for this strange man's words, but he only heard him mumble the broken words of a delirious man. At length the sound of the mumbled words ceased. With bowed head, the doctor quietly walked from the room for he realized he could be of no service. The man was dead.

III.

The morning train had arrived at the little town of Booneville. All the loungers that the town afforded were present and many others besides. For it had been rumored about that a man from the East was coming to be present at the burial of "the man with the red plaster."

The pullman door opened and I, the Reverend Mr. Clare stepped off, greeted by Dr. Sevair.

"He's dead—the man who sent for you."

"Ah, I'm too late, too late then."

* * * * * * *

The old servant met us at the lonely cabin door. We stepped inside. I looked at the countenance of the man who had called for me to come. At first I saw no resemblance to any one whom I had ever known. The red sticking plaster hid one side of the face and the countenance was so pallid that hardly the doctor could persuade himself it was the same person.

At length, I started and looked closer. To get nearer. I knelt beside the bed.

"Ah, can it be you, Percy? Is it possible? Yes, I know it's you, Percy. You sent for me too late, boy."

The doctor looked at me stupefied, not understanding my words.

"I didn't think that he would end this way," I explained. "The ways of God, though, are unknown to man. Doctor, he was my betrothed's brother."

* * * * * * *

I am in my sitting room. I have just returned from the grave of Percy. Again I try to reason why he should have had to die as he did.

As I think what a world this is where man's desires run riot aginst God's will; where man's conscience is dwarfed by the eternal wrongs of his deeds; where reputation sits on the throne, and character serves as his hand-maiden. This world of God's creation; the days and the nights; the summer and the winter; the autumn and the spring. Dream of Utopia! Aye, would that such a place were real and not of man's imagination! As I think of these things I seem to catch a glimpse into the unknown and the wisdom of it all.

A STUDY OF MAUPASSANT

By W. H. Vann.

The beginning of the nineteenth century marks a new era in French literature—an era signalized by a notable revival of literary interest, known as the romantic movement. It was in many ways similar to the *renaissance* of the sixteenth century; and with this movement came new ideas and new ideals scarcely less important than those of the earlier period. Romanticism developed into realism, and realism, in its later and most exaggerated phase, became naturalism.

In this later period, then, we naturally expect to find the most distinct examples of the realistic school of writers. Nor are we disappointed; for here are found such eminent exponents of that style as Flaubert, Zola, and Daudet; and as a fitting climax to the period, one in whose writings the spirit of the time found perhaps its most perfect embodiment—Maupassant.

Henri René Albert Guy de Maupassant was born at Chateau Miromesnil, Lower Seine, August 5, 1850. Despite this somewhat cumbersome name, we may suppose that he was an ordinary French lad. He attended school at Yvetot, the little Normandy town immortalized by Beranger. Details of his school life are meagre. From here he went to the College of Rouen, graduating in due time. While yet a young man Maupassant served as a private in the Franco-Prussian War, gaining valuable experience.

Little is known of the home life of Maupassant, or of his parents. The latter made very little, if any, impress upon his subsequent career. Going to Paris, he became a clerk in the Navy Department. It was while here that

his attention was first turned seriously toward literature; he began to contribute short stories to the periodicals, which attracted attention.

Maupassant now had published his first story, *Boule de Suif,* which appeared in *Les Soirées de Medan* in 1880, and met with much favor. Being transferred to the Department of Public Instruction, he still found time to devote to literary composition. A volume of poems, *Des Vers,* came out the same year; they were rather striking, but ultra-sensual. His drama, *Histoire de Vieux Temps,* met with but indifferent success. Maupassant now began to realize along what lines his talent really lay, and from 1881 to 1890 he wrote over two hundred short stories.

Maupassant's life was not a happy one. The death of a brother apparently affected his mind, and from 1887 onward traces of insanity appear in his works. In 1891 his mind became unbalanced from overwork, and he attempted suicide. This unfortunate act put an end to his literary activities. He was confined at a private asylum at Passy, near Paris. Here, on July 6, 1893, his life was ended, marking the extinction of a magnificent physique and brilliant brain power.

In personal appearance Maupassant was quite attractive. Tall, heavy built, erect in carriage, with full face and curling moustache, he presented a striking figure. He was fond of sports and out-door exercise. He had few friends; there was little about his disposition, in fact, to compel love or admiration. He was cold, skeptical, blasé; steeped in sarcasm, extremely ironical, and deeply pessimistic. He cared little for honors or distinction, indifferently refusing election to the Academy.

Such was the man of whom we write. Almost complete isolation from the society of his fellowmen enabled

him to do a great deal of work, and never for an instant did he falter in his career. In a little over ten years he gave to the world one volume of verse, three plays, four books of travel, six novels, and over two hundred short stories. All these are quite readable. His best novels are *Une vie, Pierre et Jean, Bel Ami* and *Notre Coeur.* His collection of verses and drama we have already mentioned; but his short stories comprise Maupassant's most enduring claim to immortality. Of these we shall speak later.

Any sketch of Maupassant would be incomplete without speaking of the influence of Gustave Flaubert, who was largely instrumental in shaping the genius of the young man. Just after graduation Maupassant was taken under the protection of his god-father. Himself the initiator of naturalism, Flaubert inculcated these principles strongly into his youthful disciple, and became his literary model. Maupassant underwent what might be termed an "apprenticeship of exact description." "Literary work should be short, unique, and as perfect as we can produce it," said Flaubert. To describe a tree, a fire, or a cart, we must remain opposite it until it resembles for us nothing else. It is related that he would send the young man out to describe some natural object; then criticise the result unmercifully, and send him back once more to the same task, until the description fitted the object. In this way Maupassant became one of the greatest masters of description the world has ever known.

What, then, is his place in French literature? Schooled in an atmosphere of almost military precision in mental training, nurtured under the wing of Flaubert, and devoting himself with unswerving determination to his

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work, we find Maupassant ranking among the first writers of his time. His wonderful command of language and brilliant descriptions place him high among the great French stylists, and have caused him to be recognized as the most perfect as well as the most powerful of them all. To his influence is largely due the spread of this short story in Germany and England.

His stories may be divided into five general classes: tales of Normandy, of clerkships, of aristocratic society, of vicissitudes of voyages, and of supernatural elements. Maupassant's stories are seldom pleasing to the reader. He chose unusual and even shocking subjects; gluttonous and avaricious peasants, drunken and debauched sailors, social outcasts; a regular "catalog of the commonplace." There are stories of his native Normandy, portraying the characteristic selfishness of the people; stories of the foibles of life in Paris; stories of adventures in strange lands, of incident, love, mystery, crime, horror; some occasionally comic, rarely with a bright touch of life, more often full of grim irony, and dark with pessimism. As examples of the humorous tales, we might mention *Les Idées du Colonel*, and *Mademoiselle Perle;* of whimsical satire, *La Parapluie, Aux Bois;* bitter irony, *La Partie de Compagnie, Pain Maudit,* and, best of all this group, *Yvette;* sordid brutality, as in *En Mer,* and wanton cruelty in *La Mere Sauvage.*

Some of these merit especial notice. In *La Peur, La Main,* and *Apparition,* Maupassant gives a vivid portrayal of the supernatural—"supernatural, not superhuman," as the *juge d' instruction* says; "nor yet supernatural, but merely inexplicable."

In *La Main* an Englishman, living apart with only a servant, has chained upon his wall a massive human

hand, of which he has an unutterable terror. One day he is found dead, evidently from *strangulation,* and the mysterious hand is gone. Later it is found lying on his grave. The Englishman's belief that this chained hand, probably severed from the arm of a deadly enemy, would one day prove his undoing, furnishes a striking example of the power of emotion. *Apparition* is even more so; we are swept on by his power of description. A man is sent by his friend in quest of a paper, which is to be found in the death chamber of his bride. We go with the messenger through the deserted chatean; we, ourselves, are in the mysterious chamber, and we feel the uncanny, repulsive influence of the spectre bride.

The excerpt from *La Peur* is a scene in the hut of a forest guard, who a year before had killed a poacher:

"In spite of my efforts, I perceived clearly that a profound terror had hold of them. Just as I was about to retire, the guard jumped up, grasped his gun again, crying in a terrified voice: 'There he is; there he is! I hear him!' The dog, who up to this time had been quietly in a corner, looked into the fire with his blind eyes, and uttered one of those lugubrious howls which make travelers shudder at night. The guard cried out, 'He knows him! He was with me when I killed him!' And the women began to howl along with the dog.

"For an hour the dog howled without ceasing, as if in the agony of a dream; and *la peur—fear*—frightful fear, entered into me. Fear of what? How do I know? It was fear, that is all.

"That beast made us fools, and finally I put him out; now we remained plunged in silence more terrifying than before.

"Of a sudden, all together, we experienced a start; a *being* was gliding along the wall ,outside, toward the

forest; then he passed by the door, which he seemed to try, with a hesitating hand. We heard nothing more for two minutes; then he returned, touching lightly on the wall; he scratched faintly, as a child would with his nail. Then suddenly a head appeared against the window-pane, a white head, with luminous eyes like those of a deer. And a sound issued from his mouth, an indistinct sound, a plaintive murmur.

"There was a loud noise; the guard had fired. We remained there until daybreak, unable to move, without saying a word, in the grasp of an unspeakable terror."

Garcon, un Bock! has the idea of utter *abandon*. It deals with the influence of a single circumstance upon a young man's life; a story of the turbid under-current often flowing beneath the smooth exterior.

In *La Parure* Maupassant narrates a bit of real life, a page from nature. A piece of jewelry, borrowed for an evening's entertainment, is lost, and toil, struggle, privation and hardship ensue, to replace the jewel; long after they discover that it was but an imitation, a mere gaudy trifle, for which they had spent years in payment for one night of enjoyment.

Of a different nature, yet full of an infinite sadness, is *Deux Amis*, bringing out the beautiful qualities of friendship and patriotism. The bravery of the two old companions, the *sang froid* of the colonel, and its striking *denouement* make the story one of his best.

Two old friends, out on a little fishing excursion, are arrested in the Prussian lines.

"Behind the house they perceived a company of German soldiers. An officer asked them in French, 'Well, messieurs, have you had good luck fishing?'

A soldier deposited at the feet of the officer the basket of fish.

"Well, that's not bad," the officer remarked. 'Now listen to me and don't worry. So far as I am concerned you are spies sent to watch me, under the pretense of fishing. Give me your passports and I will let you go.'

"The two friends, livid, side by side, their hands trembling nervously, were silent.

"No one will ever know; the secret will disappear with you. If you refuse, it is death, and immediately. Take your choice!"

"They remained motionless without opening their mouths.

"The Prussian, always calm, replied, stretching his hand toward the river, 'Remember that in five minutes you will be at the bottom of that water. In five minutes!'

The two fishermen still remained in silence. The German gave some orders in his own tongue; two men appeared with guns.

" 'I give you one minute; not two seconds more.'

"The soldiers raised their guns. Morissot responded nothing; Sauvage responded nothing. The officer spoke. By chance the look of Morissot fell on the basket of fishes. A ray of sunlight, falling on their scales, made them glitter. In spite of his efforts, his eyes filled with tears.

"He stammered, 'Good-bye, Monsieur Sauvage.'

"Monsieur Sauvage responded, 'Good-bye, Monsieur Morissot.'

"They clasped hands, trembling from head to foot.

"The officer cried: 'Fire!'

"The two bodies fell as one. Two soldiers cast them into the river.

"The water closed over them, foamed, bubbled, and became calm.

"A drop of blood floated by.

"The officer, always serene, remarked lightly, 'It is the turn of the fishes now.'

"Then he returned to the house. Suddenly he perceived the basket of fish, examined them, smiled, and cried to a servant, 'William! fry these fish for supper. They will be delicious.'

"And he once more began to smoke his pipe."

Among all the stories of Maupassant, probably none illustrates his remarkable and unusual gifts better than *La Ficelle*—"a bit of string." It treats of the influence of an unjust accusation upon the mind of a poor peasant. It begins with this fine description:

"On all the roads around Goderville the peasants and their wives were coming toward the village, as it was market day. The men were walking with tranquil steps, their whole body thrust forward at each movement of the long, twisted limbs—limbs deformed by their rough work; by the pressure on the plow, which makes the left shoulder elevated and the body crooked; by mowing the grain, which makes the knees spread, in order to obtain a good foothold; by all the slow and painful occupations of the country. Their blue-blouses, starched, shining as if varnished, adorned at the collar and at the wrist with a little bit of white edging, puffed out around their long joints, resembled a balloon ready to fly, from which issued a head, two arms and two feet.

"At the end of a rope they were leading a cow or a calf, and their wives walking behind whipped the animal over the back with a branch on which the leaves were still remaining, in order to hasten their progress. On their arms the women carried large baskets, from which emerged the heads of chickens or ducks. And they walked with a shorter and quicker step than the

men, their figures sharp and upright; clad in a scanty shawl, pinned over their flat chests, their heads enveloped in a white linen cloth fastened over their hair and surmounted by a bonnet."

The story runs thus:

"A poor peasant, stooping to pick up a bit of string, was seen by an enemy and accused of stealing a purse. He was carried before the court and finally released from lack of sufficient evidence; but the matter weighed on his mind, and he departed protesting his innocence vigorously to all whom he met. But they refused to believe his story; he went home exasperated and despairing at not being believed.

"The next day the missing purse was returned by someone else. The peasant heard of it, and began to tell the story all over again. He was triumphant. But when he stopped a stranger to narrate these peculiar circumstances, the stranger refused to be convinced, and laughed at him. Whereupon the peasant conceived the idea that he must return to town in order to exonerate himself.

"Here, likewise, however, the people mistrusted him, calling him *'gros malin'*—'grand rascal.' Why should they call him that? He became more and more uneasy. The people at the inn refused to be convinced, and at last he understood; they were accusing him of having the purse brought back by an accomplice.

"Once more the peasant returned home, angry and indignant. His innocence seemed impossible to prove. He recommenced to narrate the whole adventure, adding each time new reasons, his whole soul taken up by the history of that bit of string. But his hearers only became more and more convinced that his were the reasons of a liar.

"Thus he wasted himself away in useless effort. His spirit grew feeble. Toward the end of the year he took to his bed, and in the delirium of the death-agony he affirmed his innocence, murmuring, *'Une, tite ficelle'*—only a little bit of string—*'une, tite ficelle—t'nez'*—look—*'la voila,—m'sieu le maire.'*"

As a master of style Maupassant is a model for the writer of shortstories. His style is noted for its strength and simplicity. A remarkable power of observation, coupled with the "saving grace of irony," were also important factors in his success. He denied the existence of fixed rules for writing a romance, and laughed at criticism. He did not recognize the importance of preserving either morality or chastity, saying that they pertained to life, not letters.

Maupassant held that a writer must seek a climax to close his conditions. Another all-important principle was, *be natural.* He has been called "the most ardent disciple of unpersonality in art." According to him, "authorship is a mirror of facts, plus the inexpressible reflection, which is the divinity of art."

His descriptions are strong, vivid, exact; every word conveys a distinct idea, not a word is out of place. To appreciate their value fully one must understand French thoroughly. Note, for example, the beginning of *La Peur,* of which the following is but an imperfect translation:

"We went up on the bridge after dinner. Before us the Mediterranean had not a ripple on its surface, which a big, calm moon made to appear like watered silk. The ship moved onward, throwing toward the sky, which seemed sown with stars, a great serpent of black smoke; and behind us the water, all white, agitated by the rapid passage of the heavy ship, churned by the screw, foamed,

appeared to twist itself, and stirred so many reflections that one would have said it was the light of a frothy moon."

Let us touch briefly, in conclusion, upon the nature of this strange man. We do not believe that Maupassant was the skeptic philosopher of life that he is generally supposed to be. Unhappy circumstances made him have "a nauseated horror of life, a haunting terror of death," expressed in *Le Petit Soldat, Un Fou, Qui Sait,* and other stories. Although they are impregnated with pessimism, we may assert truthfully that in his works Maupassant endeavored to depict real life; and life as he saw it was for the most part dark and clouded. Stories of suffering and of the supernatural are not induced by any drug, but the result of his own experience; and in many instances he depicts his own activities and mental miseries.

The evidence of his writings tends to prove that he was, in a way, the victim of unfortunate circumstances. Living with no companion to love and cheer him, his mind was affected and afterwards deranged by the influence of passing events—such an influence, probably, as he describes in *Garcon, un Bock!* and *La Ficelle.* Some one instance must have happened which caused him to look forever afterward upon the dark side of life; and then, as he himself expresses it in *Garcon, un Bock!,*

"C'etait fini pour moi; j' avais vu 'lautre face des choses, la mauvaise; je n'ai plus apercu la boane depuis ce jour-la." * * * "It was ended for me; I had seen the other side of life, the bad side; I have not noticed the good since that day."

What of the real Maupassant, the man? Was he merely a great writer of short stories? Is he, as the

critics would have us believe, naturally a heartless creature, unalterably prejudiced against all that is good, and pure, and noble? When we have read his writings, full of sarcasm and pessimism though they are, have we reached the true heart of the man? We would fain believe not; for here and there, deep down beneath the cold exterior of materialism, encrusted in irony, we find touches of human life, warm and true, as a stray sunbeam from a mass of cloud—the heart-beats of men and women; and it is in these pulsations of real life that the great master-mind of Maupassant finds its truest and best expression.

THE LANGDELL SYSTEM OF TEACHING LAW

By Gilbert Thomas Stephenson, '02.

Whenever one mentions a Law School nowadays, one of the first questions asked is, Does it use the Case System? When the Trinity College Law School was started, two or three years ago, it sent its Dean, Professor Mordecai, to the Harvard Law School, the birthplace of the Case System, to inspect the operation of the system and see if he thought its adoption at Trinity would be practicable. His conclusion, I do not know. Anyhow, the introduction of the Case System has revolutionized the method of teaching in a majority of the largest Law Schools in the country, and we may expect to hear more of it hereafter. Inasmuch as a large number of the readers of THE STUDENT are law students or expect to be or are, at least, interested in all new methods of acquiring knowledge, they may care to know something of this modern system of teaching law. Let me be understood to write from the standpoint of a layman, because a First Year student in a Law School can not lay claim to a more accurate knowledge of the subject.

THE HISTORY OF THE LANGDELL SYSTEM.

In 1870, Christopher Columbus Langdell was called from his law offices in New York to become Dean of the Harvard Law School. For nearly twenty years, he had been a practicing lawyer in that city. He had noticed in his profession that, when a disputed point of law arises, the lawyer turns to the reports of decided cases for his answer rather than to the treaties and text-books upon the subject. He queried, if the practicing lawyer has to use the reports of cases, why should not the pros-

pective lawyer be brought into contact with them and get accustomed to using them in his student days? The query would not down; rather, it drove him to make an experiment. In 1871 he published his *Cases on Contracts,* and announced that he would use that as the basis of his course on contracts. The first morning his class met, the whole school, numbering about 115, turned out to hear him. At the next meeting, the number was not so large; by the next, it had dwindled more; and by the end of the first week, only seven were left. But these seven were of the strongest men in the school; among them was the present Dean, James Barr Ames. They had to be strong men to withstand the ridicule that was heaped upon this innovation. The Boston lawyers made fun of Professor Langdell's pet scheme. The seven members of his class were stigmatized as Langdell's freshmen. During the session, a few repentent backsliders returned, and by the end of the year the class in Contracts numbered about twenty-five. But Professor Langdell and his corporal's guard kept the faith. At this time, the Faculty numbered three. Pretty soon after he graduated, Professor Ames was added as an assistant, and his siding with Professor Langdell made a tie. The battle waxed warm. The student body was divided into the Langdellites and the anti-Langdellites. The Langdellites would not attend lectures given by those who clung to the text-book system, and vice versa. In the course of a few years a fifth member was added to the faculty, Professor Keener, and he took sides with the Langdellites. The tie was broken; there was no longer any open conflict. But for fifteen years more, several of the instructors continued to use the old system. It was not until 1889-90 that Professors Thayer and Gray, the leaders of the anti-Langdellites, rather unexpectedly

published case-books for their courses and adopted the Langdell System. When one considers how much both these men have done for the development of the system, it seems rather odd that for nearly twenty years they led the opposition to it. Since 1890, the Case-Books have been used in all the courses given in the school.

That Professor Langdell's theory was not impracticable and that his efforts were crowned with success are best shown in the words of his pupil and successor, Dean Ames: "He found here a school without examination for admission or for the degree, a faculty of three professors giving but ten lectures a week to 115 students, of whom 47 per cent had no college degree, a curriculum without any rational sequence of subjects, and an inadequate and decaying library. He lived to see a faculty of ten professors, eight of them his former pupils, giving more than fifty lectures a week in a well-ordered curriculum to over 750 students, all but nine being college graduates, and conferring the degree after three years' residence and the passing of three annual examinations. At the beginning of his professorship the treasurer's books disclosed a deficit. At the time of his death the surplus was nearly half a million dollars, large enough to provide a library fund of $100,000, and an additional building with ampler accommodations than those of Austin Hall. Of the 96,000 volumes now in the library, 87,000 have been added since 1870, and the collection, if regard be had to the number, editions, and material condition of the books, is believed to be without a rival. * * * Today the Langdell method is adopted in whole or in part in a majority of the schools of the country and in nearly all of the best schools." Professor Langdell lived to see the ground broken for the large and commodious Law School building which bears his name, Langdell Hall.

THE OPERATION OF THE LANGDELL SYSTEM.

The Case-Book, which is the distinctive feature of the Langdell System, is simply a collection of cases showing the development of legal doctrine. The range of the cases is from the time of the Year Books in the thirteenth century to the most recent decisions. Many of them are obsolete or have been overruled, and are put in to show the origin of points of law. The entire report of the case is not always reprinted but the facts and only such portions of the opinions of the judges as refer to the subject in hand, and occasionally excerpts from the arguments of the counsel. The course is conducted in this way: Before each lecture we are supposed to prepare about fifteen pages in the case-book. The second and third year students sometimes have to cover as many as forty pages for a lecture. These include anywhere from four to ten cases. Outside the class-room, we are to read these cases carefully and abstract them. An abstract contains a very brief statement of the essential facts of the case, just how it came to the court in which it was tried (whether an original or appealed suit), the decision of the court, the reasons for the decision, and the most noted dicta, if any. In the class-room, the instructor asks some member of the class to state the case, and the latter either reads his abstract or gives the substance of it. The first question the instructor asks is, Do you agree with the case? No matter what the answer is, the next question is Why? From this point the discussion begins. The instructor puts to the different members of the class hypothetical cases apparently analagous to but slightly different from the case under discussion. The student has to watch his steps or the instructor will trip him. Then the students put questions and suppositious

cases bearing upon the point to the instructor, who either answers them or puts them to other students. One student advances an idea, and another proceeds to pick a flaw in the reasoning. Thus, it is a cross-fire from beginning to end. After the principal and the allied points have been discussed, the instructor proceeds to gather up the fragments, and unless the points have been brought out clear in the discussion, he tells us what the law of the case is, what, upon theory, it should be, and what conflicts of authority, if any, there are. When this is over, another student is asked to state the next case.

Outside the class-room, besides reading the cases, the principal work is reviewing. The instructors strongly advise that we review with others. So, the usual procedure is for four students, rarely more, to meet in the room of one of them about three times a week during the last three months of the session, read over and compare their notes, put hypothetical cases to each other, and thresh out, oftentimes with much enthusiasm, disputed points. If they come to a point upon which they can not agree after much discussion, which is not rare, they jot it down and make an appointment with the instructor to talk it over with him. Some of the instructors have regular hours in which to see the students and straighten out puzzling points; all of them are ready to talk over matters at any time we can see them disengaged.

There is comparatively little outside reading done by the students; they do not have time for it. Some of the instructors almost never cite any text-book or parallel case; others cite recent cases and give the substance of them, putting them as hypothetical cases; others give a good many citations to text-books. All of them rather discourage constant parallel reading of text-books, claim-

ing that it defeats the end of the course. I have heard it stated time and again that the men who make the highest grades in the school are those who depend almost entirely upon their case-books and notes, and let parallel reading alone.

The examinations consist of hypothetical cases. For instance, here is one of the questions in Torts some years ago, taken at random: "A and B are walking together in the highway, and A is carrying a large lump of coal. X's dog jumps at A, which causes alarm on the part of A, who instinctively starts, with the consequence that A drops the lump of coal, which falls on B's foot. Has B an action against X?" Very little attention is paid to cut and dried definitions and rules. To pass the examination creditably, one must not only know the legal doctrines but be able to apply them to particular cases. Here is where the difference between the requirements of the Law School and the College work manifests itself. In the latter, one is often able to make high grades and graduate with honor by memorizing his subjects. It is not at all unusual for this Phi Beta Kappa man to go over into the Law School and actually fail to pass because he does not have the power to reason logically; while the plodder in college will come to his own and shine in the Law School.

Another phase of the Law School work, which is an outgrowth of the Langdell System though not directly connected with it, is the Law Club, but space does not permit discussion of this.

THE IDEALS OF THE LANGDELL SYSTEM.

Two distinctive ideals of the Langdell System are (1) to arouse interest in the law for its own sake, and (2) to develop the power of legal reasoning. Notice I have not

said that one of its ideals is to teach the greatest number of legal doctrines. There is doubt whether it lays claim to any superiority to the old system in this respect. The instructors go upon the theory that it is better to lay down one principle and follow it through all its variations and ramifications, to learn the reason why the principle should be, and learn how to apply it, than to load one's brain with a multitude of principles which are mere words to him. The Langdell System does realize its ideal of arousing enthusiasm among the students. I have noticed men who, when they were in college, were half-hearted and careless in their work; but when they entered the Law School a new spirit seemed to have taken hold of them, and they took hold of the work with eagerness. This eagerness for learning is noticeable even to the visitor. It is not at all unusual for a man to work at an average of ten and twelve hours a day. To many of them, holidays mean simply a time for reviewing uninterrupted by lectures. This interest does not end with the class-room and library. When the students meet one another, at the table and on the street, they are propounding hypothetical cases and discussing what Professor So-and-So thinks of this point. This enthusiasm is natural. It is much easier to get interested in whether picking an apple off another man's apple tree is larceny than in what is the definition of larceny. In other words, we are interested because we are dealing with every-day, concrete problems.

As to the development of the power to argue, if one does not have that power or does not acquire it, he must sooner or later fall out of line. With an instructor ready to take exception to every slip of the tongue or of logic you make and with a host of students ready to disagree with you, whether you are ultimately proved to be

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in the right or not, you just have to be careful in your statements. This is what you hear from the instructor during the discussion of a case: "Mr. X, I do not care to know what Judge Y thinks about it; I want to know what you think about it." This continued exercise of one's reasoning power is bound to leave its impress upon one's mental operation.

I have written this not as an argument for the Langdell System, not as a suggestion that it should be introduced into all Law Schools, but rather to show what the system means. After all, it is only an expression of the laboratory method of teaching. There was a time not far distant when the natural sciences were taught by lecture and text-book; now the laboratory is the most important part of the work. Whether this laboratory method of teaching law can be successfully applied in all schools, large and small, remains to be seen. Its practicability is to be determined by the ideals and the circumstances of the individual school.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., April 4, 1908.

DOES SHE REMEMBER?

By H. F. Page.

With thee my heart is sighing,
  Flower, frail, a-dying—
Sighing, ah, deeply sighing
  For a vale that is far away.

Thy sisters there are blooming
  Where sundown hills are glooming—
Blooming, ah, softly blooming
  In the hush of the evening gray.

A form, fair, graceful, slender,
  Bends o'er their petals tender,—
And, Oh, does she remember
  In that vale that is far away?

THE SPOTTED SOUL

By Richard Elliotte, '09.

I.

"Hello! Central."

"_____."

"6-0-7 please."

"_____."

"Is that you, Helen?"

"_____."

"Yes, it is too bad."

"_____."

"I knew you would."

"_____."

"Yes. Your sympathy is certainly appreciated. I felt as if I should like to talk to you about it this afternoon."

"_____."

"All right."

"_____."

"Good-bye."

Hanging up the receiver, Edward Neeley informed his mother that he was going over to Mrs. Ramsey's to see Helen.

"Something wrong," said Mrs. Neeley as she watched him pass through the gate, "he is so restless and nervous—so absent-minded. But perhaps our recent trouble is causing it."

The giant oaks in Mrs. Ramsey's yard were the envy of every housewife in Echo Glen. Monarchs they had been, in the primeval forest. Now they, each a miniature forest in itself, scattered their benign shade over

the well-kept grass of a city lawn. Beneath one of these oaks on a weather-beaten rustic sat Helen and Edward talking. Meanwhile, little patches of sunshine chased each other playfully over the lovers as the overhanging branches were shaken by the breezes.

"You know, Helen," Edward was saying, "grandfather had grown very old. Brother and I loved him devotedly, but he could not talk when we reached his side."

"Did he die hard?"

"I never saw any one struggle so. For half an hour before he died, we could scarcely hold him in bed."

"And did he leave no message at all?"

"Yes, he left a message. Just before dying he grew quiet; waved us all back; motioned Carl, my brother, to his side; pulled him close down; and whispered something in his ear."

"What did he whisper?"

"Carl will not tell."

"That's strange."

"Carl came from the bedside with a flushed face and a glare in his eyes that looked dangerous."

"And he refuses to tell?"

"Yes. In a few minutes the old man passed over the bar, and Carl persists in keeping his secret.

"He ought to tell it to you."

"Helen, it may be false, but I have a suspicion that grandfather was poisoned."

"Why, Edward!"

"Can't help it."

"That is too horrible to be true. Don't think about it. A spark of suspicion will grow until it lays hold of our entire being if we brood over it."

"Well—."

"Don't hurry, Edward."

"Yes, I shall have to go. To-morrow I am going to Willowdale, grandfather's home, with Uncle Harry for a few days. You know when death comes the grave is hardly filled before we are engaged in inventories, sales, and courts."

In his own peculiar way Edward bade adieu to his companion and hastened homeward.

Three weeks had passed. Edward was walking from window to window of his mother's room like a caged man. Mrs. Neeley knew that something was going wrong, but waited for her son to speak. Presently he dropped into a rocker and began:

"Mother, I am dissatisfied with the way in which grandfather's estate has been settled."

"Son, it has been settled according to his will; and you ought not to complain."

"Yes, but that will was old. It was written ten years ago, at the time when grandfather was so much displeased with you and us boys. Then he wanted Uncle Harry to have all. But for more than five years now Carl and I have been the old man's greatest joy, and Uncle Harry has been losing favor all the time."

"It does seem very strange."

"Why, mother, it was only a month before grandfather's death that Uncle Harry cursed his old father shamefully. You remember how the old man told us about it on the next Sunday with tears filling his eyes."

"Yes, I remember," said Mrs. Neeley, "but don't allow yourself to worry over this. Don't think about it."

"That is what uncle said when I mentioned the fact that there was a probability of grandfather's being poisoned.

"Edward, I am surprised at you. Don't begin to talk about that again. It is only your imagination."

"Is it? While looking through some of grandfather's papers, I found a note telling him that if he did not put $1,300 on a certain stump at sundown of a certain day, he would lose more than that amount at the hands of the writers."

"Is it possible."

"The note bore no date, and was unsigned; but in the body of it the writers stated that they were anarchists or socialists, or something of the kind."

"Do you really think, Edward, that grandpa was poisoned?"

"I think that note is only a blind. But listen. We found a bucket partly filled with water, the surface of which was covered with a gray powder."

"Well!"

"I found some bread on the table just as the old man had left it, and thoughtlessly gave it to a dog running at my heels. In ten minutes the wretched pug was in convulsions and soon died."

"Things look suspicious, Edward, but I can hardly believe that grandfather was poisoned. Who could murder such a harmless old man? Don't you know that Uncle Harry would investigate the crime and bring the criminal to the gallows if grandpa had been murdered?"

"Would he?"

"Why of course he would."

"I know, mother, that this does not prove conclusively that grandfather was poisoned, but it makes one think so. Dr. Philips flew into a rage at the suggestion, and declared that death was perfectly natural."

"Don't poison Carl's mind with your suspicions, Edward. You know he is so fretful of late any way."

"I will not. This must be kept secret."

"Has Carl ever told you what his grandfather whispered to him?"

"No mother, he stoutly maintains a provoking silence."

"Well, perhaps he is doing right. I notice also that he has a growing aversion to his uncle."

"Everything goes awry. We shall know all some day. Don't worry. Believe I'll go over to Helen's a little while."

Absent-mindedly Edward found his way along Cedar Avenue to Mrs. Ramsey's home. Helen, the companion of his childhood, now the companion of his youth, greeted him. He had never seen her so cheerful before. She seemed all smiles this afternoon. She had just read his most recent article, published in *The Munsey,* and declared that it would make him famous.

"My hopes are high," he said, "but my school days are going by unimproved."

"Now you are complaining again. Let us talk about something else. You always see the gloomy side. You are too sensible. Come, let us be foolish just a little."

"Mirth sits oddly on one of my temperament," he said smilingly."

"Say, what do you think of the match?"

"Hadn't thought much about it. Its rather a new thing."

"Well, sir; you know I think it is the funniest thing at all. It just tickles me to death to see mamma and your Uncle Harry looking at each other so lovingly. I wonder if we do that?"

"They say we do."

"I just tease mamma about getting married until she almost cries and then threatens to whip me."

"You are famous for teasing."

"Say, Edward, don't you wish we could have a double wedding? It would be great; but we must wait; for you are going to school some day soon."

"Helen, you are the best woman in the world. I'll always try to be as good as you are."

"My! I'll win your heart if I don't be careful. Now don't look like that. I was only trying to cheer you up."

"Isn't it bad to be so sensitive?"

"Yes, and you promised me to overcome that trait of your disposition."

"Well, don't you think that I have improved somewhat?"

Scattered drops of rain drove the lovers from their seat; and bidding Helen adieu, Edward hastened home to escape the coming shower.

II.

Night came on. The lowering clouds excluded every ray of light from moon and stars. An occasional sheet of fire scorched the heavens and left the earth in an uproar, which soon passed away, leaving all quiet. In the telegraph office nothing was heard but the pattering rain and monotonous click of the curious little machines scattered here and there on the table.

It was midnight. Carl Neeley sat at his desk with a thoughtful, half-frowning expression on his face. His fellow-operator lay asleep on the floor at his side. Suddenly the window in front of Carl flew up with a slam, and he looked into a revolver barrel.

"Hands up!" commanded the man with the gun.

Carl looked him steadily in the eyes and began sending a message. It was to his companion on the floor who he knew had waked.

"Not another word," said the man in the mask, "I read your message. Hands up! or I shoot."

Carl promptly raised his hands. Just then his companion snatched his chair from under him in the hope of

letting him fall under the table. It was Carl's plan, but it failed. The poor boy fell dying to the floor.

Edward was soon by his brother's side, but the boy could not speak. Seeing his lips move, Edward put his ear close to Carl's mouth and caught the words: "Grandpa said that he—"

Five days later Edward wandered carelessly down that familiar avenue of cedars toward the home of his sweetheart. His face was rigid, and his eyes fixed on the ground. So preoccupied was he that he did not see Helen, whom he chanced to meet, till she called him back to himself. The two walked on to the cemetery.

"Edward, what quotation are you having put on Carl's tomb," said Helen, leaning on his arm as they stood by a new-made grave.

"None," said Edward. "I am going to have my own heart's cry put on it."

"May I ask what it is?"

"When will the morning come?"

"Edward, have you despaired so much? Let me suggest a more hopeful thought."

"How dark is my night."

"Edward, 'Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can not heal.' "

Silently they stood. Silently, arm in arm, they found their way home and a resting place beneath a gnarled old oak. There are times in the association of people when words are worthless, then their souls are in fellowship and it is enough only to be near each other. Surely this was an hour so hallowed. No voice profaned the silence of that twilight scene.

As darkness gathered Edward began to talk of Carl's fatal silence. Now his grandfather's message could never be known.

"I think," he said, "that Carl intended to tell me some time. But alas! poor fellow, he waited too long."

"It seems like he would have told you in his dying hour."

"He could not. He tried, but only whispered, 'Grandpa said that he—'; and then passed away."

After a short silence, without looking up, Edward continued:

"Helen, do you think there really are ghosts?"

"Why, Edward, how foolish. Do you think there are?"

"I don't know."

"I don't know either. Sometimes I think there are ghosts."

"Since Carl was shot, every night at exactly the time he died, the key which he used at the office begins to click of its own accord."

"How strange. What if it clicks off a message?"

"The operators say that there is no sense in what it says."

"It is quite strange."

"I wonder if it can be poor Carl's ghost," murmured Edward, half to himself.

"Come, Edward, let's go into the house. I feel scared."

"No, I must go," he returned, and presently started homeward. As Helen watched him go, it seemed to her that he was more stooped than usual; certainly he had changed wonderfully in the last two months.

Edward Neeley walked into his mother's room and allowed himself to fall carelessly into his favorite armchair. Mrs. Neeley came in unheeded. His hands were tightly clasping each other. His broad shoulders were relaxed and stooped. His head had fallen forward until his chin rested on his chest. And while his keen, black

eyes gazed steadily at some spot in the carpet, his strong, frank face with Roman nose, prominent cheek bones, square, set jaws and pouting lips grew hard and tense. A mother's eye saw all, but she waited with a mother's patience for Edward to commit himself. Staring wildly at his mother, presently he said with a precision calculated to make one shiver:

"Mother, some one must suffer for the work of the past few weeks."

"Why, son, what do you mean?" said Mrs. Neeley, looking into his wild eyes, starting, it seemed, from their sockets.

"Mean? Mean? Here's an estate stolen, a grandfather and a brother murdered. Mean! Mean!" he exclaimed, rising. "By all the—"

"Sit down and be quiet, Edward."

"Though Jove himself be against me I'll read this riddle."

Presently Edward grew quiet, and announced to his mother his purpose to go to Willowdale, his grandfather's old home, the next morning.

There is no lovelier country seat in old Virginia than that on the old Neeley estate. A massive colonial mansion rises in spotless white above a grove of oaks, elms, and weeping willows. Fittingly is it called Willowdale, but it might with just as much propriety be called Flowerdale, for flowers of every hue and pattern grow profusely over the extensive lawn.

As Edward approached the now vacant home of his ancestors, a kind of awe overcame him. He pulled off his hat and lingered long about the lawn before violating the stillness of that ancient home.

Through force of habit, on retiring, he pulled the table holding the lamp near his bedside; and began to read.

Tired, he fell asleep, leaving his lamp burning. Some time afterward he awoke to find his lamp out and his blanket being slowly pulled off the foot of the bed.

"Those," said Edward, as he related the incident, "were moments of horror. I fancied I could see some one standing at the foot of my bed. Nervously clutching my revolver, while great drops of cold perspiration formed on my brow, I waited for the time to act. But it never came."

On the following night, determined to meet his visitor should he return, Edward lay awake. At exactly twelve o'clock his lamp suddenly went out. Then his blanket began to crawl toward the foot of the bed again. Edward pulled it back, but it left him again. This he did four times, only to have it leave him as often. As on the previous night he fancied he saw the dim outlines of a man before him. Edward was growing desperate now. Dealing with the unseen unsettles most men. There was a flash, a report, and the smell of burnt powder. But on lighting his lamp, Edward could only see a few scattered cloudlets of smoke.

Edward retired the third night determined to lay the ghost. At exactly twelve the light went out and his blanket began to crawl. Again he saw the dim outline of a figure at the foot of his bed. Clutching a revolver in one hand and an electric flash light in the other, he slowly worked his way off the bed. Turning on his light he saw standing motionless a mist-like figure. He recognized it as the emaciated form of his grandfather. Regaining his presence of mind, Edward stepped toward the apparition, saying:

"Spirit of my grandfather, why do you wander over the earth?"

The ghost pointed at the light in his hand. Edward turned it out and waited. In the gloom he saw the ghost slowly coming toward him. Horrible stories about the doings of these wandering spirits ran through his mind. But he awaited results. As the mist-like shape passed he heard as a subdued breath the two words, "deed," "Tom."

Flashing on his light Edward saw that his visitor had vanished; and he presently came to himself.

"'Deed,' 'Tom,'" he muttered, sitting on the side of his bed. "'Tom', 'Tom', why he was grandfather's old servant. I'll go to him immediately."

Tom came out ruffled at being aroused so early, but at sight of Edward the old darkey smiled all over his bald head.

"Yes, sa, boss, yes sa, I'se here ter do all I ken fur yer," he said.

"Well, Tom, what became of that deed grandfather gave you?"

"Lawd hab mercy! who tell yer 'bout dat deed?"

"Never mind. Tell the whole story. You shall not be hurt."

"Bel, two days 'fore he die, Marse John gib me a paper what he say war a deed and tell me to fetch it to yer. I started ter yer wid it, but when I come to go fro dat swamp just dis side o' Pitt's Creek, somebody poke a gun out o' de bushes right in my face and tell me to fro up my hands. I done it. Den he made me turn my back and walk backward till my back touched de gun. Den he tell me ter gib him dem papers what he say he knowed I hab. I handed dem back ter him. Den he tell me dat I end go, but dat he wud shoot me if I look back."

"Did you not know the man with the gun?"

"No, sir; no, sir; I neber knowed who it war."

"Thank you, Tom," said Edward, handing out a dollar to the negro's delight, and galloped away. "A deed, a deed" he kept saying as he rode, "sent to me—stolen." "If Carl had only told what the old man said," he murmured. "Ah!" he said, "Ill hasten to that telegraph office and see what can be learned from the clicking of that key. After all, the operators may be mistaken."

Just ten minutes before time for the key to begin its mysterious clicking Edward reached the window of the office, and requested the operator to record the words clicked off by the key, whatever they might be.

"Here," said the operator, "it is nothing but a conglomeration of figures. But there are two groups of them."

"Ah! figures," said Edward; and thanking the operator, turned away and hastened home. "Figures, figures," he kept saying. He was thinking of the time when as boys he and Carl had numbered the letters of the alphabet and written to each other in figures. On reaching his room he sat down at his desk and began to decipher the first group of figures.

"What I suspected," he murmured, biting his lips as the message wrapped in the first group dawned upon him.

It was the work of a minute to decipher the second message. "My God!" he exclaimed, throwing himself back in his chair, and clutching convulsively at its arms. His bulging eyes fell on Carl's picture. His brow lowered and his lips were tight drawn. Leaving his chair, he staggered to the bureau, pocketed his revolver and started for his uncle's house.

Cries of anguish reached his ears as he neared the house; and on entering he found Helen, her mother, now his uncle's wife, and the family physician standing

around his uncle's bed. He had sickened suddenly and Dr. Philips said that there was no hope.

When the sick man saw Edward, he rose up in bed, pointed toward the wall at which his eyes stared wildly, and cried:

"There! there! There they are. Don't you see them? Three! three of them. Three spots on my soul!"

III.

Naturally, after his uncle's death, Edward was chosen to administer upon his estate. He found all real estate deeded to the widow of the deceased; and with the exception of settling a few accounts, disposing of a small number of stocks and bonds which he thought it not wise to hold longer, he had little to do.

Leaving the dust of his uncle's office, he walked out for an hour's recreation. As he hoped, he chanced to meet Helen, and the two walked on to Howard Park.

"Helen," Edward was saying, "it is only two months till our marriage, and I think that you ought to be willing to stop going to the ball-room now."

"Well I'll not," she said with a flushed face.

"Now don't be angry. I meant no harm."

"I am not, Edward. But you are so exacting. You are growing as quiet and grum as an old bachelor. I believe you are jealous, and I am going to dance whenever I please."

"Are you?"

"Yes I am; and if you don't like me you need not come to see me. You can't come again now for four weeks."

"Indeed! That is harsh penance."

"Well, you shall pay it," she said, running into the house when they reached the steps without giving him a minute to reply.

"Helen, what on earth is making you cry like this," said Mrs. Ramsey Neeley, her mother, coming into the parlor.

"I have quarreled with Edward."

"Daughter, I have been wishing for some months that you would break with him."

"Well I'll not do it," Helen retorted.

"He doesn't love you."

"I know he does."

"He loves you, daughter, for the money we have."

"Well, he loved me before we were rich."

"That's all true, but our servant boy heard him boasting to one of his friends in the office last week that he would yet get his hands on the Neeley estate."

"Mother is that true?"

"Ask our boy. He has always been truthful."

"Well, he'll not get his hands on it."

"Do as you think best, daughter," said the mother, leaving the room.

Meanwhile Edward had found his way back to the office and was commenting to himself upon the incongruities of woman's conduct, when he received the following note:

DEAR MR. NEELY:—For reasons which I do not care to disclose, I hereby cancel our engagement. Please do not ask for any explanation.

HELEN RAMSEY.

Time hung heavily on Edward's hands. He worked little, and spent most of his time in solitary walks into the neighboring forests. He was growing harder every day. Finally he went about his office duties again, but in an absent-minded, mechanical sort of way.

One day he chanced to find among his uncle's papers a bundle which he instinctively opened. Before him lay the will with which his uncle had seized the entire Neeley estate. There was that stolen deed, too, made ten years

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after the will, and deeding the entire estate to Edward and Carl Neeley.

"Well, its all too late now," murmured Edward. The thing has been settled and the will holds." Just then his eyes fell on a trade-mark stamped in one corner of the paper on which the will was written.

"Why," he continued, "this paper was made by the J. H. Hamilton Paper Company in my old college town." Then his face grew thoughtful, and ploughing his slender fingers through his long, black, disheveled hair, he muttered:

"That's strange. That paper company was only organized seven years ago. This will is dated ten years ago. Let me see. This thing has been forged—that is not grandpa's signature. After all my deed is good. It would carry the case in court. What if Helen knew this?"

Edward leaned heavily against his desk. Terrific battles are fought in the souls of men. The temptation was great, but when Edward met his friend, Sidney Connor, at the door, his strong care-wrought face wore a smile, and his dark eyes had in them the flash of victory.

After seating Sidney, who was his bosom companion, Edward told him how he had been cheated out of his wealth and how Helen's mother now held it.

"My," Sidney exclaimed, "you have the thing all your way now. If I were you I should bring that girl down somewhat."

"No, Sidney, I have fought that out. She is gone. But I love her and will, yes must, win her back."

"That's the way to do it."

"I am afraid not, Sidney. And besides, I would rather have her marry me thinking I am poor."

"Perhaps your way is best."

"Well, so long as she is unmarried all things remain as they are."

Parting with his friend at the office door Edward walked homeward. The past half year had been almost too much for him. The strain was relaxing, but he was broken in spirit and disappointed in the hope of his life. His old mother—she had grown old too during these days and months—met him at the gate and, arm in arm, the two entered the house.

When they were seated in the sitting-room after supper, Mrs. Neeley said:

"Edward, I want you to tell me what you know of the strange behavior of the key which Carl used down at the office."

"The key doesn't click any more, you know."

"Yes."

"Well, I had the messages recorded, and learned their meaning."

"What were they?"

"There were two of them which it clicked off every night. One told that grandfather had been poisoned."

"By whom?"

"Uncle Harry."

"Well, isn't it too bad!" Mrs. Neeley exclaimed, and in fearful expectancy asked the meaning of the second message.

"It said that Carl had been shot by Uncle Harry," he replied.

"My poor boy!"

"It is all very bad; but they are gone now, mother; so let's begin life anew."

After a long silence, mother and son retired to their respective rooms. But Edward retired not to rise on

the morrow. Morning found him desperately ill. The storm had been too great. Each day saw him sinking lower and lower until the physician said that hope was gone. Then it was that Sidney Connor told Helen Ramsey what he knew of the title to the Neeley estate, and what Edward had told him concerning it.

After Sidney had gone, the servant boy came into the parlor and found Helen crying.

"Come here, Frank," she said, "what was that Mr. Neeley boasted about the estate down at the office that day?"

"He never boasted nothing."

"Yes, but you told me he did when I asked you about it some days ago."

"I know, but your mamma told me to tell you that. It wasn't true."

"She did!" exclaimed the enraged girl, rushing out to find her mother. "Mother," she said, trembling with rage, "you have gone too far. I can never love nor respect you any more."

"Oh! Helen—"

"You have deceived me in regard to Edward, and it was wrong, it was wrong!" cried the girl, leaving the house.

Edward lay in a half-conscious state, the wreck of what was once a noble form. A vision of beauty came into his room. He looked, but could not understand. Some one kissed his feverish brow. He could only smile and look dazed. Helen pleaded for forgiveness, and begged to be restored to her former place. But Edward could not understand. He only looked at her wonderingly.

It was a painful moment. Mrs. Neeley came slowly to Helen's side.

"I am afraid that you have come too late, Helen," she said in a subdued voice, putting her arm lovingly about the slender girl.

At the sound of his sweetheart's name, Edward raised himself on his elbow and said:

"It's all right, mother."

Moments became hours to Helen. Unable to bear up longer, the beautiful girl grasped Edward's emaciated hand, sank to her knees, and turned her lovely, tearful face toward heaven. All others tactfully withdrew from the room.

THE SO-CALLED CENTRALIZATION OF POWER IN THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

By F. F. Brown, '08.

The dominant thought in the Convention of 1787 was "the creation of a Federal Constitution adequate to the exigencies of government and the preservation of the Union." The splendid result was the establishment of our dual system of government under the Constitution.

After a century of growth and development, a century of trial, during which the world has looked on with admiration, the conclusion of all Americans, endorsed by the best thought of Europe, is that our form of government is a superior one. Accordingly, all are agreed that our system of government has made good; that the popular confidence in and love for it are more intense, and the determination to maintain it under the Constitution is stronger to-day than ever before in our National history.

Any policy of government, therefore, that seeks favor with the American people must first stand the test of the Constitution. It must be in accord with the spirit of that great instrument in which are embodied and crystalized the principles of government that have gained for our young Republic a prominent place among the advanced nations of the world. If, on examination, we find no provision in the Constitution for the so-called centralization of power in the Federal Government, then it must be denounced as dangerous, for it threatens the very foundation of our dual system. If, on the other hand, we find that the Constitution itself provides for whatever of centralization now exists or is likely to come,

then all fear for the safety of our system of government must vanish.

Turning immediately to the Constitution, we find in the enacting clause the statement of the purposes of the government to be (1) to form a more perfect union; (2) to establish justice; (3) to insure domestic tranquility; (4) to provide for the common defense; (5) to promote the general welfare; (6) to secure the blessings of heaven to themselves and their posterity.

Having definitely stated the purposes of the new government, the fathers proceeded to outline a foundation on which these purposes could be accomplished. All local affairs—affairs of State concern—were placed under the control of the States, while those of National concern were assigned to the Federal government. This broad, general division of powers was the bed-rock of the dual system. But it was manifestly impossible for the fathers to assign future specific problems to either State or Nation. How could they foresee the rapid development of the resources of the new country and the complex problems issuing out of it?

But even without this foresight they provided, in general, for the solution of problems as they developed from State to National concern in the following ways: (1) By making the Constitution progressive, as is seen on the very face of it; (2) by inherent powers, or powers so necessary that no objection could possibly be made against their exercise; (3) by implied powers; and (4) by amendment in a clearly stated method, and, most important of all, by breathing into the whole matchless instrument the spirit so often ignored that the Constitution, like the Sabbath, was made for the people and not the people made for the Constitution.

Having thus given the Federal government great power, the framers of the Constitution prevented any possibility of abuse of this power by weaving into the Constitution the crowning work of their statesmanship, namely, a system of checks and balances which stands as an impregnable fortress against abuse or usurpation. If the executive go beyond his power, cut off re-election, refuse supplies, or impeach him—three Constitutional safeguards. If the judiciary prove incompetent or corruptible, impeach them. In the case of an inferior court, in addition to impeachment, Congress has power to reorganize or to destroy it. If Congress fails to legislate for the best interests of its constituents, weed out delinquents at the next election. If Congress legislates unlawfully, the Supreme Court will so declare, and there is the end of it.

This examination of the Constitution reveals three principles of fundamental importance:

(1) That the Constitution gives the Federal government power that is not definitely expressed.

(2) That there is a system of checks and balances which prevents abuse of this power.

(3) That the distinguishing thought, the foundation principle upon which the whole superstructure of government was reared, was the simple division of powers, "a National government for National affairs, State governments for State affairs." Here we quote James Wilson, chairman of the committee of five that actually drafted the Constitution, and Justice of the first Supreme Court under Washington: "The Constitution should be so construed that there shall be neither vacancies nor interferences between the limits of State and National jurisdictions."

We now affirm that so-called contralization is simply

the assertion of this foundation principle of our government—"a National government for National affairs, State governments for State affairs," with the recognition that natural development causes things once local to become State and things once State to become National. Stated negatively, therefore, centralization does not mean the transfer of all power to the Federal government, nor does it mean the destruction of State governments. Since we have shown that the Constitution both provides for centralization and protects against abuses, it only remains for us to prove that our interpretation of centralization is correct.

For proof of the meaning of centralization we must turn, not to dictionaries, but to State papers. Beginning with those relating to the establishment by Congress of a National bank, the creation of an Army and Navy, the National bill for Internal Improvement, and coming on through the Lonisiana Lottery, the Obscene Literature, the Quarantine, and Pure Food bills, we find that each of these matters had developed beyond State concern and State control, but inasmuch as they had not been definitely assigned by the Constitution to the jurisdiction of the Federal government, every one of these bills was opposed as invading State sovereignty and as making a "dangerous tendency toward centralization." Nevertheless, the Supreme Court upheld Congress under the doctrine of "implied powers" and the fears of the opposition subsided only to be reawakened by the next action of Congress in the same direction.

This historical summary not only proves our interpretation of the meaning of centralization to be correct, but it shows that the present tendency is not a new departure by the present administration, but only a continuation of a policy begun three months after the adoption of the

Constitution and ever since constantly applied as the solution for such public problems as have developed beyond local and State concern to Interstate and National concern. Moreover, we here see that the policy of the Federal government has always been to aid the States to do what the States separately could not do—to reinforce and cooperate with the States—in short, the extension of Federal action has been to supplement, not to usurp and supplant. Besides these significant and important facts, such a review of National legislation brings to light the most compelling and unanswerable justification of so-called centralization, in that it shows the Federal government equal to the problem in each case, and that the alarming centralization, viewed in retrospect, is seen to be, if not the only possible, at least the only expedient and satisfactory solution. Who would return to the former system of local banking? Who would oppose Internal improvement by the National government? Who would repeal the Lottery, the Obscene Literature, the Pure Food Laws? Yet these were all called steps in "centralization," opposed as such, and decried as theatening the very structure of the Republic.

But what of the problems that now face the people and clamor for solution? Adhering strictly to the meaning of centralization, "a National government for National affairs, State governments for State affairs," the only thing necessary to settle these questions is to ascertain their scope. If they are merely of State concern and the States can meet them, then the Federal government must "hands off." If questions affect not the single State only, but others as well, then the so-alled centralization is the necessary, the imperative, the only solution; and we add with emphasis, it is the Constitutional solution.

BOB LAWSON: RUNAWAY

By Wm. Rassendyl '09.

It was a damp, dark night with the sky overcast with clouds. Being past the midnight hour peaceful silence reigned supreme and seemed to be even prophetic. Near the middle of the Iroquois bridge over the Mohawk River Robert Lawson sat motionless, brooding over thoughts of his childhood. It was unusual for Robert to be up at such hours of the night, but things had gone wrong of late, and he could not sleep, so what was the use of going to bed. There was a small island not far below the bridge, and over and over again Robert had compared his life to the murky stream with the two ways open to its current, and wondered how it would have been had he taken the other course.

When Robert was ten years old his father had been killed by the explosion of a boiler in a saw-mill down on his plantation. Long would he remember that terrible night when they had brought his body home! How it seemed that it would tear his mother's heart in twain, and how to him all the world had been vague and far away, and there was an aching absence in his heart which he could not explain. His father had always been as a brother to him and at work or play was his constant companion. He recalled the pleasant days he had spent at home after the immediate sorrow of his father's death had passed away. How he and his brothers and sister had played in the old tank that had been thrown to the ground when the boiler in the saw-mill had exploded, and which stood on the site of the ruins. But as he grew older he had cherished a desire to see something

of the world. Life on the farm was too monotonous for him, and so when he was only fourteen he ran away from home. He wandered about aimlessly for a long time and was finally reduced to want, so he solicited a position in a railroad shop as water-carrier. He had served in that capacity for six months and then had become an apprentice. When his apprenticeship had expired he had risen steadily, until now he was considered one of the best engineers on the road.

It had been fifteen years since he had left the old roof, and ten since he had heard from any of the homefolks. He wondered if his mother were living still, and his brothers and sisters, and if ever they thought of him or missed him from the circle. And a thousand other thoughts surged through his mind as he sat above the bosom of the picturesque Mohawk. Robert was not supernatural, but a common human being, and in his heart there was a soft spot for that dearest of all friends on earth, his mother. As he sat and pondered in silence the hot tears flowed down his rugged cheeks in rivulets, for never before had he allowed himself to believe that he had treated his mother shamefully wrong. He shuddered at the thought and grew suddenly cold. He tried to shut out such thoughts from his mind, but could not. Finally he determined to return to his room and write a letter to some one in the town to find out if his mother was still living, and if she were, he would go at once and fall at her feet and beg forgiveness. But what if she were dead! And Robert did something that he had not done for years—he prayed,—prayed that she might be spared until he was allowed to kneel at her feet again as in his infant years.

When he returned to his room Robert wrote a letter and addressed it to his mother, and then he lay down to sleep with an appeased conscience.

It was a lovely morning when he awoke. The fog had cleared away and the sun marched triumphantly over the dew of the topmost hills. Under such conditions Robert could not but be in excellent spirits. When he had breakfasted he proceeded to the yards ready for his day's work. He had something special that he wanted to do before his train left at 2:10 p. m. When he had completed his task he noticed that it was 12 o'clock, and so he hurried up to dinner, with quite a good appetite for company.

It was but ten minutes before time for Robert's train to leave Middleton, and he was oiling his engine. Some one touched him on the shoulder and, as he looked up, a boy thrust a note from the Superintendent into his hands. It requested him to report at once to that office. When he arrived there he found the office crowded, but as soon as he entered a servant told him the Superintendent was waiting to see him, and at once ushered Robert into the private office.

"Lawson," said the Superintendent, rising to greet him, "you have been summoned here on something very important. Judge Andrews has asked for a special to take him to the bedside of his daughter, who is dying in Bartlett. The President has granted his request, and the train must leave here in one hour. Have you ever been over the road from here to Bartlett?"

"Only once, sir."

"I want the best man on the road to take the train, for it will require a steady nerve, a keen eye, and a firm grip to make the record-breaking run it will require to put the Judge in Bartlett to-night. Are you willing to take the responsibility?"

"I'm not after any fame such as this, sir, but if you

choose me for the task I will do the best I can," Lawson replied respectfully.

"Then report to me for duty at 3 o'clock. I will get Mulligan to take your train to-day." And Manndale, the Superintendent, looked greatly relieved as he arose from his desk.

Robert hurried to his room, packed his grip with a few clothes and returned to the yards, for it was nearly 3 o'clock.

At the stroke of 3 Robert walked into the Superintendent's office. He was assigned to No. 97, the fastest engine on the road, and immediately went out to inspect it and see that it was in first-class condition. Everything seemed to be in perfect order, and Robert quietly climbed to the cab and took his seat. In a few minutes the conductor came up with the orders, gave Robert a copy, waited for his signature and then hurried back. Robert noticed that they were for a clear track to Bartlett, and he had been instructed to run on extra fast schedule.

There was something thrilling in the shriek of the tiny whistle in his cab that signalled the beginning of the great race with time. He moved moderately until he left the yards, and then he began gradually to open the throttle until the snorting iron steed seemed to leave the track. The two firemen were shoveling coal like madmen, and so often were sounded the warnings of the hoarse whistle for road crossings and stations that they seemed as the discordant notes of a song. The throttle stood wide open now and the hissing of the steam was hardly heard as compared with the shrieking of the wind as the restless monster cleft the air at a mighty rate.

Two hours and thirty-nine minutes after leaving Middleton he pulled into Thalmann, just twenty-six minutes

ahead of the regular schedule. He stopped for water at Thalmann, consuming two minutes, and then he was off again, the engine fiercely responding to the slightest touch on the throttle. On and on they traveled, while switch lights appeared as numerous as fire-flies as station after station they approached and then flew dizzily past. Soon there was noticeable an electric glare in the heavens ahead of him, and in a minute the lights of Yulee flashed into view. Robert's heart gave a joyful leap, for there were only fifty miles between Yulee and Bartlett, and then his terrible task would be completed.

When he had passed Yulee he began to feel easier, for something told him that all would be well the rest of the way. The road now began to curve rather badly, and he had been over it only once before. Nevertheless he gave the reins to the iron- throated monster and let her set her own pace. He was perhaps ten miles out of Yulee when suddenly he thought he saw a light about three hundred yards down the track, but it immediately disappeared.

Could it be another train? No, it could not be, for he had the right-of-way clear to Bartlett. And he searched the darkness ahead of him to reassure himself. But suddenly, without a moment's warning, around a curve in the road not two hundred yards distant, there came the hell-like glare of a headlight, and his heart melted within him. A thousand thoughts rushed through his mind in a thousand times less than it takes to tell it. In a second after he had seen the headlight Robert had applied the emergency brakes, and immediately there was a terrific hissing of steam and rasping of iron. The frightened passengers were thrown violently from their seats, wondering in their dazed condition what could be the matter. The two trains were steadily bearing down upon each

other, although with decreasing speed. Both of the firemen had jumped, but Robert remained by his throttle with a determination to stick to it until the last. It took but a moment for all this to happen, however, and then there was a mighty crash, followed by a deafening roar, and a lurid glare across the heavens. The noise of escaping steam was unendurable and the night was made yet more horrible by the shrill screams of women and children and the groans of the wounded.

The moon was shining brightly and the stars were out and all was still when Robert again opened his eyes. He had been thrown high up on the embankment when the explosion occurred, and had evidently rolled down the other side into a small ditch, for that is where he found himself. At first he could not understand the situation, but little by little he regained consciousness, and then he remembered the terrible ordeal through which he had passed, and his first thought was a prayer that no one had been killed. He wondered where he was and if he was hurt. He felt his head. It was very sore, and his hair was all clotted with blood. He tried to get up, but found that he could not, for he did not have the use of either of his legs. How could he get help? Would he have to lie there and die? There ought to be some one clearing away the wreckage, and yet he heard no sound. He would try to see. Then he began to drag himself along on his elbows up the embankment, and finally, by hard and tedious work, he reached its summit and stopped to rest. The wreck had been cleared away, and except for a few scars in the earth everything was as usual.

Then, as Robert lay there with his legs painfully mangled and his head nearly bursting, he seemed to be living again in the atmosphere of his childhood. There

was something strangely familiar about the surroundings, and yet he could not define it, something that made him feel at home and still he could not comprehend it. His eyes kept returning to a patch of pines that capped a little knoll just across the railroad, as if he expected them to solve the puzzle for him.

All at once his mind grew clearer and a film seemed to pass from his eyes. The little patch of pines was strikingly similar to the one that surrounded the old tank that had been his playhouse when a boy. He wondered if it could be the same. It appeared just as of old, and yet it could not be! It was too good to believe, and yet he hoped against hope.

Slowly and leaving a bloody trail behind he dragged down the embankment and across the track to the other. Then little by little he ascended that until, after what seemed to be hours, he reached the top. He rested there a while and once more began the painful crawling to the little patch of pines. He was almost afraid to continue, for what if he should be mistaken and his hopes dashed to the ground! Nevertheless, he dragged himself steadily and wearily on until at last he lay in the shadow of the pines on the outskirts of the patch. And then his hopes were reassured.

For there, shining obscurely in the moonlight in the same old place where it had been when last he and Edwin and George had played "store" together under its welcome shade, was the old tank—a rustic monument to his father and those who had died with him when the terrible explosion had occurred in the saw-mill—an incident that was quite vivid in his mind to-night. He scrutinized it carefully for fear he might be mistaken. Yes, it was the same old place. His throat filled with sobs as he lay there and eagerly devoured it with his eyes, and

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the tears flowed freely down his cheeks, for with the sight of it came thoughts of his baby days and visions of his guardian angel.

The night was growing rather chilly, and he crawled into the old tank to keep warm. He noticed it had been freshly painted, and lighting a candle which he found there he soon saw that his old den was still used as a playhouse. There were dolls and toys of different kinds, and there was a table with some crumbs left on it, which Robert eagerly ate, for he was very hungry. Then he found on a shelf a plate of molasses cakes just like his mother used to make. What a god-send they were to him. He stayed in there until the sun was shining warm and bright, and then he crawled down into the pines a short distance, for it would never do to go to sleep in the children's playhouse. He would see them when they came down to play and perhaps he could find out something about his mother.

He waited perhaps an hour, and then he saw a merry group of children streaming across the fields with an old negro nurse. As they came nearer he tried to see if he could trace any resemblance, but, no, they were all strangers. They were gay enough until they reached their playhouse, and then there was a great commotion. Robert listened. Somebody had stolen their cakes and upset their dolls. It must have been a burglar—nobody else would have stolen anything from a playhouse. They were afraid that he might still be somewhere near. Nurse said he wasn't, but they would go to the house and tell grandmother and get her to come down there with them, and then they would not be afraid. So off they ran.

Those were unendurable moments to Robert. How could he live in such suspense? And would he be able

to stand the shock if he were disappointed? He would wait bravely and see. So he concealed himself behind the tank in the undergrowth where he could get a clear view of the surroundings, and where he could see "grandmother" when she came.

As he grew weaker Robert became more impatient. To him it was ages before he caught a glimpse of the children returning, and with them an aged lady, and the nurse with a basket on her head. He watched their every action until they had nearly reached the playhouse. His eyes grew dim, his pulse became weak, and he felt as if he would go into a trance at any moment. "Grandmother" had on an old-time sunbonnet and he was unable to see her face until she had come within twenty yards of him. When he did, however, it was as yesterday since he had last looked upon that radiant countenance. And it was a feast to his soul to look into those lovely eyes and to see that angelic expression which was so sadly sweet. She seated herself in a chair that the children brought from the playhouse, and then she allayed their childish fears, telling them it might have been a poor tramp who ate their cakes, and that they would leave the basket down there so that he might satisfy his hunger if he should happen to return. As Robert listened he recognized that same tender, melodious voice that so often had crooned him to sleep and had taught his infant lips to lisp

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

This was divine. It was over—his wandering, and he was home at last. With a silent prayer he closed his eyes and sank into sweet forgetfulness.

It seemed to Mrs. Lawson that she must have been dreaming as she sat there, for she was sure she had heard the voice of her long lost son calling to her. But even

as she assured herself that she was awake there was an almost imperceptible movement in the bushes, and she heard "mother" gently whispered from some one lying there.

"Yes, my son," she immediately replied, and in an instant she was kneeling beside the mangled form of her boy.

Tears were flowing down her cheeks as Robert opened his eyes, and he felt strangely comfortable in her arms.

"Mother," he murmured faintly, while an expression of ineffable peace stole over his features.

"My darling son. It has been fifteen long years since my boy left home, but not a day has passed that I did not pray God to keep you in safety and return you to me in His own good time." And she smoothed back the blood-clotted hair from his brow and bathed his face with cool water, for he was unconscious now.

She sent one of the children to the house to get Uncle George and some help at once, and she remained there with Robert's head in her lap silently thanking God for the answer to her prayer.

Robert knew nothing more until he awoke between dainty linen with his legs in bandages and his head feeling easier. When he was able to talk he related the story of the awful wreck and asked his mother to write a letter to the Superintendent for him telling where he was and what he had done.

A telegram from headquarters the next day assured Robert that he was not to blame for the accident. A weekly newspaper that Mrs. Lawson took gave a complete account of how an operator had gone to sleep and had allowed a freight train to pass his station when it should have taken the siding there. With the exception of the engineer and fireman of the freight, no lives had

been lost, and Judge Andrews had managed to reach the bedside of his dying daughter in time to bid her a long farewell.

Later Robert received full exoneration from Mr. Manndale, together with a check for $500, in appreciation of his faithfulness.

Three months after the terrible wreck on the B. and O. there was a reunion at the home of Mrs. Lawson in honor of the safe return of the prodigal. Robert was able to walk again, George and Edwin and Grace were present with their families, and the cup of joy of the white-haired old mother seemed filled to the brim. And George's children never forgot how Uncle Robert ate the crumbs from their playhouse.

THROUGH THE SHADOWS

By H. F. Page.

Through all that blast-scorched land
With clinging steps I passed.
Nor was there aught to cheer
Me midst the death-glooms drear
That closed about me fast.
Hope spoke not there, nor could
Faith beat back hounding fear,
Or span the dolorous vast.

From ominous ashen skies
The dull, dead sunlight fell.
Into my shuddering soul
A withering numbness stole.
A clutching phantom spell
Held me—and leering ghosts
Went stalking by—their goal,
Vast tombs where old woes dwell.

With fleshless finger raised,
One hissed me as it passed;
One gave a ghoulish laugh;
And one last bade me quaff
A cup from Lethe's wave,
Which ere it touched my lips
Was dust. Faith stood aghast,
And Hope no solace gave.

Toward those yawning tombs
With slow-paced tread they went,
Which were relief, had not
I felt some fiendish plot
Enmesh my soul. Fiends sent
Those were, to lure my steps
Toward that loathed spot
With hellish enchantment!

Fate-driven my aching feet
Could make no choosing there,
I saw those ghosts, night-stoled,
Death's gaping gates unfold,
And fix their vacant stare
On me! I would have swooned,
But Faith and Hope took hold
My hands. Elsewise, despair!

Then all grew strangely dark,
Or else my eyes did fail.
Night closed the yawning tomb.
Wrapped in a swirl of gloom
The ghostly Three, death-pale,
Vanished. And over all,
Like some far cry of doom,
There rose a demon wail.

The quivering horror ran
Along the limitless night;
As when unhappy things,
In nameless anguishings,
Plead vainly for the light.
Dire terror seized my soul,
And strange heart-languishings
Through all my being stole.

Then came an awful hour.
From far abysmal deeps
Insatiate furies rose;
As when the mortal close
Of foe 'gainst foe blood-steeps
The earth. A tremor shook
The world with strange new throes
Of triumph-mingled pain.
Was it some God-heart burst
'Neath weight of world-old woes?

What more had been I can
Not tell. A gleam far-sent
That instant cleft the gloom.
Recoiling shades of doom
Lost their dread power—forespent.
"Behold" Hope whispered first,
"Yon gleam burns through the tomb!"
Then Faith, "That way One went!"

At these blest words I raised
My sorrow-languid eyes.
Where once the ghastly Three
Turned that blank stare on me,
I saw three Seraphs rise.
One pointed to a Tree;
One held a twain-rent pall;
And one last looked beyond
From whence a Voice, "Fear not;
For I have conquered all!"

THE BROKEN ELEMENT IN SHAKESPEARE

By Carl A. Murchison.

Life is a forever changing panorama of sorrow and joy, deceit and truth, tears and laughter. It rises and falls and deviates, like birds out upon the sea darting for their prey in the waters beneath. Balzac, who was one of the few who knew nature, says in *Cousin Betty* that it is this element which makes life endurable.

It is strange that Shakespeare should be the first to recognize this fact, and use this principle. Did he know this fact? Yes, as he knew all the nature of man. Did he use this principle, as such? No, we can not think of Shakespeare as following any principle. He gave us life, and life is larger than principle, as it is grander than truth. What psychologist would dare to found the character of Iago upon principle, when, with his own mouth, he declares: "I am not what I am?"

So beyond principle and beyond truth, we come to life, and there we find Shakespeare. But, perhaps, after everything is said, we can find the former quicker by first finding the latter.

I. In the development of our subject, let us first discuss the technical side. This will include broken speeches, and the use of verse.

The broken speeches of Shakespeare resemble a wave which slowly rises to its highest point, and then sinks again.

	No. of Broken Speeches.		No. of Broken Speeches.
Richard II.	5	Macbeth	25
King John	8	Antony and Cleopatra	24
Merry Wives	11	Tempest	14
Twelfth Night	26	Winter's Tale	10
Hamlet	30	Henry VIII.	7
King Lear	27		

How can we help believing that the great bard's life was attached to these ascending and descending figures, giving to them a color which is hidden from the casual reader. How significant is the sudden rise from eleven broken speeches in *Merry Wives* to twenty-six in *Twelfth Night* and thirty in *Hamlet!* But the time and events explain it all.

Merry Wives was written in 1598, when things were, to use a slang expression, "coming his way." We all know the story. Little whirlwinds sprang up in the summer air, and scattered dust; his father died, after a life of disappointment; some friend whom he trusted, forfeited the sacred trust; he was suspected of treason; he, and all that was his, seemed a mark for "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." No wonder that *Hamlet*, the prodigy of his brain, leaped into existence, while words and sentences were cut in two, and crushed back into the mouth of the speaker! His great sea of passion is lashed into an uncontrollable fury by the storm. The storm over, the waves still continue to roll and dash themselves upon the eternal beach, but finally the waves became more calm, the winds steal away, and, like the wailing infant, the sea gently sobs itself to sleep.

Shakespeare's use of verse is hard to analyze. He is altogether careless in his metre, and a speech very often ends in a line of from three to seven syllables. Of course this argues for freedom of form in poetry; but let us trust that this practice will not be clothed in the robes of license simply because Shakespeare did this. Every one knows that he paid but little attention to any kind of technical form.

But that is not so important. This is more vital in the discussion of his use of verse: Romeo rushes his "seasick, weary bark" upon "the dashing rocks," in verse;

Timon curses all mankind in verse; Lear defies the raging elements in verse; Othello dies in verse, even though he realizes that he has been made the tool of deceit; in hissing, darting verse, the mighty Cæsar falls at the feet of Pompey; but the nerve centre of *Macbeth,* the scene in which Lady Macbeth comes upon the stage in the dim light, and, for the first time, realizes the infinitude of blood that stains her hands, is written in prose. Why did Shakespeare use prose here? It certainly seems, at first thought, to be a departure. To understand this, let us get into its inner meaning. It is no common scene, and only has one parallel in all literature: a half visionary scene in the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus.

Let us quote from Pœtscher's description: "Behold the distracted woman. Night vigils of agony have furrowed her face, the wonted fire of her eyes has burnt out, a vacant stare betrays the mental desolation, * * * a restless, hunted soul. One thought alone is breathed from this torn breast, but one woe swells from the desolated depths. Her accents betray the working of the spirit from the abyss that inexorably demands its victim. The horrors of the past, like ever-present demons, close around the heart, the lamp of life flickers dim, and tells of the speedy end of a ruined existence." The soul of the woman is beyond the domain of words. She takes us as far with her as mere words have the power, and then, not words, but groans, the agonizing, fearful, terrible groans of the damned spirit. She is now as far from language as Hell is from God.

There are four gradations of expression: first, prose; second, poetry; third, prose again; fourth, beyond the domain of language. This scene begins in the third and continues for an unknown distance into the fourth.

II. The most interesting broken element in any literature is the comic following upon the tragic. Nothing is more fascinating or more strange than the effect of such a manipulation.

One illustration is in III, 2, of *Hamlet*. The King, while watching the players, becomes conscience-stricken, and rushes headlong from the hall. Hamlet, during the development of the scene, creeps like a tiger to the feet of the King, all the time glaring at him, as if about to leap upon his prey. As the King rushes from the hall, Hamlet leaps to his feet. What will he do now? He has achieved the victory, the King has established his own guilt. Will he call upon the ghost of his father to record the victory? Will he issue ringing orders to have all gates locked, call together his men, and fill the night with murder and blood? No, he simply breaks into uncontrollable shrieks of hysterical laughter, and then sings the following:

> "Why let the stricken deer go weep,
> The hart ungalled play;
> For some must watch, while some must sleep:
> Thus runs the world away."

Why does the Porter scene in *Macbeth*, which is extremely laughable when presented upon the stage, follow immediately upon the most tragic position in Shakespeare? And immediately after, the horrible story is taken up again. It is as if placed there by hand and with no relations whatever. Some critics have claimed that the scene was not written by Shakespeare. Schiller even advised its omission. Nothing is more absurd, and Schiller's criticism is certain to rebound upon his own head. But it is also certain that no other poet, save Shakespeare, could have known the relations of this scene, could have ever dreamed of its use and effect.

The man who could create this scene in its relationship proved himself a master of all the philosophy of life.

We are watching Macbeth and his wife playing the game with life. Somehow, God only knows why, they let all the good pass by them forever, and only the bad falls to their lot. This evil, by a slow process, transforms them from humans to fiends. But the transformation is so slow that we are not aware just when they passed from one to the other. At first we saw human beings, now we see devils. But if we are not aware of the vital change, how are we to become aware of it? There is but one way, and that is by contrast. At present the machinery of life is still, the world is shut out; but let that machinery start again, and you have a conception of the awful suspension, let the world in, and you have pictured by contrast the terribleness of these two fiends. DeQuincey states it thus: "The deed is done, the work of darkness is perfect, and the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live, first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them."

The knocking would not be nearly so effective if unattended by the witty remarks of the Porter. He is like a bird flying through your room, you know not what came before or what is to come after. He excites in one the same pity which would be excited by seeing a child turn laughing from the coffin of its mother, and rush to its playthings. A smile will make tragedy deeper. I once heard a great singer sing a very touching, pathetic

selection. At its close, the audience was almost in tears, while upon the singer's face were printed the marks of suffering and sorrow and pity. But suddenly a smile chases over her countenance. The effect of this smile, following upon her own tragic expression and the emotions which she had engendered in her hearers, can not be described or defined. I only know that it was different from anything else. It seemed to make tragedy more tragic. Perhaps the Porter could plead a reason something like this as the design for his existence. Does not his levity also make the summons more terrible, just as the summons makes the murder more awful?

It was this scene which caused DeQuincey to exclaim reverently: "O mighty poet: Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art; but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers,—like frost and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too-much, or too-little, nothing useless or inert, but that, the further we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement, where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident!"

III. There is another broken element in Shakespeare, and that is the placing of the spiritual on a par with the physical. I use the word "spiritual" to express all things which man only conceives of in his imagination.

The Weird Sisters hold intercourse with Banquo and Macbeth. They stand on an equality with them. They have form and can be seen; they have voice and can be heard; they have action and move. But this is no more Shakespeare's conception than a word image of Love is Love. They have this form and chant their incanta-

tions only to cater to the vulgar London crowds in the Pit. "Weird Sisters" is a leather strap for their intellects to hang on by. They are not spirits, they are *Nemeses* personified. They are the same *Nemeses* which constitutes in *Romeo and Juliet* the "thread of fatalism." This strange and ingenious manipulation has only one parallel in literature. That parallel is found in *"The Furies"* of Æschylus. But in *Eumenides,* the Furies are *Nemeses* for the damnation of Orestes. They appear in his life as a result of the murder, and as avengers of blood. Guilt is established and acknowledged before their appearance. They are not fascinating, but repulsive.

The Weird Sisters do not pursue to destruction, but draw to self-damnation. They are fascinating, with that strange hypnotism which attracts toward the delicate glimmer of a distant hell. Man welcomes guilt, as certain animals welcome the oncoming fire. The reaction with guilt is remorse, even as contact with the flames causes remorse in the animal. Man fights his destiny, even as the animal, leaping into the air, falls snarling and spitting into the devouring flames. *Nemesis* draws to a polar finish.

This is Shakespeare's conception, and is a broken element. It is personifying the abstract, and placing it upon a par with the physical.

Another instance is the ghost scene in the same play.

Macbeth—"Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me."

* * * * * *

"Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

* * * * * *

"What man dare, I dare;
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!"

Macbeth, who is a man, by desperate force drives out the ghost, which is a spirit. Why did the ghost appear? Why did he go at the bidding of Macbeth?

Rolfe scoffs at these questions, and places them all in the category of skepticism. He implies that it may have been a real ghost, for such things have happened, and that the speech of Macbeth follows, rather than drives, the ghost: the ghost appearing and disappearing as suited his own will. Of course, under this solution, the speeches of Macbeth have no more effect than the barking of a rat-terrier at a passing freight train.

Pœtscher, in *Die Adunst der dramatischen Darstellung,* presents an altogether different idea. "The appearance of Banquo's ghost is the direct result of Macbeth's state of mind; the ghost is therefore visible only to him. Everything around and about Macbeth is, for Macbeth, as though it were not; the instant that Banquo's ghost rises, he is completely transported out of himself, and is engrossed solely with the creatures of his brain."

The latter seems to be proved in III, 4. The murderer has come to the door of the dining-hall and Macbeth has gone to meet him.

Macb.—There's blood upon thy face.
Mur.—'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb.—Is he dispatched?
Mur.—My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
* * * * * *

Macb.—* * * But Banquo's safe?
Mur.—Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Later on in the scene when Macbeth perceives the ghost:

Macb.—Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Where did Macbeth get this idea of the gory locks? Most assuredly he had retained it in his tempestuous brain from the description given him by the murderer. Then the whole vision must have grown out of this idea.

These constitute the principal broken elements in Shakespeare; that is, parts which seem to be isolated from the harmony of the body. For centuries they have furnished forth "bones of contention" to argumentative man. A microscope will be certain to bring them into glaring view. But they must not be studied with a microscope; men have tried it, and have given it up in despair. One must think of the plays of Shakespeare as a great conception, a great design ;and then these elements will appear as bubbles rising from the depths, or as limbs reaching out from a writhing mass of living things; and then upon a summer's eve you can hear Thalia softly calling to Melpomene, and Terpsichore wildly romping with Clio:

"When mighty Shakespeare to thy judging eye
Presents that magic glass, whose awful Round
Reflects each figure in Creation's bound,
And pours in floods of supernatural light,
Fancy's bright Beings on the charmed sight—
This chief Enchanter of the willing breast
Will teach thee all the magic he possesst,
Placid in his circle, mark in colors true
Each brilliant being that he calls to view:
Wrapt in the gloomy storm, or rob'd in light,
His weird Sister or his fairy Sprite
Boldly o'erleaping, in the great design,
The bounds of Nature, with a guide divine."

C. S. BARNETT.
Associate Editor, Phi. Society.

THE DECREE OF FATE

By W. D. Little, '08.

The sun had just gone down and darkness was fast stealing over the land when a middle-aged man seated himself on the great piazza of his New Mexico home. As he glanced down the broad driveway in front of his house and at the road into which it led, his thoughts suddenly went back to his youth and strange figures seemed to pass before his eyes. The one word "Kate" faintly escaped his lips, and these are the pictures that passed through his brain:

Frank Stranton was the son of a North Carolina farmer. He was very ambitious in his youth, and besides working much for his father, he went to school a great part of his time. He was not exceptionally bright, but by diligent study was prepared for college when very young.

Kate Rodman was the only daughter of a well-to-do farmer and business man. She was considered by all to be the prettiest and most charming maiden in the whole community. Her face always wore a pleasant expression, and this, with her fair skin, black hair, dark-brown eyes, and slender form, made a figure that indeed was beautiful to behold.

The homes of Frank and Kate were only a short distance apart, and when they were children they could often be seen playing together in the large meadow that lay between their homes. As they grew older, Frank began to show a preference for Kate over all other maidens. She seemed to him to be the only ideal person he had ever seen. She was just one year his junior, and

they made a handsome couple. On going to college, his love for her did not wane, but steadily grew stronger as the years passed.

When Frank graduated, he returned home for a few weeks' rest before taking up his position with a large business firm in Virginia. During this time many evenings found him at the Rodman home, and Kate always gave him a cordial welcome. She appeared to him to grow prettier and more entertaining every day. Finally the time for his departure drew near and he would be away for two years. The night before he was to leave, he went to bid Kate adieu. She met him at the door with a smile on her face, and he thought he had never before seen such a lovely creature. Finally, at Frank's request, they took a stroll down the broad road that led by the house. It was a beautiful night in August. The full moon shone down in all her majestic glory. The stars twinkled as if their sole duty was to please the eye of man. The cry of the night birds could be heard in the distant forest. The continual hissing of the smaller insects showed that life yet existed among the foliage. The sweet fragrance of the clover and other wild flowers wafted gently through the air. And as the large clock in the neighboring village slowly sounded the hour of ten, Frank and Kate stopped in the shadow of a large oak that stood by the road. While standing here, Frank, for the first time, asked Kate to be his wife and received an answer in the negative.

"Kate," Frank asked, "is it possible you do not care for me? You know I have loved you and you only for these many years. I have worked hard trying to prepare myself for life, but what will life be worth without you? Would you consent to some time become my wife?"

"Frank," replied Kate in a somewhat stammering voice, "I know you have been a very dear friend to me—but I—I can not marry you."

"Do you not love me, or why do you refuse me? Have all my efforts to win your affections come to nothing?"

"Oh! Frank," interrupted Kate, "please do not ask me that. I can not tell you now. Perhaps I will sometime, but I can not now. Go and forget me and make the man you are destined to make."

"Forget you?" asked Frank hurriedly. "Before I could do that, I would have to tear this heart from my body. Forget you? Oh! that I could, but 'tis impossible, impossible."

Both were silent for a few minutes. Frank stood gazing into her eyes as though he were reading her very thoughts. He then spoke, but in a rather hesitating manner:

"You then absolutely refuse me?"

"If you insist on a definite answer, that is right," was her slow reply.

His face immediately took such a saddened appearance as to show that mighty struggles were going on within. Then casting his eyes on the ground at his feet, he spoke as if talking to some unseen person.

"To think that life has come to this! My father old and almost helpless; my mother already gone; I in debt for my college education; and now my dearest friend has deserted me at the last moment! I know not where she may go or what she may do, but no man will ever love her as I have loved her. I hope she will learn some day how true I am, but I am going now and going to stay."

"Now, don't be rash," said Kate in a soft voice. "Pray

do not let me have any influence over your life or character."

Frank started at the sound of her voice as one aroused from a deep sleep. "Never again will I look on your face unless you send for me," he said in a despairing tone.

"Are we to remain friends? she asked.

"Yes, if you desire it."

They walked back to the house without saying a word. Both seemed to have been wrapped in thought. At the gate, she offered him her hand. He barely touched the end of her fingers and, without speaking, hurried down the road. He hardly knew what he did on his way home. His brain was all in a whirl. Had he been dreaming or had she really refused him? On reaching his room, he did not retire immediately, but sat down by the window to smoke. The smoke made him worse. He threw the cigar down, undressed, and went to bed, but could not sleep. The hours passed, one, two, three, four, and yet no sleep came to him, and when morning dawned, he had a severe headache. He left home early that morning, but instead of going to Virginia, he went directly to New Mexico. Here he worked diligently for four or five years and soon had accumulated a nice little fortune. He then bought a farm and began farming and stock raising. In ten years after he left North Carolina he was one of the wealthiest men in the whole community in which he lived. There was one thing, however, the people could not understand, and that was his disposition toward women. It was said that he was never seen to speak to a lady for years after his arrival in the West. Such actions on his part, of course, created many rumors in regard to his former life, but no one could succeed in

getting him to talk about it. It was once reported that he had been heard to exclaim to himself:

"It's too late now. She will never send for me. I will die without her."

As Frank rushed away and left Kate standing at the gate that August night, she did not go in at once, but stood motionless watching his disappearing figure. A strange feeling seemed to come over her. Did she really love him or not? When he was out of sight, she flew to her room, fell on the bed, covered her face in her hands, and began to weep. The words, "I will never look on your face again unless you send for me," continually rang in her ears. Finally, brushing away the tears from her eyes, she rose from the bed, and in a firm, determined manner said:

"I can't help it. I promised mother I would do as she wished me, and I have kept my word. I will try to forget him."

She then retired and went to sleep, but, despite her determination to think no more of Frank, she was continually awakened by dreadful dreams of him and the future.

As the months passed, the fame of Kate's beauty was spread abroad and she had many suitors. In about six years after Frank left, she was married to a rich banker. They lived together peacefully for two or three years, but at the end of that time her husband began drinking and gambling. He would often go home at night and treat Kate as if she were no better than his dog. She spent many a sleepless night grieving over her degraded condition and, in spite of herself, her thoughts would go back to Frank and his parting words. One cold and dreary night about twelve o'clock, as she was sitting waiting for her ungrateful husband to return, he sud-

denly rushed into the room, and, trying to suppress his emotions, exclaimed:

"Kate, we must leave here immediately. I lost everything I had to-night and have stolen twenty-five thousand dollars from the bank. Get ready. We must go. If I stay here till morning, I am gone for good."

"Oh! Harry," she exclaimed, "you don't mean to say you have done such a desperate deed as that?"

"Yes I do, too, and we have no time to lose. Get on a move; we must leave on the next train."

"I can not go to-night. What would my people say? I will not go." She then began crying as though her heart were rent asunder.

"Yes, you must go," he said, in a maddened tone. "You shall go; so get ready and be quick about it."

She, seeing there was no other course to pursue, began to get things in order. This was soon done, and at three o'clock they boarded the fast train going West.

As Frank's business increased, he was often compelled to be away from home a week or more at a time looking after his business in the different cities of Texas. While on one of these trips, he was sitting one night in a hotel lobby in Tascosa. Suddenly a man and woman entered the hotel and registered as Mr. and Mrs. Henry Defoe. Frank glanced at the man and noticed that he had a sheepish-looking eye. He could not see the face of the woman. For the next day or two he observed the man gazing at him several times, but could not imagine what he meant, and paid very little attention to it.

Having finished his business in Tascosa late one afternoon, he returned to his room and locked up a few hundred dollars in his trunk. He then went down for supper. Supper was not ready, however, and he decided to

go back to his room to wait. On approaching the door he heard something on the inside. He listened cautiously and could distinguish a noise that resembles some one meddling with a lock. He opened the door without any sound and, sure enough, there was the strange man, with his back to Frank, trying to unfasten the trunk.

"What do you want in there?" Frank asked in a calm voice.

The man jumped to his feet and made a rush for the door, but Frank stepped in front of him. As he did so the man jerked out his revolver and began to shoot. He fired once, but the ball went wild, and before he could fire again Frank had shot and he fell lifeless to the floor. The news of the tragedy spread rapidly through the house and the man's wife was summoned to the room. She went in and gazed silently at the dead body for an instant. Then raising her eyes they met Frank's. They seem to have recognized each other immediately. For several minutes they stood thus gazing into each other's eyes, and then Frank slowly uttered:

"I have broken my word."

Here the old man was disturbed in his meditations by some one calling him from within, and as he rose and went into the house, he was heard to say:

"Kate indeed was a beautiful girl, but fate had decreed that she should never be my wife."

THE WAITING MARY

By Arthur Ranes, 08.

I.

She came long ere the morning dawned,
While night yet wrapped the land;
She waited and wept in the gloom alone
For the touch of the Master's hand.

II.

She longed to behold the bleeding brow,
To see His visage bright,
To lean her head upon His breast
And touch His garments white.

III.

While the sentinels dreamed she stole
Like a shadow near the carven tomb
To find but His garments lying there
Bright 'mid inner gloom.

IV.

Then her soul in its helpless agony
Fell down in the dust to die,
But lo, in the night the Master's form
And, the Master's voice, "Tis I,

V.

"Tenderest heart, why weepest thou,
Now grief and gloom are fled;
Behold these bleeding wounds; I am He
That liveth and was dead."

SHARKY, THE ALCHEMIST

By R. L. McMillan.

Dan McSweene, my first cousin on my mother's side, came from Scotland at the age of thirty, intending to try his chances in the Western Hemisphere. Shortly after arriving he spent about a week with me on my farm in the southern part of North Carolina—Richmond County, to be specific.

Lumber River was at that time the dividing line between Richmond and Robeson counties, and as my house is only about three hundred yards from the stream, it was my greatest delight, during the summer months, to spend at least two hours every day swimming in the river, the water of which is as pure and clear as that of a mountain stream.

On the first day that I went in with Dan, I saw that he was an exceedingly good swimmer and began to question him as to where he learned his "antics."

"I've been swimming since I was knee-high to a pig track," he replied. "My father's house was upon the banks of Lake Lair, and I almost lived in the water in warm weather; and while at Edinburgh in school I suppose I spent more time in the pool than at work on my text-books. By the way, did I ever tell you of a time when my swimming ability was of no avail?"

"No, let's have it," I answered, while after donning our light summer clothing we stretched out upon the grass.

"It was in this way," said Dan, "while in school at Edinburgh I became very closely attached to a young man, Neill Patterson. He and I were together almost all the time, and were as inseparable as two brothers.

Well, the same old story was repeated; we decided to see which one of us could win the love of a certain girl. The contest became warmer and warmer until, finally, the fates decided I won the hand of the prize, and we were engaged to marry three months after I graduated. Neill was absolutely heart-broken when I told him that Sallie McKinnon and I were engaged to marry. I tried in every way possible to continue friendly relations with Neill, but he refused to speak, and so I decided to let matters go on as they were and thought that probably he would some day lay aside his enmity.

"On the 20th of August, after I graduated in May, Sallie McKinnon and I were married, and all things went on smoothly.

"One day, after I had been married about three years, I received a letter from Neill. In it he stated that his father had recently died and he was left the sole occupant, besides a number of servants, of a large, old castle. He said that he had thrown aside all hard feelings and that he wanted me to visit him, as he was so nervous and wrought up over his father's death that he felt that if he remained much longer in that old castle alone he would go crazy. I read the letter over to Sallie, and she begged me not to go, as she felt sure that Neill had lost his reason and that he might kill me. I laughed at her foolish remarks and told her that I would visit Neill, but would not be gone more than a week.

The morning after I had received Neill's letter I saddled my best horse, Joe, and set out on my forty-mile ride. It was in the month of June, and as it is right cool up there at that time of the year, I pushed my horse through in a good, steady gait. I arrived at the Patterson Place about 5 o'clock p. m.; left my steed in charge

of a servant, whom I found waiting at the end of the lane, and made my way toward the castle.

"It was a grand scene which I faced. The branches of the sturdy oaks lapped over the road in such a way that the lane appeared as an opening, surrounded by a green wall, at the end of which could be seen the massive double door which opened into the hall of the castle. One thing about the place impressed me especially, and that was the deathlike stillness which reigned about. The song of no bird was heard, not a leaf rustled, no dog was heard to bark as I approached the castle, and then, for the first time, as a strange feeling crept over me, I thought of my wife's warning. I laughed at my foolish thoughts and, whistling a bit of a tune, I mounted the steps, Neill met me at the door; but mercy! the man's appearance shocked me! He did not seem like Neill, the strong, robust chum of my school days. His face was thin and haggard and his large, expressive blue eyes had sunken deep into their sockets and rested upon me in a wild but piteous glare.

"'Come in, Dan,' he said, after grasping my hand with a force which I did not think was in his weak frame. He then walked to a lounge nearby, fell limply upon it and motioned me to take a seat beside him.

"'Well, Neill,' I began in as jolly a mood as possible, 'you remember I wrote you that I wanted to sleep in a weird and forsaken room, so that I can say after leaving here that I had spent a while in a true Highland Castle. I suppose you have me a bed in a distant room as I requested?'

"'Yes,' said Neill, 'you know I told you that there are thirty-six rooms in this building. Well, the one which I have selected for you is on the northeast corner of this

floor. No one has slept in that room since 'Red Gauntlet's' nephew was murdered in there, and knowing that you are not superstitious, I have arranged the room for you.'

"After hearing about the butchery which took place in my sleeping apartment, I could not suppress a shudder, which thrilled me from head to foot. The surroundings, too, helped to make me feel somewhat nervous. It had grown dark in the meantime, Neill had lighted a candle and had placed it on a table in the center of the hall. Deer-horns were nailed to the wall for hat racks; two or three long rifles rested upon a web-covered gun rack, from which hung a shot sack and powder horn. Upon the various objects around, flickering shadows danced, made by the sputtering flame.

"A servant soon announced supper, and shortly after Neill and I had left the dining-room we were again seated upon the lounge in the hall.

"'Dan, do you know that I am almost crazy?' said Neill, resting his hands upon my shoulders and looking straight into my eyes. 'Since my father's death I can't sleep. I don't enjoy hunting, I am restless all the time, and am not satisfied with anything I eat. Dan, I feel a spasm coming on now and I can't stop it. My head is heavy. I believe I am dying. Save me.' With that the man fell to the floor before I could seize him. He then clutched his fingers into the rug and clinched his teeth, while the white color in his face turned to a pale-green. The man then turned his eyes upon me. I screamed for the servants at the top of my voice. A dreadful fear seized me and I wanted to break from the house and flee, but I knew that it would never do to leave my friend in the agonies of death. To whatever part of the hall I went the eyes of the man were upon me. He would turn

his head around, the rest of his body remaining motionless, while his eyes rested upon me in a steady, piercing, pleading way. I again screamed for help. Just then a door, which I had seen before, opened and a low, wrinkled, gray-haired man clad in black walked slowly into the hall, bearing several small bottles in his hands.

"'Bring that man to life,' I said, 'he is dying.'

"'Young man,' spoke my companion in a dry, squeaky but convincing tone, 'sit down and keep quiet.'

"'Knowing nothing else to do, I watched the proceedings of the Doctor, for such I took him to be. He then very deliberately poured some powder from each of four small bottles and, after cutting a slight wound in the side of the patient's neck, sprinkled the mixture on the cut and was gone like a flash, as if through the wall itself. Neill then sprang to his feet and looked about, as if awakening from sleep.

"'Oh, yes," he said, 'this is Dan. Well Dan, as it is getting late and I know you are tired from your ride, so we will go to bed.' I was so stupified on seeing the man revived so readily that I at once followed him without asking any questions. Neill, bearing the candle, led me downstairs and upstairs, through a number of doors and through dusty rooms and halls until finally he opened a door, handed me the candle and was gone before I could say good-night. I walked into the room, which contained no furniture except the bed and a single chair. The walls were made of stone covered with a thick coating of cement, and the only place for the entrance of light was one small, fixed window covered over with strong iron grating. I placed the candle on the floor, sat down in the chair and prepared for bed. I then got up and closed the door, which I found was made of steel with the edges covered with wax, which caused it to fit as

closely to the framework as if they were one piece. I wondered what was the object in having the door to fit so closely; but I soon forgot about it and went to bed.

"As sore as I was from my day's ride it was impossible for me to go to sleep. A thousand thoughts crossed my mind; who was the old doctor? was 'Red Gauntlet's' nephew really slain in this room? why did the door fit so tightly? All of these thoughts and many others passed through my mind until I became so nervous that I could not go to sleep. I thought of my wife in our little cottage only forty miles away, and it seemed that if I was only on the highway I would be there before sunrise. After rolling and tumbling in the bed for at least two hours, I dozed off into a restless sleep; but scarcely had I gotten to sleep when I rose up in the bed, almost startled to death by a strange sound. On investigating I found it to be only the ticking of my watch. It was harder for me to get to sleep this time than at first, as I was trembling like a leaf and could actually hear my heart beating. I spent the next hour or so in spasmodic sleep, until I raised up on my elbows and saw something shining brightly where the wall and ceiling met. It looked somewhat like a polished silver plate, but 'why it was the only light place in the pitch-dark room I could not tell. I pinched myself to see that I was awake, and carelessly letting my hand fall over the edge of the bed. Uh—uh. It makes me shudder now to think of it—my hand was in water. I stood up in the bed and gazed about me, and from a faint moonlight which streamed through the small window I saw that the floor was covered with water about two feet deep. I again looked at the bright spot on the top of the wall and knew that it was the light of the moon shining on water as it oozed from a large pipe, which barely projected an inch. I

was dumbfounded at my situation and realized then—but ah! too late!—that Neill Patterson was satisfying his vengeance. I knew then the reason for the closely fitting door and cemented wall. I rushed for the door, hoping to escape, *but found that it had locked on closing.* The water which had trickled down the wall almost noiselessly began to pour faster, then to gush forth in a mighty roll until it began to rock, and lap and slosh over the room. I leaped upon the bed and screamed for help. I called for Neill to come, in the name of all things sacred, and set me free, but I could hardly hear my own voice, so deafening was the sound of the water. It was rising fast. I was standing up in the bed and the water was above my knees. Again and again I called for help, but the mad rush of the water from the pipe drowned my voice, and the surge of the waves almost washed my feet from under me. 'What use,' I reasoned, 'is there for me to call for help when this is Neill's method of ridding the world of Dan McSweene?' I remained standing in the bed until I began to think of the horrible death which awaited me. I, a good swimmer, to be drowned in an enclosure. To swim until my head was against the ceiling, then to strangle as a suckling babe and *drown.* The water had risen above my waist and I decided to climb upon the head-board of the bed and thus remain alive as long as possible. I perched upon the top of the rickety bedstead and, shivering with cold, awaited my fate. Up, up the boisterous water rose until I could reach down and touch it with my hand. It was soon above my ankles while, in a half-standing posture, my head was against the ceiling. In this extreme peril I again began to call for help. I prayed. I thought of my wife in our once happy home. Oh my! the number of thoughts that will cross a man's mind when he sees that only death

awaits him. The water was still rising, but not so fast. It was two feet from the ceiling, thus leaving my head and shoulders exposed. Slower and still slower the water rose, giving me more time to think of my horrible death. I thought of leaping forward into my persecutor and thus rid myself of the suspense. I tore at the ceiling frantically and screamed again and again for help amidst curses and prayers. My head only was now exposed and the water was gradually rising. My head was sore from pressing it against the ceiling. I called on Neill in the name of God to save his old schoolmate, McSweene. I cried like a baby in my despair as I pressed my head backward to keep the water from entering my mouth. What's that! God be praised! A sound was heard in the room above me. I called out again and, as I did so, the water gushed into my mouth. I was strangling. A trap-door flew open and I was seized by an arm and dragged through.

"Over me stood the long-bearded doctor, who had treated Neill Patterson in his spasm. After the old man had beaten me on the back and rolled me over several times I was able to breathe freely."

"'Your life is at stake,' spoke the doctor in a hurried whisper, 'and not a word must you utter until you are on the highway.' I then hastily put on a servant's clothing and followed my benefactor up rickety stairs, which wound about in every direction, until we came to the large hall in which were standing several men, one of whom I could recognize by the dim light of a candle as Patterson.

"'Was the water to the ceiling before you left?' asked Neill of the doctor.

"'Yes,' answered the latter, 'I heard him beating the water as he drowned.'

"'Who is that with you?' asked Patterson.

"'This is Archibald, the kitchen man. Come on, Archibald, I heard a noise at the lot. Perhaps some animal is hung in a crack. Let's go and see.'

"'Do you think you'll need any help at the lot?' asked Neill.

"'I think not. If so I'll call,' answered the doctor, as he lead the way down the steps. Without a word we hurried to the lot and saddled Joe as quietly as possible. I was surprised to see how energetic and nimble the old man was.

"'My horse was now before me, and I was ready to mount, but I was anxious to know before leaving who the man was who had saved my life.

"'And who,' I asked, 'may I tell my wife and friends saved my life and what reason did you have in doing so?'

"'Young man,' answered my companion, 'I heard you call out the name McSweene. Robert McSweene once saved my life. Is he any relation of yours?'

"'My dead father,' I gasped, 'and pray tell me your name.'

"'Sharky, the Alchemist, saved your life. Now make for the highway.'

"On saying this the old man vanished like a shadow. I spurred my horse across the opening in front of the grove, entered the road and galloped away. While riding along I wondered, 'Who is Sharky, the Alchemist? What will Patterson do with the old man when he finds out that the latter saved my life? Did Neill really have a spasm or was it a part of his trick to entrap me?'

"These questions remain unanswered till this day, as my wife and I left Scotland for this country the following week."

MATHEMATICS

By J. G. Carroll, '08.

The struggles which have characterized the progress of mathematics from its earliest beginning in the distant Orient to its present status should be and are of paramount interest to the earnest teacher. A knowledge of its history will increase that interest, which is so essential in teaching any subject. It will aid in supplementing the daily drill, and thus arouse the energy of the pupil.

In its early history mathematics served only in cases of mere mechanical computations. The Chinese curriculum with its conservative policy did much to check its advancement as a science. Later on special schools were founded for instruction in its branches. Against all odds, it, as a science, kept pace with the civilization of the world. A sudden revival in the trading world brought civilization and mathematics forward with a mighty stride. Another crest in the wave of their joint advancement occurred when the Crusades scattered the sciences, that were stagnated in the east, throughout the old world. Prior to this, its primary value had been utilitarian, but now the philosophers proclaimed a culture value also. This was destined to make this study the primary step in philosophy.

One mathematician remarked that, "Arithmetic is like a whetstone, and by its study one learns to think distinctly, consecutively, and carefully."

Thus did the teachers of this age come to look upon the self-activity and independence of the pupil as the important thing in his training. And in the future they

saw that mathematics was the dominating means to secure this end. Modern educators have been forced to awake to its paramount importance, because of its direct relation to almost every form of human activity. It is the one subject from which every element of falsity can be thrown out. No other study can boast of sentinels that are such enemies to every form of error, whatever be the disguise. This science, with its clearly understood steps, its necessary form, and its logical conclusions, tends to instill the ideals of accuracy and precision.

Thus a broad utilitarian value linked with a culture value has been recognized, but the former has not and can not be confined to elementary mathematics. This value is of as much importance, and of as much use to the astronomer in obtaining the characteristics of the planet Neptune as it is to the day laborer when he calculates his expenses. Arithmetic serves the school boy in counting his marbles; it is the ideal school-study to the typical farmer; it is indispensable to the bookkeeper; it constitutes the background to the merchant's thoughts; it is the king of studies in the public school; it is emphasized in the colleges; it plays an important part in specialized courses; it paves the way for the natural sciences; and its most important relation is to the mechanic and astronomer. These statements establish the broad utilitarian value, which, alone, would insure it a prominent place in the curriculum of the generations to come. With this value, vastly improved work is looked for in the future.

But has it really a culture value? If taught correctly, it instills the ideals necessary to produce a strong moral character. Although this view does not affect ordinary business, and seems unpractical, yet it does not follow that it serves no valuable purpose. We could not afford

to be ignorant of some truths brought out by this value. There comes a time in the life of a pupil when he must leave behind him the tangible and concrete, to a certain extent, and launch out into the chaos of the mysterious abstract. Mathematics blends the two better than any other subject. It can serve as a bridge and thus destroy the troublesome gulf that divides the concrete from the abstract. This is a critical point in the education of the child. Its rules for accurate reasoning, and its formality led one educator to say that it should be taught as a logical exercise.

Beyond the shadow of a doubt the pupil needs some training in Logic; but as a science it is too abstract for his untrained mind. Thus the school is forced to adopt arithmetic, as it offers the best opportunity, methods, form, and idea for this essential transition. Nowhere are the two great methods of Logic (Induction and Deduction) more clearly, more satisfactorily, and more easily explained than in the study of mathematics. Thus the student is enabled to plant each step firmly and because of a definite reason. Nothing is left hazy or in doubt. The well-trained scientific thinker, skilled in the inductive and deductive processes, is as far above the loose observer as the man is above the animal. The pupil comes in contact with the principles upon which rests the foundation of the higher and more difficult studies. The mind is strengthened and the pupil gradually acquires the habit of demanding a reason for every step in every subject. This is the only real direct method of learning.

One educator has said that mathematics, when taught with the utilitarian value in view, gives knowledge, but when taught with the culture value predominating, gives

not only knowledge, but that which transcends knowledge,—power.

Having settled the aims, the one important thing to the teacher, the practical part in the school-room claims some attention. Mathematicians have agreed that the child should begin the study as soon as he can read. In the first grades objects should be the basis of number teaching.

The notion of number can be obtained by object teaching. First lessons are to be objective and concrete.

The instructor is surer of success in the first grades; because of better investigation, better books, utilities are prominent, and induction plays the important part. The progress of the pupil rests with the ability of the teacher. At this time the instructor is to be in the lead, but he should gradually bring the subject-matter to the front. He can keep the students in a well organized class for a while, but owing to the diverse aptitudes of children he is forced to bring in individual teaching.

The spiral method seems to be gaining some headway during the last few years. It is going over a subject two or three times and studying the harder examples each time. This method is shown in Colaw and Elwood's Arithmetic. Within certain limits it has much to recommend it.

The teacher should carry the pupil at a suitable pace, and borrow all the interest possible from objects related to the study. Thus early in the course the teacher is prominent; later on the subject-matter is the one thing. The history, the two aims that should be linked together, and a portion of practical work of the school-room has been discussed. After all, the main thing that declares the teaching of elementary mathematics a success is the

tact of the teacher to command the best that there is in the pupil. The instructor should interest the student, and show to mankind that teaching is decidedly an art.

Mathematics, when taught correctly, broadens the pupil's mind, points out a bridge from the concrete to the abstract and paves the way to all of the modern sciences.

STORIES ABOUT COLONEL BENJAMIN CLEVELAND

By O. C. Foote, '08,

Of all the fierce frontiersman whose prowess in arms adorns the records of our State and whose activity spread consternation among the partisans of King George in the Southern campaigns of the American Revolution, not one stood higher than Col. Benjamin Cleveland, who was born May 28, 1738.

It is related of Colonel Cleveland that he owned a copy of a very remarkable book, entitled *The Life and Adventures of Mr. Cromwell,* written by a man who was the son of a great beauty, named Elizabeth Cleveland, a daughter of the palace of Hampton Court, who had attracted the attention of King Charles I, and who, when Oliver Cromwell assumed the reigns of government, won his sympathies. The author of this book was their offspring. The mother subsequently married a Mr. Bridges and disappeared from further notoriety. To this book Colonel Cleveland attached great store and asserted that through its author he rightfully claimed descent from Oliver Cromwell.

In the year 1775 a number of heroic men from Surry County formed a Committee of Safety. Its journal has been preserved, as well as names worthy of record. Benjamin Cleveland was the Chairman, William Lenoir its Secretary. Their resolutions breathe a determined resistance to the English government. It was a simple and effective league for the protection of the citizens. Benjamin Cleveland, the Chairman of this Committee, was one of the most active and resolute heroes of the American Revolution, and his name is worthily pre-

served in one of the most beautiful counties in North Carolina. He was in the Provincial Congress which met at Hillsboro August 21, 1775, and was appointed as Ensign in the Second Continental Regiment raised by the State. His name does not appear in the rolls of this regiment, but we have abundant proof that Col. Benjamin Cleveland was an active member, and a terror to the Tories.

When Wilkes County was taken from Surry (1777) he was one of the first members elected to the Legislature; and in 1779 was elected to the Senate. He had an impediment in his speech which prevented any effort at oratory; but he was as brave as he was patriotic. For some time he was the surveyor of Wilkes County.

When Cleveland was only twelve years old, some drunken rowdies called at the house when his parents were both absent. They began to throw the stools into the fire. Little Ben., satisfied as to what his father would do were he at home, snatched the rifle from the hooks and said, "Gentlemen, do you see this?" They saw it and the youth's determined attitude, and thinking discretion the better part of valor, one of their party said to the others, "We had better be off; we don't know what this excited lad might do." So the brave lad put to flight the lawless drunkards, and saved his father's property.

On one occasion two Tories (Jones and Cail), abandoned and atrocious characters, were brought before him. Cleveland, after consulting some of the leading men of the community, hanged them. For this act he was indicted in the Superior Court of the district at Salisbury for murder, but on a petition to the Legislature he was pardoned.

He was, although daring and rash, a useful officer. He commanded the left wing of the Americans at King's Mountain, October 7, 1780, and was engaged in the battle of Guilford Court House.

He took part in the following expeditions: In 1775 he became an ensign in Col. Robert Howe's regiment. He was in the Cross Creek Expedition (1775), in the Cherokee War under General Rutherford (1776), at Brier Creek in 1778-79, at Ramseur's Mills, and chased Bryan's noted band of Tories from the State.

The brightest laurels won by Cleveland were gathered on King's Mountain. Hayne speaks of him thus:

> "Now, by God's grace we have them,"
> Cried Cleveland, my noble Colonel he,
> Resting to pick a Tory off quite coolly on his knee;
> "Now, by God's grace, we have them, the snare is subtly set,
> The game is bagged, we have them safe as pheasants in a net."

Bill Harrison, a noted Tory, took Cleveland's servant, John Doss, prisoner and hanged him to a dogwood. Some time after that Harrison was caught and brought to Cleveland. Accompanied by several of his servants, Cleveland led Harrison to the same dogwood on which he hanged Doss. "I hope you will not hang me, Colonel," faintly observed the trembling wretch. "Why not?" "Because," said the abject Tory, "you know I am a useful man in the neighborhood, am a good mechanic, have worked for you in peaceful days, and can not well be spared; besides I have invented perpetual motion, and if I am now suddenly cut off, the world will lose the benefit of my discovery. I, too, have heard you curse Fanning for putting prisoners to death. Where are your principles; where is your conscience?" "Where is my conscience?" retorted Cleveland, "Where are my horses and cattle you have stolen?" "For God I will do this deed,

and justify myself before high heaven and my country!" Run up the hill, Bill, and butt him off the log. I'll show him perpetual motion."

"We were always afraid," said Mrs. Jane Miller, "when Colonel Cleveland came to stay over night with us, lest the bedstead should prove unequal to his ponderous weight." He attained the weight of four hundred and fifty pounds, and was long unable to rest in bed.

There is a famous spot in Watauga County—then Wilkes County,—called "Riddle's Knob," which derives its name from a circumstance of the capture of Colonel Cleveland during the Revolution by a party of Tories headed by men of the above name—which adds the charm of heroic association to the loveliness of its unrivaled scenery. Cleveland had been a terror to the Tories. Two notorious members of their band had been captured by him and hanged. One day Cleveland left his camp and went with one or two of his servants on some private business to New River, and was taken prisoner by Riddle's band of Tories, at the Old Fields on the river. They demanded that he should furnish passes for them. But "Old Round About," as Cleveland was sometimes called, had a strong suspicion that their urgency for the passes betokened that the moment they were completed his days would be numbered; and thus but a poor human he purposely retarded his task as much as possible, hoping to gain time for the unexpected relief, apologizing for his blunders and renewing his unwilling efforts. When the relief came, Benjamin Cleveland, comprehending the situation, tumbled off the prostrate tree, on the side opposite to his friends, lest their balls might accidentally hit him, and exclaimed in his joy, at the top of his voice, "Huzza for brother Bob!; that's right; give them h—l."

Some time after this this same Riddle, his son, and another were taken prisoners and were brought before Cleveland for trial. He hanged all three of them, near the Mulberry Meeting-house, now Wilkesboro. The large oak tree is still standing on the corner of the court-house square in Wilkesboro on which Cleveland hanged these three Tories.

Wells, another one of Riddle's band that had aided the capture of Cleveland at the "Old Fields," was afterward soon captured by a band of Cleveland's scouts, known by the Tories as "Cleveland's Devils." Wells was conveyed to Hughes' Bottom. Here some men were at work in the cornfield. Colonel Cleveland, who had joined those having the prisoner in charge, took the plow lines from the horses and hanged Wells to a tree on the river-bank. While Cleveland was tieing the rope around Wells' neck, young Gwyn, Cleveland's son, feeling sorry for Wells, begged his father not to hang him. Colonel Cleveland replied, "Jim, my son, he is a bad man; we must hang all such dangerous Tories and get them out of our misery."

General Lenoir relates a circumstance that occurred near "Old Mulberry Meeting-house," while there on some public occasion. The rumor was spread that mischief was being done by the Tories. Lenoir started immediately to his horse, which was hitched some distance away. As he approached his horse he recognized a man running off from the opposite side. He hailed him, but he wouldn't stop. Lenoir pursued him and found he had stolen one of the stirrups off his saddle. He finally caught him, and brought him before Colonel Cleveland, who ordered him to place his two thumbs in a notch cut for that purpose in an arbor tree, and hold them there

while he gave him fifteen lashes on his thumbs. This was a peculiar manner of inflicting the law, and gave rise to the phrase, "To thumb the notch." The punishment on the offender above was well administered by Capt. John Beverly, who did not stop at the ordered number, but after the fifteenth blow, Colonel Hendon ordered him to stop, but Beverly continued to whip the whining culprit. Colonel Hendon drew his sword and struck Beverly, who immediately drew his sword, and they had a tilt, which but for friends would have terminated fatally.

The depredations of the Tories were so frequent, and their conduct so savage, that summary punishment was demanded by the exigencies of the times. This Cleveland inflicted without ceremony.

After the Revolution, Cleveland's lands being taken away from him by better title, he moved to South Carolina and died October, 1806, at the age of sixty-five.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

WHEREAS, God in His infinite wisdom has taken from our midst our friend and college-mate, C. Archie Boyette, who during his short stay among us proved himself worthy of the highest love and respect, and,

WHEREAS, His untimely death has brought untold sorrow to all who knew him; therefore be it resolved,

First. That the students of Wake Forest College, by these resolutions extend their most sincere sympathy to the bereaved relatives.

Second. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents of the deceased.

Third. That a copy of these resolutions be published in the WAKE FOREST STUDENT and in the *Murfreesboro Index* and the *Biblical Recorder.*

SANTFORD MARTIN,
J. C. NEWELL.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

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EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO

HERBERT PEELE, Editor

A Plea for Football

Ever since taking charge of this department of the STUDENT it has been the purpose of the present editor to make this plea for the abolition of the proscription against football in Wake Forest College. This plea has been deferred until this time not because he has considered it of little importance, but in order that the present attitude of the students in regard to the question may be fully understood when the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees occurs in May.

To be honest, and at the same time brief, we are in favor of football,—in favor of it enthusiastically and almost unanimously. It is a manly sport, and Wake Forest is a college for men, not a retreat for bookworms. True there is an element of danger in football. So is there in every form of manly sport; so is there in every heroic deed. It does not then follow, however, that all heroism and manly sport should be placed under the ban.

Again, if we are forbidden to play intercollegiate football on account of the danger connected with it, we fail to see the consistency in allowing the playing of class games to continue. There were four such football games on our athletic field last fall, and every one of them was

a hard-fought battle from start to finish. The men played without proper equipment, with insufficient training, and under the old rules. Football men who witnessed these games declared that the danger element in them was fifty per cent greater than in a college match-game. And yet Wake Forest may not play intercollegiate football for fear some one may get hurt!

But we need football not only for the sake of the man who can play. The reinstatement of the game at Wake Forest would, we are persuaded, mean much to the college itself. The lack of college spirit among us, especially in the fall, has long been a just cause for complaint. Now it is generally admitted that nothing so arouses enthusiasm, so builds up athletic prestige, and thus so makes for this spirit in a college, as football. Is there not, then, truth in the claim that football is a need, and a crying need, of our Alma Mater to-day? The explanation, sole and simple, of the low state of college spirit here in the fall lies in the fact that there is nothing, with the exception of an occasional basketball game, to arouse it. Compared with a football triumph, the glory of winning a basketball game is like water to wine. If there are those who doubt that an abounding college spirit would make for the upbuilding of Wake Forest, we point them to the recent growth and development of the denominational colleges that have begun to play football. It's something to think about. Why should Wake Forest students be longer the sissies among college men, tied to the apron strings of a too-fond Alma Mater and held back from a sport that is manly and clean?

There is no way of being so certain about it, but we are strongly inclined to hold the belief that among the alumni of the college the sentiment in favor of football

is almost as strong as among the students themselves. Permit us to quote from a letter received by the editor of the STUDENT last fall. The words, coming from Dr. Hubert A. Royster, Dean of the Medical Department of the University of North Carolina, should carry especial weight:

"* * * So far from being a menace," he says, "to Wake Forest College, the playing of football was just the reverse. The prohibition of the game has done much to cause the college loss of prestige, diminution of 'college spirit' and retrogression in the physical life of the students. At least, that's the way it appears to a loyal alumnus on the outside. To say that the game hurt the college or detracted from the scholarship of the students is not borne out by the facts. Look at this partial list of men with whom it was my privilege to play in '88, '89, and '90: W. C. Dowd, E. W. Sikes, John E. White, J. A. McDaniel, W. A. Devin, E. V. Howell, W. O. Riddick, G. W. Blanton, F. L. Merritt, J. F. Mitchell, R. L. Burns, D. B. Oliver, E. Y. Webb. These men are filling positions of honor, trust and influence in this and other States. They need no introduction to North Carolina or to Wake Forest College.

"* * * Of course the game possesses elements of danger—so is every out-door sport dangerous. Since leaving college sixteen years ago I have attended every football game within convenient radius, and have on several occasions accompanied teams as their surgeon, and I have yet to see a single serious injury on the field. On the contrary, I have seen sprained angles and knees in tennis games, two fatal injuries at baseball matches, six fatalities from drowning, two overstrained hearts from rowing, one injury to the eye from lacrosse, and almost

a score of deaths, not to mention the narrow escapes, from gunshot injuries. Shall we prohibit tennis, base-ball, swimming, rowing, lacrosse, and hunting?

"My interest in football is just as live to-day as it was sixteen years ago. In my humble opinion it is the manliest and cleanest of all sports, and I will welcome the day when it is again the game of games at Wake Forest."

Now what do you think of that? We think that the alumni are eager for football, we know that the students want it, and we believe that the faculty, if they will admit the truth, are in favor of it. If we can't have it let somebody tell us why.

The College Campus

It is a matter of gratification to all that the Literary Societies have again assumed supervision over the grass-plots around the college buildings. Had not this timely step been taken Commencement would have found them bare.

This action of the Societies, however, though good as far as it goes, can not assure us of all we want,—a perfect campus by Commencement. This we can have only upon the condition that the student will cooperate with the faculty in their effort to make it so. We are persuaded that no Wake Forest man, especially at this season, will maliciously do anything to mar the beauty of our campus; but many, thoughtlessly, are guilty daily of this very offense. Without pausing to do more than mention such practices as throwing paper on the grounds, and a disposition on the part of some to go to and from the buildings by short cuts through the grass rather than to use the walks, we wish to call especial attention to the very general habit of disfiguring our walks by trampling upon their borders. So prevalent

has this practice become that every much frequented walk on the campus is flanked by a footpath on the edge of the grass.

For natural beauty we think that the campus of Wake Forest is unsurpassed by any in the State, and in a general sort of way we are proud of this too. Now, then, since the action of the Societies has assured us that the grass around the buildings will be permitted to grow again, and while the faculty and the season are striving hand in hand to put the campus in Commencement dress, surely the student will do all that he can to avoid hindering their work.

The Newspaper and the College

There has been too much criticism, unkind criticism it seems to us, of our colleges in the newspapers of the State during the present year. The newspaper editor, though seeing little and knowing less of college life, must have something to write about, preferably something to attack. When nothing else offers itself he jumps with both feet upon the administration of the most convenient college.

The A. and M. College at Raleigh is a case in point. Some time ago its faculty and a considerable part of the student body were doing their utmost to put an end to hazing in that institution. It was a hard fight but a brave, and at last, we believe, a successful one. In the thick of it, however, when the men in the trenches needed encouragement, the newspapers were heaping enough abuse upon the head of the college president to reach to high heaven; and all this, forsooth, because he was not able to stop with a word an evil that has prevailed for generations.

Now it chances that Wake Forest has become the object of editorial indignation. The greater part of a term

had passed and no case of any form of hazing had been heard of. But the practice suddenly breaks out afresh, an accident occurs that calls attention to the situation, and this is the signal for attack. The newspapers begin. Straightway facts are mixed, false impressions are created, and the burden of those who have the situation to deal with is needlessly increased. Yet the newspapers ask why they are not requested to publish everything that happens at the colleges!

Farewell

With May closes the college year and with this number ends the current volume of the WAKE FOREST STUDENT. Our day is over. Our work is done. With next year will come another staff of editors as eager to undertake their duties and as confident of success as once were we. They will occupy our places and we shall be forgotten.

The STUDENT has not been, throughout the past year, all that we hoped to make it. We have sent each number to our readers without apology, but the unexpected resignation of the editor-in-chief last fall when the magazine was already almost two months behind, was a serious handicap;—one from which it has taken us almost the whole year to recover. Despite this discouragement in the beginning, however, the editors have labored on, keeping constantly in view their aim to make the college magazine one to which both students and alumni might point with pride. They have made their work for it first among their college duties; for its sake they have thrown aside personal ambition and striven to so increase the interest of the student body in the publication as to secure a larger number of creditable contributors; they have acted together, unhampered by petty jealousies

and inspired by love for the magazine and for the college. We trust, then, that their efforts have not been entirely without avail, that the STUDENT, though beginning the year under difficulties, has made gradual improvement with each issue and will now, at last, again rank with the leading college magazines of the South.

The present editor bids his readers farewell with reluctance, and lays aside his pen with genuine regret. His work has been a joy to him and he has esteemed it a privilege besides. During the time that he has had charge of the Portfolio he has endeavored, and has put his soul into the effort, to make the STUDENT a force for righteousness and for growth in the college, as well as an expression of the literary life of the institution. But now the year closes, and he must give place to his successor. Pledging, then, a life-long loyalty to his Alma Mater and his hearty support to the magazine which represents her, he pens his last word,—Adieu.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI

HILLIARD J. MASSEY, Editor

—'07. Professor Charles T. Ball, of the Bible Department in Simmons College, Abilene, Texas, has lately published a pamphlet on "Simmons College as a Missionary Agency." He succeeded in raising more than $25,000 as an endowment for the chair over which he presides, and is now engaged in the effort to increase the fund to $50,000.

—'05. Mr. Thurman D. Kitchin will complete in June next his professional course in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, standing the second man in the large class. He has just received a hospital appointment for the next year.

—'85. Rev. John Bunyan Pruett began this year his pastorate in Tallahassee, Florida, whither he went from Pokomoke, Maryland.

—'85. We chronicle with great regret the death of Rev. Walter Scott Splawn, March .., 1908, at Bonham, Texas, where he had been pastor for a number of years. After his graduation here, Mr. Splawn took a course in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. Among his pastorates were Lagrange, Ky., Gainesville and Bonham, Texas. He is survived by his wife and a son and daughter.

—'84. Honorable William Walton Kitchin, who has served the Fifth Congressional District as its Representative in the national legislature with such signal devotion for a number of terms, is campaigning for the nomination for Governor of the State.

—'92-'95. Rev. Oscar Haywood, D.D., of Waterbury, Conn., has accepted the call of the Collegiate Baptist Church of New York City. We congratulate him upon this recognition of his abilities and upon the opportunity of a wider service. Dr. Haywood is on the lecture platform with the subjects,—"The Hat vs. The Crown," "Pilate before Jesus," "The Plantation and Its People."

—'91-2. Mr. J. B. Huff. The Wilmington High School is at the present time enjoying the best period in its entire history, both teachers and pupils working together with a will for the accomplishment of good and satisfactory work. The honor roll for the quarter ending March 20th shows the high grade attained by many of the scholars, and it is an indication that splendid work has been accomplished. The Principal, Prof. J. B. Huff, in speaking of the institution, says that "we have succeeded in making the school attractive to an extent seldom found anywhere, and that the spirit of our pupils is a greater asset in ob-

taining an education than buildings and equipments to the cost of great sums of money. It is priceless. It can not be bought. It has come as the result of years of faithful work by our Superintendent, Mr. Blair, and his efficient corps of teachers." The high school this year has a number of new and attractive features which add to the interest of the students, among these being a debating society, a school magazine, and school garden, and various athletic teams.—*Wilmington Messenger.*

—'88. The sermon by Dr. J. W. Lynch in last week's *Biblical Recorder* is a masterpiece. Comparisons are usually odious, but we are willing to risk the expression of the opinion that among the pastors of North Carolina of every denomination Doctor Lynch has no equal as a preacher of the gospel.—*Charity and Children.*

—'93. Rev. Rufus W. Weaver, Th.D., pastor of the Mt. Auburn Baptist Church, Cincinnati, gave on April 13th an impressive address in the College chapel on "The Problem of the American City." He was speaking under the auspices of the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. Dr. Weaver's health appears to be fully restored. He has been lately called to the pastorate of an important church in Nashville, Tenn.

—'92. Capt. Oliver H. Dockery, Jr., who has been army recruiting officer in Duluth for the past two years, and who was recently promoted to captain from first lieutenant of the Third United States Infantry, has been assigned by the Secretary of War to the Tweny-fifth Infantry, one of the two negro regiments of the regular army. This is the regiment which, about a year ago, became implicated in the shooting affray at Brownsville, Texas, for which President Roosevelt discharged without honor three companies of the regiment, because the soldiers of those companies refused to divulge the names of the guilty ones. Captain Dockery's new regiment is now stationed in the Philippine Islands, where he will join them next winter on the expiration of his detail on recruiting here. He is very much pleased with his assignment and knows many of the officers, as the Twenty-fifth and Third Infantry, Captain Dockery's old regiment, served together in the Philippines for eighteen months, while they were putting down Aguinaldo's rebellion, and which ended in the capture of that wily chieftain by General Funston in 1901. It is a peculiar fact that most of the officers of the negro regiments are Southern born men. It is a tradition in the army that the Southerners understand the negro better than those of Northern birth, and that the black men like them the best and follow their leadership more readily. As Captain Dockery is a North Carolinian, he will be thoroughly "at home" in his new regiment.—*Duluth News-Tribune.*

—'02. The many friends of Rev. W. E. Woodruff, pastor of Emanuel Baptist Church, Minneapolis, Minnesota, will regret to learn that a serious throat trouble has forced him to retire, temporarily it is to be hoped, from the ministry. He is now in Arizona, where it is hoped he may regain his health. His church has granted him a six-months' vacation on full salary, and in addition handed him a purse of $150.—*Elkin Times.*

—'94. Rev. A. W. Setzer has accepted a call to Kid's Chapel and will begin work the first Sunday in April. His work this year will be in the South Fork Association, in the bounds of which he was born and reared. He is a good preacher and will be a fine accession to the working forces in the South Fork.—*Biblical Recorder.*

—'97. Rev. S. J. Becker. "Of Pastor Becker's work at Spray a leading citizen says: 'Everybody in Spray has fallen in love with Mr. Becker. He is sure to do a great work here. Brother Becker also loves Spray. His church is ready to follow his leadership and good reports will be heard from this important field.'"—*Biblical Recorder.*

—'93. Hon. E. Y. Webb is taking an active part in the discussion of the problems at the National Capital. He stands for the interests of the people. We clip the following from the *Charlotte Observer:* "Young Webb was carefully prepared for college and was graduated at the age of 21. He early distinguished himself as a debater and orator in the college society, and was the college champion in oratorical contests. He was graduated from the law school of the State University in 1894, and admitted to the bar of the State Supreme Court immediately thereafter. Later he took a post-graduate course at the famous law school of the University of Virginia. But the political forum would not be denied, and made a requisition on the bar for young Webb, who was elected to the State Senate in 1900, and soon thereafter he became one of the conspicuous leaders of the Democratic party of the old North State. In 1902 he was nominated for Congress by the Democracy of his district and triumphantly elected. He was re-elected in 1904 and in 1906. Young Webb is that admirable combination—a sound mind in a sound body—and when aged in years he will be able to say with the old servitor in Shakespeare's most delightful comedy.

> 'For in my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.'

He is a strictly temperate man in all particulars, and endowed with an admirable judicial temper. He is also a Christian in walk and in talk."

—'81-'83. Mr. J. F. Mitchell, who for several years was a student at Wake Forest, is now a prosperous farmer and merchant of Youngsville, N. C.

—Mr. J. C. Patton is editor of the *Charlotte News*, one of the leading evening daily papers of the State. Since assuming the editorship of the paper, Mr. Patton has greatly improved it and increased its circulation. His editorials are strong and original and show marked ability. We congratulate him upon his work and predict for him a notable future in the newspaper world.

—'00-'01. Rev. R. J. Bateman has resigned the pastorate of Spurgeon Memorial Church in Norfolk and accepted that of the Park Place Church in the same city. We hear he is making a fine record in the cities by the sea, and we hope yet greater blessings will attend his ministry.—*Biblical Recorder.*

CLIPPINGS

A FRESHMAN'S INTERPRETATION.

November 20:

My son, your report card has at last reached me;
And why, after every subject, do I find the letter "c"?
Father, "c" means that of all the rest,
My class and exam. work is "considered best."

January 30:

And will you explain to me, my son,
Why there's a "D" after your studies, every one?
The reason is quite plain, father dear;
I "Deserve" better marks than any one here.

April 1:

We read your reports with much interest,
But what does the letter "F" suggest?
Father, trust me to do myself proud;
"F" means the "Finest" student in the crowd.

June 16:

And what, my studious, intellectual son,
Is the distinction that you've with "FF" won?
Father, dear father, congratulate me,
"Fine, finer, finest," superlative degree.—*Ex.*

The Latin teacher sat in his chair;
His brow was marked with dire despair.
"When," quoth he, " in this horseless age,
Will the horseless student come on the stage?" —*Ex.*

First Kid—"Didn't your sister's beau make you mad?"
Second Kid—"Yes, but I got even with him. I put quinine in sister's face powder."—*Ex.*

A working man came home one day with a flannel shirt which he had bought at a bargain sale for sixty-three cents. In due course the shirt was sent to and returned from the wash, and next morning the workman put it on. His wife came in just as he had done so.
"Ullo, Bill," said she, "where'd you get that new tie?"

Extract from a Freshman's letter to his folks:
"Dear Father:—Please send me fifty. Have just purchased a pair of track shoes and have some other running expenses."—*Ex.*

THE NEW CEREMONY.

Wilt thou take her for thy pard,
For better or for worse;
To have, to hold, to fondly guard
Till hauled off in a hearse?

Wilt thou comfort and support
Her father and her mother,
Her Aunt Jemima, Uncle John,
Three sisters and a brother?

Wilt thou let her have her way,
Consult her many wishes,
Make the fires every day,
And help her with the dishes?

At this his face grew pale and blank;
It was too late to jilt,
So at the chapel door he sank,
And sadly smiled I *wilt*. —*Ex.*

"Mother, may I go in to swim?"
"Yes, my darling daughter.
Buy your gowns from a Frenchy store,
And don't wear half you oughter."

Freshman—"Pick that splinter out from under my nail."
Senior—"What have you been doing? Scratching your head?"

Gertrude (groaning)—"Oh, Belle, do you reckon I'm going to die?"
Belle—"I don't know, dear."
Gertrude—"Well, if I do let them bury me face downward."
Belle—"Yes, yes, but what for?"
Gertrude—"Never could stand to travel backwards."—*Chimes.*

SPEED.

An Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman were one day arguing as to which of the three countries possessed the fastest trains.

"Well," said the Englishman, "I've been in one of our trains, and the telegraph poles have been like a hedge."

"I've seen the milestones appear like tombstones," said the Scot.

"Be jabers!" said Pat, "I was one day in a train in my country, and we passed a field of turnips and a field of carrots; also a field of cabbage and parsley, then a pond of water, and we were going that quick I thought it was broth."—*Iaaquena.*

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

CHARLES S. BARNETTE, Editor.

With this issue we lay our pen aside, and a mingled feeling of relief and regret accompanies the act: relief that our work is over—and there has been hard work,—and regret on realizing the fact that with a cessation of work there likewise ceases the pleasure connected with it, for from the performance of our duties we have derived both pleasure and profit. In conducting this department we have tried to be "no respecter of persons." The criticisms that we have made of our exchanges have been simply opinions spoken, not as by one in authority, nor with any belief or desire that they be accepted as such, but they have been expressed simply with an endeavor to bestow praise where praise was due and to render judicious criticism according as it has been permitted us to judge. We have become fond of the exchanges that have come so regularly to our table, and in parting with them feel as if we were parting with friends. To them and their editors we wish future success and prosperity.

Our review this month is based mainly on March issues, owing to the fact that a very few April numbers have as yet arrived.

"The Need for Industrial Training in the Public Schools," in the *State Normal Magazine*, is a clear and forceful discussion of this important question. The writer has an attractive style and shows a thorough familiarity with her subject, which she handles in such a manner as to leave a deep impression of the importance of industrial training. "The Life-Saving Service on Our Coast" deserves mention not only on account of its literary qualities, but also on account of the insight and knowledge it gives us of the life-saving service as conducted upon our own coast—a subject of timely interest. The fiction in this number is somewhat below the average. "The Frenchman" is decidedly the best story, being told in an attractive manner; but the plot, in substance, has been used too often to permit of the construction of a very interesting story. All the departments are conducted with ability, and the magazine shows the result of good work on the part of the editors. There is one deficiency, however, and that is in poetry—there is not a poem in this issue. We feel sure that there are some students at the Normal capable of writing verse, and only need a little encouragement to show forth their abilities. Let the editors do a little encouraging, and the probabilities are that their efforts will be rewarded.

The Georgian comes to us with a full table of contents. The stories are especially good and of a high order, the best being "The Alchemist," which has a unique plot well developed. The author shows ability at short-story writing, and should cultivate his talent. "Southern Writers," under which heading is given a good life sketch of Richard Malcolm Johnson, is ably written and deserves special mention on account of its good style. Such essays as these should find a favorable place in college magazine as well as in the appreciation of the public in general. They help to preserve the memory of good—if not always great—writers which the South has possessed and which she is too prone to forget and neglect. Among the poems "Eastertide" is the best. It contains real poetic merit. The conception is lofty and beautifully expressed. The magazine as a whole is one of the best that has reached our table for this month, and we hope the editors and students will continue to keep it up to its present high standard.

The Limestone Star for March (the latest edition that we have) is well proportioned between essays and stories. The two poems which it contains are not up to the standard. "Tennyson's Ideal Woman" shows study and preparation, and the views held by Tennyson of woman are clearly presented in a good style. All of the material shows a high order of merit, and it is not until we reach the editorial department that we really find grounds for adverse criticism. Here we stop a moment. The editorial shows a wide and conversant knowledge of our most complex political problems, and in form and matter deserves to rank with those found in the columns of our most radical newspapers. Literally, it is an arraignment of the Republican party and an eulogy of Democratic principles. "Mr. Roosevelt has disregarded and ignored the law," it tells us, and five great reasons are enumerated "why the Democratic party should come into power in the coming election." We almost expected to see an endorsement of the "peerless one" as the only leader capable of conducting us over the precipice. We think the political a field unsuited to the college magazine. There are other and more important questions than politics which need discussion in its editorial columns. The college magazine's position in regard to politics should be neutral: It is not the representative of one party, but of a student body composed of persons of different political faiths, and its duties to its constituents require a very conservative policy along political lines.

From Arkansas comes the *Ouachita Ripples*, a magazine of a neat appearance, and containing good literary material showing maturity of thought and excellence of composition. "My Impression of Shakespeare" is an essay in which the author handles his subject in a skillful manner. He has an easy style and ready diction. "The Delivery of a Command" is a story of a high order. It has a good plot well executed.

There is no poetry in this issue, which, in a way, detracts some from the magazine's interest. But, nevertheless, it is a good number.

The Acorn for March has, as usual, an interesting table of contents. Indeed, we believe it to be better than usual, especially so in regard to the poetry. All three poems are good. They are nicely constructed and the meter used well adapted to the thought expressed. The one entitled "Just a Feeling" aptly expresses that feeling so common to the most of us in the spring; and many of us have probably uttered the last two verses before. The essays and stories are of unusual merit, the former being especially strong. "Luther's Translation of the Bible" is written in an easy and attractive style which gives interest to a subject that might, to a certain extent, be otherwise devoid of it. "Rooming With Nancy" is, we think, the better of the two stories, though "The Rift in the Lute" is very real in its characters and is a good story. All the departments are excellently conducted.

The *St. Mary's Muse* contains only two stories. "The Lilac Gown," though very short, is good. This kind of story always has something in it which appeals to the reader. "The Game" is the story of a boy winning the hand of his sweetheart through his prowess on the football field. There is some difference in this plot from the usual ones of its kind, which makes a very interesting story. "Inland," a poem, is above the average college magazine poetry and has really poetic merit. We would suggest that *The Muse* include a "table of contents" in its make-up. No magazine is complete without one.

The Chatterbox devotes this issue to the Sophomores, and they deserve credit for the quality of the magazine they got out. The literary department is full of interesting articles dealing with a variety of subjects. We await the appearance of the Senior number in order to make a comparison, which we hope will not too far eclipse the Sophs.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE

LEE M. WHITE, Editor

—Easter and new rags! My, what a change!

—Won eight and lost three!

—We stand third among the colleges!

—Here's to the championship of the State!

—Mr. C. T. Goode, Superintendent of the Oxford Graded Schools, was a visitor on the "Hill."

—Mr. Chisholm, of Sanford, was a visitor on the "Hill."

—Miss Ryan, of Washington, D. C., visited Mrs. W. M. Dickson several days last month.

—Miss Helen Briggs visited her cousin, Miss Margaret Allen.

—Miss Mattie Savage, of B. U. W., was present at the A. and M.-W. F. C. game Saturday, the eleventh.

—Misses Leila and Fay Memory were guests of Misses Mary and Agnes Taylor.

—Miss Louise Peed spent a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Z. V. Peed.

—Prof. J. B. Carlyle made a speech at Turner's School last month on behalf of prohibition.

—The following gentlemen have been elected as Commencement speakers: Messrs. F. D. King, H. A. Jones, and F. F. Brown, from the Euzelian Society; Messrs. Stringfield, Justice, and Stevens, from the Philomathesian Society.

—Superintendent J. Y. Joyner delivered a lecture in the college chapel on the subject of "Public Education,"

Tuesday night, the fourteenth. His plea was for more young men to devote themselves to teaching and that the standard of education in North Carolina should be raised. For, as he so forcibly pointed out, that the State ranks next to the last among her sister States along educational lines.

—Dr. W. L. Poteat delivered an address at the State Sunday School Convention held at Burlington last month.

—Wake Forest won two well played games from the Colgate University team on the third and fourth of April. The scores proved our ability and the New Yorkers bit the dust to the tunes of 10 to 0 and 5 to 0.

Also on Saturday, the eleventh, Wake Forest went down in defeat in what can be termed the hardest played game ever seen on this diamond. And it was "a happening" that our fellows lost. The final score was 3 to 2. Temple for Wake Forest was master of the situation at all times, and Sexton for A. and M. was there with the goods. Hamrick, Wake Forest's excellent catcher, did efficient work behind the bat. "Sug" "eats 'em alive, comin' and goin'."

On Tuesday, the fourteenth, our team defeated Davidson 3 to 2. It was a long game, lasting two hours and thirty minutes.

—The team left the following Wednesday for their trip to Chapel Hill and Guilford. Wet grounds prevented them playing at Chapel Hill. But at Guilford it was otherwise. The game went nine innings without score on either side. Finally Guilford won by one lone tally in the tenth.

—On Monday night, the thirteenth, the Baraca class gave a banquet. The ladies of the "Hill" and the Senior

class of B. U. W. were the guests. A most enjoyable occasion it was. With speeches, delightful refreshments, what else could the result be!

Prof. Highsmith acted as toastmaster of the occasion. His repartee was delightful.

Mr. W. H. Hipps spoke on the "Baraca Basketball Team." His speech was well received.

Mr. W. D. Little spoke on "The Baraca Baseball Team." Telling how bright were the prospects for a winning team.

The Baraca Quartette, Messrs. Olive, Collins, Stringfield, and L. Highsmith, rendered a selection which was greatly enjoyed.

—Mr. R. L. McMillan entertained the large crowd with one of his inimitable recitations, "Jimmy Butler and the Owl." This was very well received.

Mr. H. H. McMillan spoke on the subject, "The Class Hour." Mr. B. Y. Tyner's subject was "Retrospective and Prospective." This ended the speech-making part of the program. Delightful refreshments were served.

Among those present were a number of ladies of the Hill, Miss Rosa Paschal, who chaperoned the Senior class from B. U. W. These were the Misses Hassie Ponder, Alma Owens, Lula Olive, May Baldwin, Louise Stone, Pattie Marks, Annie Crisp, Louise Lanneau, Bessie Tilson, Annie Josey, Annie Jones, and Dora Cox. Also Miss Louis Poteat, Miss Lulie Dickson, the Misses Leila and Fay Memory, Miss Mary Taylor, Miss Agnes Taylor, Miss Katharine Gwaltney, Miss Anette Ryan, Miss Edna Tyner, Miss Mayme Collier, and Miss Winnie Gower, of Portland, Me.

—The Wake Forest debaters, Messrs. F. F. Brown and F. T. Collins, left Saturday, the eighteenth, for At-

lanta, where they are to meet the Mercer debaters on Easter Monday night. This is the third and last debate of the series with Mercer University. Here's hoping this one will come our way, too!

—Prof. J. B. Carlyle delivered an educational address at Bethel Hill last month. Also he spoke at a prohibition rally at Lillington.

—Mr. Ralph Ferrall, Principal of the Oxford Graded Schools, was a visitor on the Hill the middle of the month.

—Mr. C. A. Boyette, a member of the Law class, died on Saturday night, the eighteenth, of appendicitis. His friends and the whole student body extend their deepest sympathy to the bereaved parent. Funeral services were held in the college chapel on Sunday morning at 10:45 conducted by Dr. Royall.

Dr. Gorrell, with the family, left on the noon train. Interment will take place at Mr. Boyette's home.

—Dr. W. L. Poteat, upon the invitation of Mr. Hayne Davis, President of the North Carolina Peace Conference, went to Washington to join the delegation sent by the Peace Conference. The purpose of the committee was to extend a formal invitation to President Roosevelt to speak at the North Carolina Peace Conference Convention, which is to be held at Wilmington.

—On Saturday, the eighteenth, our team won a slow game—slow on account of rain—from the Delaware State College nine. The score was seven to two. Perkins made "over good" in this game, which was his first for this season.

—Dr. E. W. Sikes acted as one of the judges in the Trinity-University of Tennessee debate, which was held

in the Trinity College auditorium on Monday night, the sixth.

—Mr. John Ivey Smith, '05, who, while in college, was one of our strongest men on the baseball team, visited his friends on the Hill.

—Messrs. Justice, Jackson, Gardner, and E. J. Rogers were present at the Fifth Annual State Convention of Y. M. C. A. of the Carolinas held in Columbia, S. C. Mr. J. Foy Justice was made Corresponding Secretary of the Convention.

—Prof. J. B. Aiken, Principal of Castalia Institute, spent a day or two on the "Hill."

—Dr. W. L. Poteat and Dr. J. W. Lynch left Saturday, the eighteenth, for Atlanta, in order to be present at the debate.

—The Senior class will hold its banquet on Wednesday night, the twenty-ninth. It will be strictly a stag affair. Dr. W. L. Poteat will act as toastmaster of the occasion. Dr. Chas. E. Taylor will be the guest of honor. Prof. B. F. Sledd has been tendered an invitation to make an address.

The program of the exercises is as follows:

Toast: Our Class	H. H. McMillan.
Endowment of Library	Prof. B. F. Sledd.
Retrospective	H. E. Peele.
Prospective	J. C. Newell.
Football	F. F. Brown.
Toast: The Class and the Alumni	Dr. Chas. E. Taylor.

—The ball team left Easter Monday for their Southern trip as scheduled. They play A. and M. in Raleigh. This is the second game of the series. The team then plays the Charlotte League, Davidson, and Guilford. The team this year is the finest that Coach Crozier has turned out since he has had charge of that department.

—The events of Easter Monday were unfortunate. On the afternoon of that day the Wake Forest ball team played A. and M. and lost the game. The score, four to three, does not by any means prove that the A. and M. team is the better. Wake Forest should have had the game by all means, and but for the decision of Umpire Thompson in the third the game would have come our way. That decision disheartened our fellows.

—The debate with Mercer University Monday night in Atlanta was lost. It will be remembered that Wake Forest's representatives won the two preceding debates with Mercer. The Mercer men were intent upon having the third debate. They must have realized that Wake Forest to gain the decision must have an overwhelming victory.